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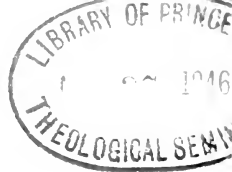
Book

Lectures delivered before
the Young Men's Christian



Prof. Morley Jr.

LECTURES



DELIVERED BEFORE THE

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

IN EXETER HALL,

FROM NOVEMBER, 1857, TO FEBRUARY, 1858.

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P R E F A C E .

THE objects contemplated by the Authors of the several Lectures contained in this Volume are set forth with sufficient distinctness. It only remains, therefore, for the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association to express their grateful appreciation of the kind and valuable services rendered to the Association by the respected Lecturers, and to renew their thanks to those Friends who from year to year support this publication, and so aid the Committee in their endeavour to make the instructions and counsel provided for Young Men in London available for the general public.

The circulation of the Lectures of last year, both in separate Numbers and in the Volume, largely exceeded that of previous years, and the Committee venture to hope that equal favour will attend the present series, so that by its wide dissemination a large number of Young Men may be aided in the pursuit of knowledge, and may, under the blessing of Almighty God, be led to the adoption of the "Pure Religion" of the Gospel; and, in the enjoyment of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding," which

shall "keep their hearts and minds, through Christ Jesus," may be sustained in the honourable and efficient discharge of daily duties, and prompted to such holy activities as may benefit and bless mankind.

W. EDWYN SHIPTON,

Secretary.

OFFICES OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

165, ALDERSGATE STREET, LONDON,

31st March, 1858.

THE Young Men's Christian Association was established in the year 1844, with the view of uniting and directing the efforts of Christian Young Men for the spiritual welfare of their fellows in the various departments of commercial life, especially of those who, from their residence in large houses of business, could not be reached by the ordinary agencies of the Christian Church.

Its fundamental rules are :—

I. That the object of the Association be the improvement of the spiritual and mental condition of Young Men.

II. That the agency employed for the attainment of this object be that of the Members of the Association in the sphere of their daily calling, Devotional Meetings, Classes for Biblical Instruction and for Literary Improvement, the delivery of Lectures, the diffusion of Christian Literature, a Library for reference and circulation, and any other means in accordance with the Holy Scriptures.

Bible Classes are held, in all the Metropolitan Branches, every Sunday afternoon, at a Quarter past Three, to which all Young Men are affectionately invited.

These Bible Classes are not for Members of the Association, the large majority of whom are engaged, on the Lord's Day, in works of Christian usefulness, but for those Young Men who have not yet entered upon the profession of Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ by communion with his Church.

Devotional Meetings of the Members are held weekly after the hours of business. Young Men, not being Members, are gladly welcomed.

Donations of Funds to the Association, or of Books for the Library, will be received with much gratitude by the

Treasurer, Geo. Hitchcock, Esq., 72, St. Paul's Churchyard ; by R. C. L. Bevan, Esq., Chairman of the Committee, 54, Lombard Street ; or by the Secretary, Mr. W. E. Shipton, 165, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

A report of the Association, and particulars of its operations, may be obtained, on application to the Secretary, by any person anxious to support the Society, or to aid in the formation of Branch or similar Associations in the country.

CONTENTS.

THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY	<i>Pages</i> 2
By WILLIAM EDWARD BAXTER, Esq., M.P.	
MANLINESS.	29
By the Rev. HUGH STOWELL BROWN.	
SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES	73
By JOHN B. GOUGH, Esq.	
MODERN GEOGRAPHICAL RESEARCHES IN AFRICA	107
By the Rev. GEORGE SMITH.	
THE SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE	139
By the Rev. J. C. MILLER, D.D.	
THE LESSONS OF THE STREET	187
By the Rev. WILLIAM LANDELS.	
HUGH MILLER'S "TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS"—GOD IN HIS WORD AND IN HIS WORKS	239
By the Very Rev. the Dean of CARLISLE.	

	<i>Page</i>
THE CHURCH—ITS INFLUENCE, DUTIES, AND HOPES IN THE PRESENT AGE 273
By the Rev. SAMUEL COLEY.	
PULPIT ELOQUENCE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY 321
By the Very Rev. the Dean of CANTERBURY.	
VARIETIES OF SPIRITUAL LIFE. 371
By the Rev. JOHN STOUGHTON.	
PROGRESS—LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON 409
By EDWARD CORDEROY, Esq.	
/ A LIFE STORY, WITH CHARACTERS AND COMMENTS 483
By the Rev. NORMAN McLEOD.	

The Social Influence of Christianity.

—

A LECTURE

BY

WILLIAM EDWARD BAXTER, Esq. M.P.

THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,

It is not my habit, on addressing an audience, to offer an apology for appearing before them. Such remarks are generally distasteful, and often savour of affectation. But I do feel this evening that I occupy a post of honour, and of responsibility, to which I was not entitled, and the duties of which I can most inadequately perform. A person who, like myself, can pretend neither to scientific research nor literary attainment, naturally finds the choice of a subject quite as difficult a matter as the composition of a lecture. When one has made any particular branch of knowledge his special study, he, indeed, may be at no loss in this respect; but the case is otherwise when one has to fall back on some topic suggested by multifarious reading, a topic of which, perchance, several of his hearers may be much more competent to treat than he. The consciousness of this obstacle of itself renders me at all times disinclined to accede to invitations of this sort; and when asked to appear before such a meeting, to open a Series of so great importance, believe me it was only the flattering urgency of the Committee which induced me to entertain the proposition at all. I am deeply conscious of my inability to justify their selection, and of the responsibility which attaches to

any one venturing to address his fellow-beings on serious themes; but I trust to your kind consideration for my own deficiencies, and to your respectful attention to statements which, however feebly expressed, affect the happiness of one and all of us, not only in this present life, but in that which is to come. The subject which I have chosen may appear to you rather trite and commonplace; but events now occurring in the world seem to me to invest it, if possible, with new interest; and, as nothing is further from my intention than to usurp the functions of the preacher, or assume the armour of the polemic, perhaps the remarks which I now respectfully submit to you, as the result of some little thought and attention, may suggest profitable fields of inquiry to the minds of some of my audience.

You will find my observations necessarily condensed and fragmentary. To discuss a subject of such magnitude within the limits of a lecture is, of course, out of the question; my aim is to be suggestive, as I cannot be exhaustive; and if anything which you may hear to-night should send away some anxious, thoughtful, earnest mind to investigate more closely one single branch of the great question at issue, it will be a source of lifelong satisfaction to me.

It has sometimes occurred to me of late that we are on the eve of important changes in the religious state of the world; that the missionary enterprise begins to assume a new phase, and that a kind of awakening is taking place among all classes in this country, especially those who have legislative or executive functions to perform, as to the true position occupied by Great Britain in the providence of God. If such be the case, the time is opportune for reconsidering the basis of the social edifice, for ascertaining, with some degree of certainty, the real foundation of a power which exercises such a mighty influence in every region inhabited by man. How few amongst us have

thought seriously on the subject! At present, however, what has recently taken place forces it on the consideration of every citizen and statesman in this empire.

In one sense, there is no country under the sun less favourably situated for realizing the effects of Christianity than our own. For more than a hundred years Great Britain has been blessed with freedom and internal peace; under liberal institutions she has risen to be wealthier and more powerful than any preceding or contemporary monarchy; no civil warfare has desolated her borders; no foreign foe has succeeded in diminishing the prestige of her name; her material and moral progress has been rapid and uninterrupted; incipient empires, at the antipodes, have adopted her language, customs, and laws. Yet how seldom does it occur to us that, but for the religious element in the body politic, this island might still have been as barbarous as Madagascar,—as unknown as Thibet or Japan. The height of the edifice renders us oblivious of the foundation on which it rests. The stream of blessings which our religion has brought to us in its train is so valuable, so enriching, and so constantly flowing, that we are apt to overlook its fountain-head. For so long a period, and from such untold calamities, has Christianity delivered us, that our minds can scarcely grasp its real influence upon our national greatness. The South Sea islander whom the teaching of the missionaries has rescued from the dominion of a cruel, bloodthirsty, and demoralizing idolatry; the Hindoo widow, saved, by the silent spread of a milder faith, from the flames of the funeral pile; the negro, clothed, instructed, and made to feel his dignity as a man by the truths of the Bible, are in a better position to appreciate the amazing potency of the true religion than one who has had no opportunity of personally witnessing the mental, moral, and special transformation which its reception im-

plies. For many years, especially before the full development of the missionary enterprise, it was the practice to represent savage nations as innocent in their lives, simple in their manners, and more likely to be contaminated than improved by contact with Europeans. It is quite surprising how long this continued the current popular notion in civilized countries. I believe we should be able to find Englishmen in the year 1857 still professing to consider the above description true. A single day's residence, however, among heathens is quite sufficient to dissipate such day-dreams. Their indolence, impurity, cruelty, and wretchedness are too evident not to strike even the most cursory observer. When a learned friend of Dr. Johnson's expatiated on the happiness of savage life, and instanced the enjoyment experienced by a North American Indian walking through the woods with his squaw and his gun, the gruff old philosopher thus replied: "Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon by such gross absurdity. It is sad stuff—it is brutish. If a bull could speak, he might as well exclaim, 'Here am I with this cow and this grass—what being can enjoy greater felicity?'" The learned doctor was right, and he was far ahead of his age; for the wickedness existing in "the dark places of the earth" was then but imperfectly apprehended, even by well-informed men. Every succeeding explorer and missionary pioneer bring out into more dreadful relief the social vices of nations not illumined by light from above—the desertion of parents, the murder of infants, the sacrifice of human victims, and cannibalism in its most repulsive forms. These practices were not confined to any one or two nations, but were more or less common to all the races inhabiting the South Sea islands, the Indian Archipelago, New Zealand, and Madagascar. African travellers have told us of their having seen human flesh exposed for sale in shambles. Roman writers accused

our own ancestors of being anthropophagi; and savage tribes in all parts of the world, and in all ages of its history, have been convicted of eating each other in time of war.

Whilst writing this, I took down from its place on my bookshelves, Wilkes's "Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition," opened it at a chapter on the Customs of the Feejee Group, and found the concluding part of the contents as follows:—"Consequences of the Religious Belief—Parents put to Death—Suicide—Wives Strangled at Funerals—Deformed and Diseased Persons put to Death — Human Sacrifices — Cannibalism — Price of Human Life—Attacks on Foreign Vessels." I can conceive nothing more revolting than the details given by the gallant officer in relation to these habits:—"The eating of human flesh," he says, "is not confined to cases of sacrifice for religious purposes, but is practised from habit and taste." In the following chapter he remarks, "One could not but perceive the great difference between the Tongees and Feejees who passed the night on board. The former are generally Christian or missionaries' people; they were orderly and respectable, and before going to rest quietly and very devoutly met and had their evening prayer, which, contrasted with the conduct of the others, had a pleasing effect."

Only the other day I was reading, in an interesting little book by a Frenchman, descriptive of a twenty years' residence in the Philippines, an account of a visit which he paid to a tribe of savages very little known, though living at no great distance from the great seaport of Manila. He arrived just after they had gained a victory over the equally wild inhabitants of a neighbouring district, and he thus describes the feast in celebration of the triumph:—"Towards eleven o'clock the chiefs of the village, followed

by the entire population, repaired to the great barn or council-house. There all sat upon the ground; every village, its chief at its head, occupying a space specially allotted to it. In the centre of a circle formed by the chiefs of the combatants stood large jars, full of a drink made of sugar-cane juice and four hideously-mutilated heads of their slaughtered foes; the latter were the trophies of the victory. When all had taken their places a warrior took one of the heads and presented it to the chiefs of the village, who showed it to all present, accompanying its display by a long laudatory speech, addressed to the visitors. The harangue at an end, the warrior took back the head, split it with his hatchet, and took out the brains. During this operation, not very agreeable to witness, another warrior took a second head and presented it to the chiefs; the same oration was made, and then the skull was split, and the brains taken out. With the other two heads the same ceremony was gone through, and then the brains were crushed, by young girls, into the jars containing the fermented cane-juice. When all was well mixed, they took the jars to the chiefs, who dipped into them the small wicker cups, and drank the contents with greedy delight! I turned horribly sick. After the chiefs, it was the turn of the warriors. The jars were offered to them, and they quaffed the revolting beverage to the sound of savage songs. There was something truly infernal in this sacrifice to victory."

And this happened not many years ago on an island of the Celebes possessed by the Spanish crown, and on a spot not two hundred miles from a rich commercial emporium. It illustrates, better than folios of argument, the sad degradation of the heathen state. Need I remind you further of the cruel practices, and unfeeling customs, which the first Europeans who visited North America found prevalent

among its aboriginal tribes? No sympathetic look or zealous service was accorded to their sick ; when attacked by disease, especially if it were contagious, they were left to their fate in the lonely forest. In some of the more southern provinces, the Spanish conquerors were obliged to pass laws, forcing husbands to support their wives, and parents to attend their children, during sickness and distress. In the breast of a heathen there are cherished none of those warm feelings of affection and self-denying devotion which take the edge off the ills of this life, and point to a brighter period of existence beyond the grave. Nor does a partial civilisation alter the state of the case. All the inhabitants of America were not rude Indians, dwelling in wigwams, living by the chase. Cortez and Pizarro encountered very different races in Mexico and Peru. The halls of Montezuma rivalled the chambers of the Alhambra ; the defence of his capital city gave evidence of a people wanting neither in science, nor in bravery, nor in acquaintance with the art of war. " Yet, after all," remarks the historian Prescott, " the Aztecs were emphatically a fierce and brutal race, little calculated, in their best respects, to excite our sympathy and regard. They did nothing to ameliorate the condition, or in any way promote the progress of their vassals, who were serfs, used only to minister to their pleasure, held in awe by armed garrisons, ground to the dust by imposts in peace, by military conscriptions in war." Or, to return to the old world, what was the condition of one and all of those barbarous hordes, who, from the remote steppes of central Asia, overran the fairest European kingdoms, poured like a winter torrent through the streets of Rome, and devastated every province washed by the Mediterranean ? They lived, ancient writers tell us, very like the birds of prey, greedily devoured horse flesh, knew of no better habitations than dark dirty huts, and had no employments but hunting and predatory excursions.

sions. "The Thuringians who served in the army of Attila," Gibbon relates, "massacred their hostages, as well as their captives; two hundred young maidens were tortured with exquisite and unrelenting rage; their bodies were torn asunder by wild horses, or their bones were crushed under the weight of rolling waggons; and their unburied limbs were abandoned, on the public roads, as a prey to dogs and vultures." "Such," adds that elegant writer, "were those savage ancestors, whose imaginary virtues have sometimes excited the praise and envy of civilised ages." And such, ladies and gentlemen, might we have been, but for the humanising and softening influence of that religion which then was, as it now is, unknown beyond the Ural mountains and the Aral sea.

Can the quotation which I have just made fail to remind you of the awful tragedies, so fresh in the memories of us all, of the refinements in cruelty, of the unheard-of barbarities practised on helpless women and children by men, far removed from the condition of rude barbarians, and many of whom were indebted for some act of kindness to the very persons whose life-blood they shed? The newspapers have lately narrated to you instances of cruelty as dreadful as those which disgraced the reigns of Caligula and Nero; of tortures as lingering as those endured by Christian martyrs, when fighting with the wild beasts of Africa in the Coliseum at Rome. Yet they were perpetrated by a race comparatively civilised, and at the instigation of rulers accomplished in the various arts and elegancies of life, but professing a faith which panders to the worst passions of mankind. The atrocities of Delhi and Cawnpore surprised no one who has studied with impartial care the peculiarities of the Mahomedan and the Hindoo faiths. Nor have such deeds been committed now, for the first time, in the history of India. In 1806, a mutiny broke out at Vellore, when not only the

European soldiery, but the sick in the hospital, without respect to sex or age, were massacred in cold blood. Twenty years before, our countrymen who had been taken prisoners by Hyder Ali, endured privations in the dungeons of Seringapatam, the narrative of which makes one shudder; and our children's children will peruse, with dismal interest, the account of the sufferings undergone by a defeated garrison in the Black Hole of Calcutta. Tippoo Saib, when the merchants of Calicut could not pay an exorbitant tribute, chained them to a barren rock, and there left them to perish;—the Dewan of a Mahratta prince extorted money from the rich inhabitants of Poonah, by tying them on heated guns;—when Nadir Shah entered Delhi as a conqueror, fifty thousand human beings fell victims to his vengeance;—and no one can tell the number of lives taken in Hindostan by the associations of assassins worshipping sometimes the Goddess of Destruction, sometimes the Mussulman Allah, and known by the name of Thugs. Every petty palace from Cabool to Colombo has been the scene of diabolical outrage; “the dark places” of every Province, from Ceylon to Cashmere, have been “the habitations of horrid cruelty.” Nor will the spread of education and science—the introduction of railways, and steamboats, and telegraphs—prove sufficient to change the hearts of a people who have not the fear of God before their eyes. Recent events have signally proved that a man may be a monster though civilised, and that a higher and more powerful influence than that of secular colleges is required to soften the manners of a people who worship, with divine honours, Siva the Destroyer. We may cover India with a network of railroads, irrigate its deserts, reclaim its jungles, make its rivers highways for traffic, reform its courts of justice, raise the physical condition of its Ryots, and make it a model of successful government, and still be liable to outrages as fearful as those which have

lately taken place in the North West Provinces, to rebellions headed by fiends like Nena Sahib, or Tippoo Saib. Christianity alone can effect the regeneration of a race debased by idolatry, whose priesthood practise iniquity, and whose gods glory in sin. I do not believe in any civilisation which is not founded on true religion; and I am firmly persuaded that if we persevere in our attempt to govern India, whilst we ignore and condemn it, we shall only be digging the grave of an empire which, if based on the Bible, might endure as long as the Himalayas remain capt with snow.

The more one searches the records of history, or studies the condition of nations that do not profess Christianity, the more conspicuous will the beneficent influences of that religion appear. At the present moment, no country where heathenism prevails, can pretend either to a high degree of civilization, or to a widely extended power; and those commonwealths which are most religious certainly command, in every respect, the destinies of the globe. The Mussulman kingdoms are admitted on all hands to be tottering to their fall; no human arm can retrieve the waning fortunes of the prophet; "Mene, Mene, Tekel" is written on the dynasties of Constantinople and Teheran. Nor does Buddhism show any signs of enduring influence. Siam, Japan, and China manifest unmistakable symptoms of weakness; and some of us may very likely live to see Christian instructors welcomed, with open arms in Jeddo and Peking. Both of these creeds were once proselytising; both have subjugated millions of men; but they seem to have run their race. The successor of Suleiman the Magnificent is indebted for the preservation of his dominions to Christian nations; and the Celestial Empire appears, to well informed observers, on the eve of dissolution. Neither, at all events, can lay claim to influence in the world. Christianity is the only advancing agency, the only leaven working for the well-being of men.

The doctrines of the false prophet were suited to a time of ignorance and warlike excitement; but they cannot bear the light of science, or harmonise with the triumphs of peace. When Omar built at Cairo the mosque which bears his name, he is said to have exclaimed, "With this mosque the religion of El-Islam rises, and with its fall perishes the faith of our holy prophet." This is regarded by Eastern nations as a true prophecy; and, as the Arab gazes on the dilapidated building, he will tell you that the day is not far distant when the tide of Islamism shall roll back towards Arabia, and the cross replace the crescent on the Seraskier's tower. Nor is there a province which will regret the change; for what has Mahommedanism, the least revolting and most rational of heathen creeds, done for the benefit of mankind? How has it effected the social condition of nations which once took the lead in literature, science, and art? Let the waste howling wilderness beside the Euphrates—the starving villagers on the banks of the Nile—the ruined towns and neglected agriculture of Asia Minor—the robber-infested plains between the Indus and the Caspian, answer the question. The sword of Mahomet has been like that of the destroying angel, carrying desolation and ruin in its path. The Saracenic conquests were rapid and awful as a tropical tornado, but they left behind the stillness of moral death. They were a simoom which converted the fairest spots in creation into deserts of sand.

Having made these cursory observations in regard to the condition of nations whose God is not the Lord, permit me to advert for a few moments, and more directly to the influence of Christianity on character, manners, and social life. What surprised many Roman sages most in the new religion imported from Syria was the transformation which it effected on mankind. They did homage to its pure morality; the wisdom and holiness of its injunctions forced

from them a reluctant admiration, and they were free to confess that in the teaching of Jesus there were an elevation of sentiment and a true philosophy, far superior to anything that had ever emanated from the groves of the Academy. Laertius and Cicero both maintain that the majority of those to whom the ancient world looked up as luminaries, were notorious for their profligacy and their disregard of moral restraints, and it is undeniable that no religion that does exist, or ever has existed, except our own, exercises any appreciable effect in subduing the passions of men. It is the only medicine which can cure, the only remedy for the countless calamities superinduced by sin. Those who sincerely embrace it are the true benefactors of their race—the men who give most liberally to promote the happiness of their fellows—who are oftenest found in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness—who have taken the lead in every great movement for the advancement of mankind—who are the main supports of national greatness and free institutions—who are secretly honoured and respected for their philanthropy and virtues by the very scorers who profess to condemn their faith. So little, indeed, do other creeds encourage the development of the benevolent affections, that the latter may almost be said to have sprung from Christianity; and, in the case of the Roman Catholic church, the prominent exercise of these emotions has covered a multitude of sins. In times of fierce polemical controversy the Sisters of Mercy have always been the most efficient props of the Papal power. The philanthropic labours of the Jesuit missionaries, the kindness to the sick and poor shewn by the founders of monastic orders, the teaching and nursing of the nuns in schools and hospitals, did more for the Romish religion than all its councils and conclaves, its inquisitors and doctors of law. Almshouses, infirmaries, and such like institutions, which bring into play the better sympathies of our nature, and mitigate the

sufferings of the masses, had no existence in the pagan world. When in the year 254 an epidemic broke out in Carthage, the Christians answering an appeal made to them by the venerable Cyprian, though immediately before they had suffered a violent persecution, by their laborious zeal, and self-denying courage saved the city from pestilence. Their heathen neighbours, afraid of infection, refused to minister to the sick, or bury the dead; the diseased lay in the streets in heaps—corpses tainted the air. “Let us now overcome evil by good,” exclaimed the noble bishop of the afflicted church; the effect of his words was talismanic, and the uttermost ends of the Roman empire heard how notably had been manifested forgiveness of injuries, and disinterested kindness—emotions which the philosophers of Athens scarcely inculcated in their lessons, much less practised in their lives.

Gratitude is another of the virtues which may be said to be the offspring of Christianity. None of the Eastern languages of the present day can boast of a word having the same signification; and we know that our countrymen have come into contact with races in whose bosoms it does not exist at all. The humanising effect of religion was remarkably illustrated in the case of the northern barbarians who over-run the Roman empire, whose ferocity and savage manners carried terror into every Italian home. Scarcely had they begun to learn the precepts of the Bible when their very nature seemed to undergo a change, and men soon ceased to look with dread on a Visigoth or a Vandal. Their altered demeanour proved how completely successful the apostles of the new faith had been in their endeavours

“To make man mild and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts,
The embellishments of life.”

Whether we contemplate Christianity in the light of history, or regard its present manifestations in individual character, its influence in the customs of nations, or on the temper and conduct of persons, we are constrained to look upon it as

“A pure redeeming angel, sent to free
This fetter'd world from every bond and stain,
And bring its primal glories back again.”

“All religious history may be appealed to,” says Isaac Taylor, “in attestation of this averment, that the Christian doctrine of forgiveness of sins is the only one which has ever generated an efficacious and tender spirited philanthropy. The Christian (and he alone) is expansively, and assiduously compassionate.” The beneficent effects of our religion seem to me to admit of no denial. To say nothing of a thousand cruel practices and debasing superstitions, which it has superseded, how inestimably blessed have been the results of abolishing polygamy and slavery; the one destructive of domestic happiness, and interposing a serious obstacle to the education of youth—the other ruining the moral sense, blunting the natural affections, and training a rising generation to the exercise of lawless tyranny.

If Christianity had done nothing more for society than to rescue woman from a state of degradation, and assign to her that influential and honourable place which, in every religious country, she holds, it would be scarcely possible to over-estimate the benefits conferred by it on the world. You do not require to be told, that females amongst Moslem and heathen nations, are either toys or drudges, considered as an inferior order of beings, and not permitted to share in the conversation and the social pleasures of their lords. In some instances they are conceived to have no souls; in all the most limited amount of education

is denied to them. Just think for a moment of the difference between a family circle in Turkey or New Guinea, and an English or American home. In proportion too as a people become more thoroughly imbued with Christian principle, the gentler sex rise in general consideration, and occupy a position of greater exaltation and respect. The remarkable deference paid to them in the United States, has always appeared to me one of the most hopeful symptoms in the condition of the body politic there, and is sufficient in itself to outweigh many causes of natural weakness. In France and Italy, where there is comparatively little true godliness, we find woman treated with much less regard, more in fact as a plaything than as an help-meet for man.

One might write a volume upon the elevating effects of female influence, especially that exercised by mothers in this little island of ours. How many good and great men have traced their best impressions to maternal counsels! George Herbert tell us, that when pursuing his studies at Cambridge, his mother's image seemed to hang up like a picture in his little chamber, restraining him from vice, calming down passion, and smiling him on to labour. I have often admired the closing lines of the epilogue, which Mr. Lamb wrote to Sheridan's tragedy of "Pizarro," with reference to maternal influence:—

"That voice we hear—oh, be its will obey'd!
'Tis valour's impulse, and 'tis virtue's aid:
It prompts to all benevolence admires,
To all that heavenly piety inspires,
To all that praise repeats through lengthen'd years,
That honour sanctifies, and time reveres."

This holy agency, recollect, is Christianity's child. The Mahommedan has no refined and serious mother, deeply

impressed with a sense of responsibility to guide his youthful footsteps into the paths of peace ; the idolator finds her treated as a mere bond-servant, whose place it is to do the hard work of their miserable home. No wonder that women throng our temples ; for to the true religion they owe the possession of all that sweetens and dignifies life.

The creed of the idolator and the Mahometan, besides, vitiates the taste, prevents enjoyment of the noble and beautiful, and represses literary and artistic attainment. But for that religion which he professes to disbelieve, the modern infidel might have been bowing to dumb idols, offering up human sacrifices, and living like a beast of the forest, without a written language, a knowledge of science, or any of the characteristics of true manhood. Nor is its influence less conspicuous on the temporal condition than on the characters of men. Socrates, and the thinking spirits of Greece, delivered oracular sayings full of wisdom and truth, but they had no practical bearing on the evils of life ; it was reserved for the ministers of the gospel to announce a message which was, in very deed and truth, to be one of "peace on earth and good-will towards men."

The mythology of Athens may have charmed an imaginative people ; but it left their evil passions unsubdued, and it entered no cottage to alleviate the sorrows and miseries of man. There are signs of comfort, cheerfulness, and order, about the dwelling of the humblest Christian peasant, for which you may look in vain among a people devoted to strange gods. One might suppose that a religion which teaches, as a leading maxim, the vanity of temporal things, might make men indifferent to the interests of the life that now is ; but this is far from being the case. Not only does it render this earth happier and more beautiful for ourselves ; it impels us to seek the present welfare of others also. Milner, in his *Church History*, writing of the eleventh

century, (and what was true of the eleventh is equally true of the nineteenth) says, "The true reliefs and mitigations of human misery lay entirely, at that time, in the influence of Christianity: and small as that influence then was, the ferocity of the age was tempered by it; and human life was thence prevented from being entirely degraded to a level with that of the beasts which perish." Even Gibbon, freethinker as he was, thus expresses himself: "Yet truth and candour must acknowledge that the conversion of the North imparted many temporal benefits, both to the old and the new Christians. The admission of the barbarians into the pale of civil and ecclesiastical society, delivered Europe from the depredations, by sea and land, of the Normans, the Hungarians, and the Russians, who learned to spare their brethren and cultivate their possessions." Adam of Bremen, in the year 1080, thus graphically alludes to the marvellous change. "*Ecce illa ferocissima Danorum natio—jamdudum novit in Dei laudibus Alleluia rosonare. Ecce populus ille piraticus—suis nunc finibus contentus est. Ecce patria horribilis semper inaccessa propter cultum idolorum—predicatores veritatis ubique certatim admittit.*" Another peculiarity of our faith is its care for the multitude. It admits no distinction of rank, and has nothing in common with those philosophic systems which

"Consider reason as a leveller,
And scorn to share a blessing with the crowd."

The effect of Christianity on national stability and greatness is no less striking. The careful student of history will not expect much good from mere political revolutions and changes, alterations of modes of government, and outward forms. The motive principle of a nation must be a pure morality, based on the true religion, else it is founded

on a shifting sandbank, which may, at any moment, be engulfed by an unlooked-for tempest. The virtues of temperance, industry, self-denial, and active benevolence, are the pillars of a state, and where are they so conspicuous as amongst Christians? A religious people can reform, and at the same time preserve. They know how to obtain redress of grievances without listening to sordid demagogues, and involving their country in all the horrors of anarchy and civil war. Think for a moment of what took place in France, during the denouement of what Burke called "the conspiracy of Atheism, which will not leave to religion even a toleration, and make virtue herself less than a name." With Rabelais began a series of brilliant, though presumptuous and wicked men, who paved the way for a political revolution, attended with unparalleled horrors, and who warred against morality and religion.

"They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
Breathed from the breath of time; the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay all earth shall view;
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins."

And do you remember how soon those puny mortals became terrified at the spectre whom they had evoked? Can you forget that they had anew to proclaim "the Eternal," lest the very frame-work of society should be destroyed? The consequences of daring impiety were so frightful, that the hardest sceptic hastened to alter his policy, and, thereby, perhaps, Europe lost the sight of God, in his indignation, destroying a second Sodom. But a great experiment was tried and a great lesson taught. Infidelity had been spreading, and Christendom required to be warned how deadly was the sting of the serpent which it

cherished in its midst. France had been the chief offender, and she awoke not from her day-dream of folly, till the streets of her capital were watered with the blood of her sons. Is there a man who hears me that doubts that nations, like individuals, are indebted to Christianity for all that makes life enjoyable, prosperous, and secure?

Nor ought we to overlook its effects on mind. Not only did it inaugurate a new morality, and, in ten thousand different ways, elevate and embellish social life; it imparted a great impulse to mental improvement; brought into active exercise faculties that had long lain dormant; gave vitality to reason and philosophic thought; and by exciting hopes founded on immortality, at once dispelled the gloom in which futurity was involved to the heathen, and furnished fresh motives for exerting all the intellectual powers. The stranger visiting the Vatican may observe one very remarkable point of contrast between the inscriptions on the tombs of the early Christians and those of the Pagans. The former contain frequent reference to a state beyond the grave; the latter are the expression of sorrow without hope, the mourning of those who take refuge in annihilation. So elevating was the influence of a creed which taught the soul

“Set free from aims inglorious
And sordid sweets, to mouut
To Reason’s region, her own element,
Breathe hope immortal and affect the skies.”

Then Christianity itself invites inquiry, and thereby encourages thought. “*Ceterum suspecta est lex quæ probari non vult.*” So said Tertullian, when arguing in favour of a religion, offering a striking contrast to the mysteries of idolatry which courted darkness and shunned the light. So great indeed was the mental agitation caused

by the new creed, that its enemies prophesied such a conflict of opinion, as would speedily bring its tenets into disrepute.

They were not aware how well adapted were the doctrines of the Gospel to minds of the most opposite structure and the most varied capacity ; and how compatible with a sincere belief in them were the most perfect freedom and independence of the reasoning powers. On their side also speedily were ranged the most enlightened of men ; and every succeeding age has found them supported by the profoundest scholars, by those who, after severe study and conscientious application, have convinced themselves that the New Testament is the revealed word of God. What a noble army of martyrs too have fought the battle for Christianity ; how many more moral heroes has she produced than all other forms of belief besides ; yet—I now use the language of the late Dr. Chalmers—"the proudest of her recorded distinctions is, that she is the religion of the poor, that she can light up the hope of immortality in their humble habitations ; that the toil-worn mechanic can carry her Sabbath lessons away with him, and enriching his judgment and his memory with them all, can bear them through the week in one full treasury of comfort and improvement ; that on the strength of her great and elevating principles, a man in rags may become rich in faith ; and looking forth through the vista of his earthly anticipations, can see, on the other side of all the hardship and of all the suffering with which they are associated, the reversion of a splendid eternity."

The inherent power of Christianity to subdue hardened hearts and regenerate society, was remarkably illustrated by the circumstances attending its early propagation and triumph. Opposed to all the prejudices, the cherished sins and follies of mankind, having arrayed against it the weight of learned authority, the advantages of birth, and the

edicts of the civil power, its triumph scarcely ever was in doubt; from the day of Pentecost to the conversion of Constantine, it went on conquering and to conquer, until it effected an entire revolution in mental science, and in the manners of the most civilised and best instructed portion of the human race. Nor did the revival of learning, after the darkness of the middle ages, endanger the continuance of its influence. No mere human system could have survived that terrible shock to existing opinions, when the dawn of philosophy broke into the monkish cells; when the writings of Plato emerged from the ruined Athenian temples; when science and commerce, liberty and discovery, received an impetus greater than they had experienced in any previous age. The resurrection of intellect in the fifteenth century, only gave new énergy and increased vigour to the Christian faith. And so it ever has been and ever will be;—religion gains by every convulsion, and controversy and struggle. It has emerged victorious already from many a conflict, and each succeeding battle leaves it stronger in the affections of the world.

“Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blows.”

But it does more than hold its own. The flickering light, which the Sanhedrim in vain endeavoured to stamp out, now illumines half mankind. It makes continual and steady progress. Sometimes a passing cloud may for a moment obscure its splendour, but its shining is always clearer after rain. The old covenant was confined to one people, and one little country; the new, to use the nervous language of Isaac Taylor, “is not the religion of a shrine, of a sepulchre, of a chair, or of a den, but of all the broad

ways of the world, and of every place where man is found." Amidst its various corruptions, the church always, moreover, has been the treasure-house of divine truth. In the worst times of Popish superstition and ignorance, there were never wanting some faithful spirits who guarded well the holy shrine. "The light of truth," says the author of *Hyperion*, "streamed through the ruins of centuries, and down in the valley of time, the cross of the Christian church caught its rays, though the priests were singing in mist and darkness below."

It remains for me now only to remark that Christianity is the source of all true happiness. God has ordered it so that the purest enjoyment is found only in his service. Pascal expresses it thus:—"Une des merveilles de la religion chrétienne est de réconcilier l'homme avec soi-même, en le réconciliant avec Dieu." It is the benign influence of our religion which diffuses the blessings of peace and comfort through the homes of Britain and America; it makes solitude pleasant, sweetens the breath of society, and enables feeble mortals to triumph over every species of privation, suffering, and toil. Eighteen hundred years ago it illumined the face of Stephen with a heavenly radiance; the other day, on the banks of the far-off Jumna, it enabled a young English officer to sustain the faith of a native convert, and to yield up his own spirit in the act of glorifying his Lord. You have read, I dare say, the narrative of old Mother Seacole—who acted like a mother to many a brave British soldier in the Crimea. "I have stood by," she says, "receiving the last blessings of Christians; and closing the eyes of those who had nothing to trust to, but the mercy of God; and I say decidedly that the Christian's death is the glorious one, as is his life." But, perhaps, in this vast assembly, there are some not altogether convinced of the Divine origin of a religion, which has done so much to

ameliorate the condition of mankind, and which has taken the sting from the grave.

Few reflecting minds have not, at one time or another, been troubled with doubts and difficulties. Dr. Johnson said that everything that Hume advanced against Christianity, had occurred to him long before. The great French preacher Massillon says, “*L’orgueil est la source secrète de l’incrédulité ;*” Wilberforce and Bishop Butler agree that its great source is the endeavour to get rid of moral restraints ; but, perhaps, scepticism, in most instances, arises from want of information, and an imperfect acquaintance with the facts necessary in order to form an opinion. Dr. Johnson says that in his early years he was a sort of lax *talker* against religion, although he did not *think* much about it. Augustine, in his Confessions, mentions that it was ignorance of Christianity which led him at one period of his life to defame it ; and Bacon, I believe, expresses the most general cause of unbelief when he says, “*A little philosophy inclineth man’s mind to Atheism ; but depth in philosophy bringeth men’s minds about to religion.*” I invite any among you, who may be perplexed by honest doubts, to study the Evidences in a candid spirit, to consider not only the social influence, the wonderful success, and the increasing power of the doctrines taught in the written Word, but the internal nature of the holy books themselves, their tendency and coincidences, as well as the light thrown upon them by history. I ask you to search with all diligence the records of science ; at your earliest leisure to read that noble contribution left to sacred literature by the late lamented Hugh Miller, “*The Testimony of the Rocks ;*” and if you are not content with a mere surface examination, but sift the question to the last, you will find the mists of unbelief pass away like the morning cloud, and the early dew. How important the investigation : How useless, unlovely, dreary, desolate, and pleasureless is

the life of the sceptic! How terrible, in many instances, has been his latter end! One naturally feels sad and regretful emotions as, wandering on the Levantine shores, he gazes on granite columns strewed beneath the waves, the sole mementos of what once was Tyre,—as turning into the Athenian Acropolis, he contemplates the fallen friezes of the Parthenon,—as he inspects the deserted temples of Thebes and Luxor,—or looks down on the arch of Titus and the Coliseum from the vine-covered bastions of the Palatine; but

“Earth has more awful ruins—one lost mind,
Whose star is quench'd, has lessons for mankind,
Of deeper import than each prostrate dome
Mingling its marbles with the dust of Rome.”

Permit me a word in conclusion, suggested by the signs of the times. If Christianity, and Christianity alone, can purify and elevate society, has not a nation which professes it a solemn duty to perform? Why has God given Great Britain influence, wealth, and colonies? Is there no reason for the sun never setting on the empire acknowledging our Queen? Admitting the obligation, how has it been fulfilled? Does the boom of artillery from the banks of the Ganges suggest any answer to your minds? Is it possible that it was necessary for the Almighty to permit a wholesale massacre of her sons and daughters, in order to awaken the conscience of England, and show her that her dominions in India were held together by a rope of sand? Two hundred millions of immortal beings had been committed to our care. We scarcely bestowed a thought upon their condition or claims; any question regarding them emptied the House of Commons; planters, missionaries, and natives, urged inquiry upon Parliament and people in vain. It may be that for this criminal apathy God has sent his destroying

angel into so many of our homes. We had been charmed into indifference, and were resting in a false security. But the spell is broken now; and it will be surprising indeed if the ensuing session do not witness debates as stirring as those which produced the greatest efforts of Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, perhaps inquiries more or less resembling the memorable trial of Hastings. Am I wrong in supposing that the *questio vexata* is likely to be, whether or not Great Britain is to continue to govern India on the principle of the abnegation of the Christian faith? No one in this assembly, I feel confident, would desire to see our lovely and benign religion forced upon any race of men. We would all earnestly deprecate persecution for conscience sake, whether the oppressed be Hindoo, Moslem, or Buddhist; we have no wish to set up as a proselytizing power; but there is surely a broad line of demarcation between using the civil or military arm for missionary purposes, and that semi-heathenish, semi-infidel policy of the past which implied at once that we were ashamed of our religion and afraid of the natives; which confounded theological scruples with political designs, and the result of which calls for the prompt interference of Parliament. There will, I dare say, be no more cherishing of idolatrous worship. The exploits of General Havelock have already struck dumb those who maintained that a zealous Christian could not be a good soldier. We shall likely hear less, even from gentlemen connected with the India House, of the necessity of temporising with and yielding to the prejudices of Brahmins. But is the Bible still to be excluded from the Government schools? is the origin and source of all sound morality and true civilization to be ignored? is Great Britain deliberately, studiously, and systematically to interpose obstacles in the way of the propagation of that faith to which she owes all her material and moral elevation, and

which it is the evident purpose of Providence that she should carry with her commerce and her emigrants to the utmost bounds of the globe? The Hindoos themselves are too shrewd a people not to have noticed that our previous policy was founded on fear, and by our timidity we have lost their respect. This great mutiny, it humbly appears to me, has taught us, as a nation, an important lesson—a lesson less likely to be forgotten because sealed in blood, and applicable, not only to the future of India, but to our policy in all other parts of the world. We are at this moment founding empires, some of which may, in the course of centuries, overshadow our own: in North America, in South Africa, in New Zealand and Australia, our countrymen are now extending their institutions, language, and laws. Is the social influence of Christianity sufficiently appreciated by either rulers or people? Do we recognise Great Britain as an instrument in the hand of God for its universal diffusion? Other kingdoms before her have been pre-eminent in riches, in literature, in science, in military power,—Tyre had her colonies, Greece her Socrates and Plato; the Roman eagles were unfurled from the pillars of Hercules to the Caspian Sea; but in all of these cases that element was wanting which connects the idea of permanence with the dominion of England; and should we not recognise our holy vocation, I see no reason why St. Paul's should not share the fate of the Parthenon, and a Slavonic invasion reduce to ruins the monuments of our power.

Manliness.

A LECTURE

BY THE

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MANLINESS.

THE subject upon which I have undertaken to lecture this evening is one, the practical value of which can scarcely be exaggerated. True manliness is unhappily very rare; there are many persons who are in some respects manly, in others exceedingly unmanly; very few—perhaps, in strict truth none—whose manliness is perfect and complete, lacking nothing.

We are very much, perhaps too much, given to the practice of comparing men to various animals; but there is no small measure of truth in this animal symbolism as applied to men. We certainly have the best authority for such a method of illustrating character. In the language of a Book to which we are in the habit of deferring, Ephraim, is “a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke;” David’s enemies are as “strong bulls of Bashan.” When St. Paul would warn his friends against false teachers, he says, “Beware of dogs;” and He who best knew “what was in man,” thus addressed the Scribes and Pharisees, “Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers.” Now, this species of metaphor prevails rather extensively in our common forms of speech; and is it not a rather significant fact that the better sort of animals are seldom referred to as illustrative of human character? It is true we speak of a lion-hearted

man, and of a person who is as gentle as a dove; but usually when we allude to animals of the better sort, we allude especially to their evil properties. The mule is one of our symbols, but not because of his laboriousness; the dog is one of our symbols, but not by virtue of his fidelity. It is in the lowest and not in the highest characteristics of such creatures that we find our analogies. If our symbolism be true, then it disposes of a very great number of persons, and proclaims them not altogether destitute of manliness, but more or less deficient in manly properties. Here is one man as cunning as a fox, another as fearful as a hare, another as fierce as a wolf, another as vindictive as a wasp, another as surly as a bear, and another as blind as a bat. Far be it from me to say that *the* multitude is swinish, but certainly there is a swinish multitude. Then there are many men who bear a remarkable resemblance to the vulture, among the fowls of the air; and to the shark among the fish of the sea. There are human rats also. The snakes, vipers, and other creeping things constitute a considerable class. Moreover, there are many owls and many geese, parrots too, monkeys innumerable; and as to the asses, we can only say their name is legion. Very noteworthy this, that men should agree to adopt such terms for frequent use in the description of men: perhaps it is often unjust, or at all events uncharitable; but making all due abatement for exaggeration, still there is probably a considerable amount of truth in the representation. I am sure that you and I have seen persons who are most correctly described by such symbolism. But to whatever extent the representation is correct, to that extent brutishness has taken the place of true manliness.

There are many false and pernicious notions of manliness current and popular in the world, notions, the utter extirpation of which is much to be desired. Indeed, if I understand

manliness aright, it is the one thing needful. Nature asks no more than this—man can attempt no more than this—God requires no more than this, that we should be in the true sense of the word, manly. If on the present occasion I should succeed in exposing to well-merited reprobation and contempt, some of the false views of manliness, in laying down a few of the true principles of manliness, and in encouraging my hearers to loathe and abandon those, to admire and adopt these, my object in coming before you this evening will be accomplished.

Well, then, what is manliness?—for although definitions are often difficult, and as often unsatisfactory, it really is important to have something like a definition at the outset of our inquiry. Here we may, perhaps, derive valuable assistance from a well-known word, the genealogy of which is somewhat remarkable. That word is, virtue. I am not unmindful of the fact that among the people who originated this word, its more especial meaning was of a military type. Yet even the Romans often understood by it moral excellence of every description. Now this word virtue, formed from *vir*, corresponds as closely as possible with our word manliness. Virtue and manliness, then are equivalent terms. This simple etymological fact throws some light upon our subject, and helps us to form an idea of manliness rather different from many of the popular notions thereof. Virtue and manliness are identical: if we know what virtue is, we know what manliness is—whatever is virtuous is manly, whatever is not virtuous is not manly. Truthfulness is a virtue; it is therefore an element of manliness. Temperance is a virtue; it is therefore a feature of manliness. Chastity is a virtue; it is therefore a characteristic of manliness. Fortitude is a virtue; it is therefore a token of manliness. Good temper is a virtue; it is therefore a part of manliness. Benevolence

is a virtue; it is therefore a constituent of manliness. Godliness is a virtue; yea, godliness is, strictly speaking, all virtues harmoniously combined; it is therefore an absolutely essential condition of manliness. In fact, if we accept this word virtue in its present ordinary sense, as truly indicating the character of the vir, of the man, the man of the highest stamp, the man worth calling a man; then it just comes to this, that he who is most virtuous is most manly; that whatever virtues we possess we are so far forth manly; and whatever virtues we lack we are so far forth unmanly. So this word says to the fast man, the gay man, the man of pleasure, Sir, you think that there is something manly in vice, in prize-fighting, in horse-racing, in gambling, in profane swearing, in obscene language, in revelry, in profligacy; yes, and to be plain and honest with you, you think that there is something manly even in that most damning of all crimes, seduction. I tell you, Sir, that there is no manliness in sin of any kind. I tell you that all sin is unmanly, utterly and essentially so. I, virtue, I am manliness, I alone am manliness; without me you may be a fool, you may be a brute, you may be a demon, but you cannot be a man. I must be enthroned in your heart; I must have the absolute government of your physical, intellectual, moral being; I must regulate your life; I must direct you in your going out and your coming in; I must have the control of your thoughts, feelings, words, and deeds; on such conditions only is it possible for you to be manly! If this be a correct criterion to help us in determining what is manly and what is not, then it is very clear that much that has passed muster in the world for manliness must be pronounced unmanly; and much that has not generally been regarded as manly must be accepted as among the very highest forms of manliness. In fact, a great revolution must take place in many people's notions of manliness, once

they assent to this undeniable proposition, Virtue and manliness are identical. If this be true, then many a Man who stands six feet high, and is stout in proportion, must be dismissed as far beneath the standard; and many a dwarfish mortal will prove himself a giant. It is a glorious, it is a mighty truth. I ask you to accept it; I ask you to welcome it; I ask you to give it currency! In the name of human nature, let it have free course; tell it to your companions; proclaim it upon the house-tops; utter it in the chief places of concourse; shout it to the very ends of the earth!—Virtue and manliness are one!

Further, if we wish to know what manliness really is, let us consider for a moment man's nature and constitution. In all respects, or if not in all, in very many, man is great—the highest miracle known to us of Divine power, wisdom, and beneficence, “the most beautiful hymn to the praise of the Deity.” His physical frame is the most wonderful of all the organic beings within the compass of our observation. I am out of all patience with those good but silly people, who consider that they glorify God by vilifying their own corporeal nature, designating it “a clog of clay,” a “dismal prison,” applying many other epithets of an equally abusive and slanderous character. I contend that this is most unfair and most ungrateful. You are dissatisfied with your physical frame, are you? Well, perhaps you are, to some extent, to be excused, if from any cause, this part of your humanity is a poor, feeble, tottering apparatus, very liable to get out of order, continually breaking down, always needing repair, unable to stand the wear and tear of life: but if you are strong and healthy, and hearty, full of the energy, the almost boundless energy of physical life, then surely you will not complain, you will not sing or groan forth doleful, dismal, hypochondriacal threnodies (for hymns I cannot call them), bewailing the ills that flesh is heir to:

on the contrary, you will be much more inclined to say in the sensible, grateful, noble language of the Psalmist—"I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well!" Still more wonderful than man's physical organization, is his intellectual constitution, the powers of reason, imagination, memory, the perceptive and reflective faculties, through the exercise of which he has planned the vast fabric of civilization, with its arts, its sciences, its commerce, and its laws; an edifice still incomplete, and destined to receive additions and improvements, the limits of which it would be very adventurous to predict; for man is only beginning to understand the world he lives in; and, as yet, scarcely comprehends the fulness of the dominion over all the elements of nature conferred upon him by his God. And, to crown all, this wondrous creature has a moral and spiritual being, a sense of right and wrong, a religious consciousness, a capacity for holding communion with his Maker; he has power to love and power to hate; he is capable of intense enjoyment, and suffering equally intense; able to rise, who shall say how high? liable to fall, who shall say how low? He is endowed with tremendous energies, which can be wielded for evil or for good; and he is destined to an endless existence of consciousness, of activity, of power.

If, as a matter of fact, man is seldom, is never seen in all this glorious perfection; if the crown has fallen from his head, and all the glory, save a few feeble and flickering rays, has departed, still let us remember that "God made man upright," for "in the image of God made he man." This is the great fact, the true idea of humanity, "in the image of God;" not physically, of course, for God is a spirit; but mentally and morally; and "the apparent tautology of the phrase, 'Let us make man in our image, after our like-

ness,' only denotes more emphatically, according to a Hebrew idiom, the preeminent moral resemblance of man to God. Everything else discloses only a part or property of the Creator, here at length is his image." Here, then, if we really believe in the scriptural account of man's origin, (and difficult as the belief of this may be, can you suggest any theory less difficult or more probable; has any such theory of man's origin ever been propounded, anything more rational than the biblical statement?) here we have another and an invaluable clue to the nature of true manliness—man was made in the image, after the likeness, of God. To retain this image, or, if haply it be lost, to attempt its recovery, this is the true glory of human nature. If we know what God is, then we know what man ought to be. The manliest man is he in whom there is most of the Divine image. In some of the properties of God resemblance on man's part is of course impossible, and even to wish for such resemblance were equally presumptuous as vain; but there are other properties in which the resemblance may be manifested, ought to be manifested, and in every truly manly person is manifested. God is just, God is true, God is faithful, God is holy, God is patient, God is kind, God is compassionate, God forgives his enemies—when they hunger he feeds them, when they thirst he gives them drink. "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." In these properties resemblance to God is possible for man, resemblance to God is man's first duty, best interest, greatest honour; "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;" thus you will attain the climax of your being: Hence, then, godliness, *i. e.* godlikeness, is manliness. We have identified virtue and manliness, we now identify godliness and manliness. We refer to man's origin, to the fact that the Divine image was impressed

upon him at his creation, and from this we gather for a certainty—that man is manliest when he is most like God.

For further insight into the nature of true manliness, let us try to seek out some fair and safe example, the fairest and the safest if it be possible. For if we can find a man in all respects manly, a living embodiment of true manliness, we shall probably derive more instruction from him than from any theoretical speculations. Who then is to be our standard? If among the countless myriads who have lived and moved, and had their being in this world, there be some one man who concentrates in himself all the properties of true manliness, let us study that man's character; let us transcribe it, transcribe it carefully, faithfully; transcribe it in its entirety, and not merely take this or that characteristic that happens to suit our taste.

Whom then shall we select as our model? Not a man like Samson, I presume, a man endowed with tremendous physical strength; for every one knows that Samson was a miserably weak creature after all; a grand specimen of humanity, I grant you, if you contemplate him from a merely physical point of view (when you see him rending the lion as he would have rent a kid; carrying away the gates of Gaza, and putting forth his strength in that last effort when he pulled down the palace of the Philistine lords, and took his terrible revenge), but a very poor specimen of a man when you consider him in either an intellectual or moral light. You cannot, therefore, for a moment think of taking as your standard the mere physical man in the perfection of his symmetry and strength;—not the Samson of sacred history, not the Hercules of profane mythology; they did not in all respects quit themselves like men. But probably you will choose as your standard the intellectual man, the philosopher, the scholar, the poet, the artist, the senator, the clever and successful man of business. Very exem-

plary persons certainly—every one of them admirable in his way ; and we do admire such men, we ought to admire such men, we cannot help admiring such men. They are the Creator's choicest gifts, the burning and shining lights of the secular world ; they are the aristocracy of nature, they are the civilizers of humanity. The small men, of whom the race chiefly consists, could do little or nothing without the great men. The race would make no progress were it not that, here and there, age after age, the inspiration of the Almighty which giveth understanding, concentrates in some one man the intellectual force of millions of men. If the western ocean is to be explored you must have a Columbus—if the true system of the universe is to be demonstrated, you must have a Newton—if tyranny is to be successfully resisted, you must have a Cromwell—if manufacturing industry is to be developed, you must have a James Watt. My friends, think not only of the harvest, of food and raiment, of health and comfort when you sing the doxology ; remember with a most grateful remembrance the world's great men, the servants who received five talents, and trading with them for the welfare of the world, made them five talents more, remember them when you sing—“Praise God from whom all blessings flow.”

Still the merely intellectual man is no safe standard. We are far too prone to the idolatry of intellect ; we honour men more for the compass of their understanding, the extent of their learning, the brilliancy of their wit, and the splendour of their genius, than for the goodness of their hearts and the excellence of their lives. Here, too, as in the case of the powerful physical man, the example may be set before many of us in vain. If to be manly it is absolutely necessary to be very wise, very learned, very witty, very clever ; then who is sufficient for these things ? who can attain to true manliness of character ? No—if we wish to

see the true standard, we must, I think, study the character of the Man Christ Jesus, perfect in righteousness, in purity, in benevolence, in patience, in fortitude, in every virtue that can dignify, beautify, and glorify human nature. For Christ's obedience to the Divine law was the obedience of his humanity; the virtues he displayed were human virtues; and he has thus redeemed human nature from the disgrace which had been brought upon it. Poor human nature! we are accustomed to say: aye, poor enough, if we regard ourselves, the best of us, as the standards of humanity; but, contemplate humanity as you see it in Jesus Christ, and learn your own greatness; learn to respect yourselves; learn what sublime possibilities are wrapt up in your nature, and latent in the constitution of your being.

Here, however, I ought, perhaps, to advert to the fact, that the moral perfection of Jesus and his claim to be the Model Man, and "realized ideal of humanity," have been questioned and denied. Dr. Priestley and Mr. Belsham, if they do not accuse Christ of immoral conduct, consider his moral perfection as at least extremely doubtful. But the author of the "Phases of Faith," unlike Priestley and Belsham, disdains to use the language of insinuation; and, with a boldness I should hope almost unexampled, takes up the Saviour's challenge—"Which of you convinceth me of sin?" Of the evangelical narrative he says, "So far from being a picture of perfection, it sometimes seems to me the picture of a conscious and wilful impostor. * * * * I almost doubt, if one wished to draw the character of a vain and vacillating pretender, it would be possible to draw anything more to the purpose than this." The author of the "Phases of Faith" finds error, arrogance, dishonesty in the discourses of Christ; and he thus speaks of the men who insisted that Jesus should be put to death:—"Though

popular indignation (even when free from the element of selfishness) ill fixes the due measure of punishment, I have a strong belief that it is righteous when it pronounces the verdict, guilty." In other words, according to this author, the "vox populi" was the "vox Dei" when it exclaimed, "Away with him! away with him! Crucify him! crucify him!"

Now I have seldom read anything with greater satisfaction than that chapter on the moral character of Jesus in the "Phases of Faith." Its effect was to confirm my conviction of Christ's moral perfection. I felt that I could say to this writer, "Thou, at all events, hast not convicted him of sin; thou hast not discovered a flaw in this Pearl of great price." This writer has overshot the mark. The man who tries to persuade us that the Jewish populace was justified in clamouring for Christ's death, is a man who only discovers the weakness of his cause. I am sorry that any person should entertain such views; but since they were entertained (for possibly they are not entertained now) by a man of such ability, learning, and honesty as the author of the "Phases of Faith," I, for one, thank him for his frankness in giving these views publicity. I only wish that all the sermons, the pamphlets, and the books of the orthodox contained anything like such a noble testimony to the perfection of Christ as—to my mind at least—is the result of a candid perusal of this chapter of the "Phases of Faith." Once on a time (as the story goes) a philosopher, with the aid of a powerful telescope, discovered a monster in the sun. He calculated its dimensions; he speculated upon its habitudes; he satisfied himself that it must ere long devour the solar orb; he considered it probable that it would then come at an ascertained speed to attack the earth, and eat it in less than a week. Appalling prospect! He gathered his scientific friends about him, informed them of the frightful fact, begged them to ascertain it for them-

selves; and they looked, and they saw the horrid creature gnawing his way into the very core of the sun! At last one of the company, more curious and more sceptical than the rest, suggested an examination of the instrument, and lo! a fly jammed in somewhere between the glasses. So men, and men of philosophic mind too, have fancied that they saw the monster sin in the Sun of Righteousness; but what does the discovery amount to? It is only a fly in the telescope! Shine on, thou Sun of Righteousness; thou who art the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, shine on, brightening and beautifying and cheering all things by thy beams; let the whole earth be filled with thy glory; thy challenge, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" has lain before the world these eighteen hundred years, and it remains unanswered to this day, because it is unanswerable.

If, then, you want to know what manliness really is, I ask you to consider these three facts:—That virtue and manliness are etymologically identical; that God created man in his own image, after his likeness; and that Jesus Christ, in his human nature, is the all-perfect pattern of what every man, who wishes to be a man indeed, should ever aim and strive and pray to be. Man is manliest when he is most virtuous, man is manliest when he is most like God; but since virtue is a somewhat abstract term, and since God is a Spirit indescribable, incomprehensible, infinite, it simplifies the matter to say—man is manliest when he is most like Jesus Christ.

Adopting these principles, then, as the basis of our theory and practice of manliness, let us proceed to consider some of the manifestations of a truly manly character. I shall endeavour to ascend from the smaller to the greater, and therefore I shall begin with this—Manliness in our Amusements. I confess that I regard those famous games of

ancient Greece with feelings of admiration. Perhaps too much was made of them when the Greeks, in their intense nature worship, considered the swiftest racer and the most skilful wrestler as the happiest and most honourable of mortals, and worthy of a place among the gods. Still those games were manly; they favoured the expansion and full development of the human frame in all its symmetry, its beauty, its activity, and its strength. Fine, too, was the moral effect of that abstemious training; for of those competitors it could be said, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." Yes, those games were manly. But where is the manliness of many of our amusements? what is there in them calculated to promote either physical, mental, or moral development? I should only insult you if I asked you seriously, what is there of a manly character in being either a party in a prize-fight or a witness of it? I have heard horse-racing described as a manly sport; but I want to know wherein its manliness consists. Not surely in taking your place upon the grand stand, and watching the splendid action of the splendid animals upon the course? Nor can you say that there is anything distinctively manly in the process of betting and book-making; for these arts, it is well known, are neither more nor less than transactions which take place between blackguards on the one hand and blockheads on the other! I can understand the manliness of a yacht race, of a rowing match; here there is something for men to do, something that exercises both mind and body; but on the turf—I do not see that there is any opportunity for the manifestation of any one manly property; the most manly creatures there are the horses, and next to them the jockeys. Nor does it appear to me that there is anything very manly in theatrical entertainments: to sit there for two or three hours watching a performance; you comfortably recline upon soft

cushions; you have an opera-glass in your hand. Is it a tragedy? You are filled with a mawkish sentimentalism. Is it a farce? You are convulsed with laughter. Is it a melodrama? It makes a baby of you, and you laugh and cry by turns. Nothing, surely, in all this that the most enthusiastic playgoer will pronounce manly. Dancing, too, is an amusement which I think can scarcely be pronounced manly. Granted that it is very graceful, very fascinating, very pleasing—it may be all this, and yet not be manly. To see a company of male bipeds in pumps hopping and skipping and capering and whirling to the scraping of a fiddle—I think it is not a very manly spectacle; nor is it the exercise best calculated to develope the physical frame; the intellect can scarcely be much improved by it; and as to its effects upon morals (in some cases) I would rather not venture to give an opinion. Perhaps you will say that the same harsh rule applies to musical entertainments! Well, scarcely; for a musical entertainment of the right sort has an eminently humanising influence. It has the tendency to smoothe down some of our asperities, or (as we say in Lancashire, though in a somewhat different sense) to dress the knots off us; and some of us are so knotty and so gnarled that we much require an occasional dressing of this kind. Music has power to soothe us when we are irritated, to compose us when we are agitated, to animate us when we are languid, to cheer us when we are sad. It is well for our manliness that we should have such recreation as is afforded by the concert, the oratorio and the cheerful song. After a day of toil and anxiety it will greatly refresh our hearts let us have it then by all means;—

“ And the night shall be fill'd with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.”

But let me appeal to your good sense—Is it not true, and most miserably true of many of our amusements, that they are far from manly? On the one hand, there are brutal pastimes; on the other, recreations of a silly and effeminate character; and besides these, there are many which, while neither brutal nor effeminate, are extremely demoralizing. All forms of gambling belong to this class, if, indeed, gambling be not a far too terribly earnest thing to be catalogued among amusements at all. The sporting world! In truth, there is no world in which there is less sport than that which arrogates this title to itself. There is not much sport perhaps on the area of the Exchange, but there is far more there, even on the dullest day of mercantile depression—more real cheerfulness and pleasure than among the bookmakers at Newmarket and at Epsom; and if on the Exchange there be much gloom, anxiety, and despair, they are mainly traceable to the fact, that the men on 'Change have introduced into their speculations so much of the spirit of Newmarket and Epsom. Let me ask you, as men of business, what is the most rational account of the present, I am afraid I must say, disastrous state of things? What was the cause of the panic of 1847—what the cause of the present disturbance of commercial equilibrium? Cannot both these painful events be traced in a large measure to the fact that the commercial world has so closely imitated the sporting world, and in its mad haste to be rich at any risk, adulterated the high morality of genuine commerce with the accursed immorality of the turf and the betting-room? Under these three heads, then, the brutal, the effeminate, and the demoralizing, we might classify a very great number, I am afraid, the majority of our amusements. Still there are some manly sports—fencing, wrestling, skating, curling, cricket, shooting, coursing, hunting, fishing, yachting, rowing; and there are some

splendid games, which, if they were thoroughly dissociated from the spirit of gambling, deserve to rank high amongst manly amusements. Chess is comparatively free from the infection ; but the noble game of billiards has, I am afraid, become hopelessly enslaved to the betting spirit. It ought not so to be. I should rejoice to see it liberated. I do not see why it, any more than chess, should be a snare and a source of evil ! The billiard balls are as innocent as the chess men or as the balls of a bagatelle board ; the evil is in the betting ; whenever this spirit enters, it causes, to say the least, an unhealthy excitement, which soon puts an end to the amusement derivable from the game. In fact, there is an end of sport the moment you stake a crown-piece on the results of your playing ! There is, then, it must be admitted, a deficiency of manly amusements, especially in our great towns, and among those who cannot enjoy the luxury of the truly manly sports of the English country gentleman. I think it would be well if all who are interested in social science, if all philanthropic men would deliberate on this question among others, whether it is not desirable to promote, as widely as possible, the establishment of public gymnasiums and public parks, in which our young men might exercise themselves betimes in a variety of modes, calculated to develope their physical powers. And you, young men, you, Christian young men, do you take up this question ; do not imagine that the consideration of it is at all inconsistent with your religious profession. When I consider the effect which manly exercise has upon physical health, the effect which physical health has upon a man's temper, and therefore upon his happiness, upon his working power, and consequently upon his usefulness : when I consider how many men are snappish, melancholy, languid, who by means of good physical training might be amongst the most amiable, cheerful, and active of

mortals; when, in short, I consider the very deep sympathy which exists between the body and the soul, the mysterious chain which binds together our physical, mental, and moral nature, I do feel that a strong, active, healthy body is one of the greatest blessings which any man can enjoy; I do feel that the cause of religion itself cannot afford to despise the assistance which manly physical exercise can render it.

The point to which I have next to direct your attention, is—Manliness in Speech. There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness, that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words, threatening the entire extinction of genuine English! Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man, he must speak in the dark phraseology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his own “hook.” If he sees anything remarkably good, he calls it a “stunner,” the superlative of which is a “regular stunner.” If he meets a savage-looking dog, he calls him an “ugly customer.” If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a “rummy old cove.” A sensible man is a “chap that is up to snuff.” A man not remarkable for good sense is a “cake”—a “flat”—a “spoon”—a “stick.” A doubtful assertion is to be “told to the marines.” An incredible statement is “all gammon.” Our young friend never scolds, but “blows up”—never pays, but “stumps up”—never finds it difficult to pay, but is “hard up”—never feels fatigued, but is “used up.” He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a “tile.” He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a “choker.” He lives nowhere,

but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes tracks"—he "cuts his stick"—or, what is the same thing, he "cuts his lucky"! The highest compliment you can pay him, is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but he prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and "the needful," and "the rhino." When a man speaks, he "spouts"—when he holds his peace, he "shuts up"—when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." To be perplexed, is to be "flummoxed"—to be disappointed, is to be "dished"—to be cheated, is to be "sold"—to be cheated clearly, is to be "done brown."—Whatsoever is fine, is "nobby,"—whatsoever is shabby, is "seedy,"—whatsoever is pleasant, is "jolly." Now a good deal of this slang is harmless,—many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable. For example, as Archdeacon Hare observes in one of his sermons, the word "governor" as applied to a father is to be reprehended. Does it not betray on the part of young men great ignorance of the paternal and filial relationships, or great contempt for them? Their father is to such young men merely a governor, merely the representative of authority. Innocently enough the expression is used by thousands of young men who venerate and love their parents; but only think of it, and I am sure you will admit that it is a cold, heartless word when thus applied, and one that ought forthwith to be abandoned. Moreover, I must protest against the use of slang in relation to solemn subjects; in relation, for instance, to death. I shall not mention any of the well-known phrases which

the slang-talker uses, when he wishes to state that some fellow-mortal has breathed his last. I must maintain, that, whether we are Christians or atheists, on no principle is so solemn an event as the death of a man to be treated with levity. And as to slang in general, never for one moment suppose that the copious use of it is a mark of manliness; that it is a token of ability and sharpness.

It would be well for us, however, if the false notion of manly speech were discoverable only in such slang terms as those to which I have adverted; but there are multitudes who seem to think that not only slang, but also filth, obscenity, and blasphemy, are necessary to the establishment of a manly character. With many it is a manly thing to have a broadside of oaths and curses always at command. If you think that such language is a mark of manliness, I beg to say that you are most miserably mistaken. It only proves that you are either a shallow, thoughtless, vulgar and ill-mannered blockhead, or a person who ought not to be believed. The man who swears, gives us all fair warning, that he is a liar. You say you mean nothing by the practice—well then, give it up; if you wish to have credit for common sense you must do nothing unmeaning. This is a habit as repulsive to reason, as it is shocking to religion. Is it not a far manlier thing to make all men feel that your yea is yea, and your nay, nay; that both are absolute; that neither of them requires the much-to-be-suspected buttressing of oaths? I tell you you insult me, if you require from me more than a plain firm decided yes or no; and I insult myself, I admit that my word is not to be relied upon, I pronounce myself unworthy of the very credit which I wish to sustain, if, in my ordinary converse, I swear by any of the oaths, some of them foolish, all of them bad, which are in such common and constant use. If you don't believe my plain affirmation or plain denial, I will not stoop to say

upon my "word," upon my "honour," upon my "conscience;" much less will I take the name of my God in vain, by appealing to him for the truth of what I say; my religion forbids it; my sense of self-respect forbids it; I will even say, that I am too proud to swear. Take my plain word, or leave it; trust it, or distrust it; but more than my plain word you shall not have. I recognise the utterance of common sense, of self-respect, of true manliness, as well as of religion, in those words of the perfect Man, "Let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

I now come to the consideration of manliness in relation to Fashion. I do confess to an admiration of the strong physical man, and regard bodily hardiness as a somewhat manly thing. Is it not to be feared, however, that the effeminate and luxurious habits of many of our young men have an injurious effect in this matter, and render them, as they themselves express it, "extremely susceptible?" But then it is considered a rude thing to be robust. If you are slender, delicate, pale, and weak-chested, you will be regarded as an interesting young man. None but the vulgar are tough and hardy. A man who never was ill in his life, never had an affection of the throat, never knew by experience the meaning of the miserable word dyspepsia; a man who never was nervous, and to whom it is all the same whether the wind blows from east, west, north, or south — what a savage! Well, but if our poor bodies are so frail and feeble, still there is no necessity for foppery. It does not betoken a manly character when a young gentleman pays such everlasting attention to the art of getting himself up as if he was nothing but a shirt. Yet there are many such persons, walking advertisements for Moses and the Son of Moses; locomotive dummies, the brothers of the stationary dummies that stand headless, or with heads of

wax, at the shop doors. Such a person believes that the chief end of man is to dress himself. He contemplates, as the greatest of all evils, his being out of the fashion. He would be thrown into convulsions, yea, he would fall into a swoon, yea, fatal effects might be apprehended if any critic were rash enough to tell him in a large party that the pattern of his waistcoat was out of date, or were sneeringly to ask him, "Who is your tailor?" He never would survive that! It is very singular that so many of these persons (for I don't intend to call them men), that so many of these persons, or things (that is the right word), are afflicted with defective vision; such, however, appears to be the case; for, have you not observed that they generally carry in one eye, a circular piece of glass? Curious, is it not, that both eyes are seldom affected, for you scarcely ever see an honest pair of spectacles on the nose of a dandy. Further, these models of manliness appear to be deficient in locomotive power; at all events, they prudently carry an auxiliary leg, in the shape of a richly ornamented cane. And they are beringed and bejewelled, and bestudded and bespangled in a most dazzling manner. Now, if you want to be manly, you must not be mere clothes-pegs, blocks on which to hang man-millinery. But our friend, the dandy, exclaims, "I must dress like a gentleman; otherwise, what a sight I should be! I should be ashamed to be seen." "You must dress like a gentleman"—like a gent, you mean. I believe the tailor can make a gent; but all the tailors in the world can never, by the exercise of their most cunning skill, make a gentleman. You would be ashamed to be seen! How do you know that you will be seen? Do you suppose that any mortal in these busy streets would be silly enough to turn round and look at you for an instant, though you were dressed like the Grand Turk? No, my friend, people have something else to do in these times than to stare at

you, and consider how you are dressed! As long as you are just decently clothed, I cannot see that anything more can possibly be required; at all events, if you wish to be a man, you must not be a fop!

But fashion tyrannizes over the small people, not only in the matter of preposterous dress (and with all the accusations that have been brought against the ladies on this score, it would not be difficult to prove that there are more vanity and extravagance in the article of dress, on the part of many things that go by the name of men), fashion tyrannizes over the small people, and even over people not small, in many other ways. Fashion says, "You must live in a certain style; you must keep up a certain appearance;" and where is the man who has manliness enough to rebel, and say, "No! I will live most strictly within my means; I will not tax my income to the last stiver for the purpose of keeping up an appearance; if my neighbour lives in a better house, has handsomer furniture, and a greater show of plate; if he gives large and fashionable soirées while I can only ask a friend to come and take me in very plain and homely style—well, I don't care!" My friend, I honour you if you don't care; give me your hand, you are certainly so far a manly fellow, too manly, at least, to be the slave of fashion. But many persons ask, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Ah, that Mrs. Grundy; what a tyrant she is! My friend, never mind what Mrs. Grundy says. Mrs. Grundy is an excessively impertinent person, and withal, a very great fool. I hold it to be a very great triumph of manliness not to care what Mrs. Grundy says. I take it to be a good sign, when a man has the face to say, not to a charitable institution, but to Mrs. Grundy, "I can't afford it." It is one of our weaknesses, and a most destructive weakness, this inability to say, "I can't afford it." In these times, a man dares not marry unless he is able to maintain *a certain*

appearance. If he does rashly set the conventional world at defiance, then he and his young wife become the objects of Mrs. Grundy's affected pity, and altogether unaffected contempt. Now, I hold that that steady industrious young man who is in full employ, and has the prospect of employment, and who in the beginning of his struggle with the world, marries a woman of good sense and good temper, though she has not a shilling to call her own, that young man does not need your pity, and will rise above your contempt, Mrs. Grundy! I do not advocate imprudence and thoughtlessness in this matter, but I do say this most emphatically—Never ask Mrs. Grundy's consent to your matrimonial arrangements. "Fashion," says the author of *Lacon*, "builds her temple in the capital of some mighty empire, and having selected four or five hundred of the silliest people it contains, she dubs them with the magnificent and imposing title of the world. * * Her smile has given wit to dulness, and grace to deformity, and has brought everything into vogue by turns, but virtue. * * * It were mad to follow her, and rash to oppose her; but neither rash nor mad to despise her." Be manly enough then to live within your means; manly enough to say to this extravagance and that, "I can't afford it;" manly enough to live in humble style, if your income is but humble; manly enough to determine for yourself what appearance you will keep up.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, *there* all the honour lies.

* * *

Worth makes the *man*, and want of it the *fellow*,
And all the rest is leather and prunella!"

For a few moments, and I think a few moments will suffice, let me now speak of manliness as it stands in strong and eternal antagonism to every form of Licentiousness. It cannot be denied that in the minds of many an idea of

manliness attaches to indulgence in vice. The fast man, in the full swing of his impetuous career, is most certainly looked up to by many of our youths as a model of manliness. There is a notion that there is something manly in drinking to excess; in betting with spirit; in singing obscene songs; in going all lengths of vicious indulgence. Base and horrible indeed must be the moral condition of those, and they are not few, who devour filthy books (for the press is a fountain that can send forth at the same time sweet water and bitter—the water of life and the most deadly poison); shocking must be the depravity of those who gloat over filthy pictures (for art, though always in its brightest efforts an angel of light, is often an imp of darkness). And there are those who make virtue an object of ridicule; who laugh at chastity; who pronounce the young man that is scrupulous a fool; who talk with gusto of their own sensuality, recount the scenes of their debauchery, and edify each other with their lewd experiences. Aye, and rather than be suspected of having a spark of purity or shame, they will even fabricate filthy stories, and boast of fictitious villanies. “A dog once went without a proper invitation to a house in which there was to be a great feast; he stowed himself somewhere in the kitchen; but, as he imprudently wagged his tail, the cook discovered him, and threw him out of the window. As he went limping home the neighbours’ dogs ran up to him and asked him how he liked his supper. ‘In truth,’ said he, ‘I hardly know, for we drank so deep that I can’t even tell you which way I got out of the house.’” That dog was no singular character; he is the type of thousands who glory in their shame, and boast of even greater excess than they have had opportunity to commit. Base and horrible as all this is, it is accounted manly. There is no loud cry of shame against such blackguardism. The victim of the seducer’s wiles is instantly

discarded, shunned, hated; society slams its door in her face—tells her, in effect, to fling herself into the canal, into the river, to perish in her misery and despair, while the scoundrel who is the author of all this fearful wrong, instead of losing caste, is, perhaps, thought all the more of; even refined society, though it knows the fact, exacts of him no penance, imposes on him no mark of its displeasure, and amongst his jolly companions he glories in his crime. Does such a creature call himself a man? He who has taken advantage of the weakness of a woman's judgment, and the strength of a woman's love—he who has betrayed her confidence, destroyed her reputation, and made her life a burden, a shame, a very hell; *he* a man! he is neither man, nor brute, nor devil. On such a creature I can well believe that the foulest imps of the abyss would spit their contempt to eternal ages.

My young friends, let me beg of you never to accept, never to tolerate, for one moment, a libertine's notion of manliness. Remember that grand etymological fact—virtue and manliness are identical. There is no manliness, no, not a spark, not a jot, not a tittle of manliness, in intoxication, in obscenity, in impurity, in vice of any kind. Everything that can be pronounced vicious is unmanly to the last and lowest degree of unmanliness. Hark how the good Spirit in Milton's *Comus* sings:—

“ Mortals that would follow me,
Love Virtue—she alone is free;
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.”

Let this be a settled point then, an axiom never to be brought into question; a truth, high as heaven, deep as hell, lasting as time: that, whatever the world says, what-

ever your companions say, whatever that which is sensual in your own nature says—common sense, conscience, religion, God, all say this—"Purity in conduct, in speech, in feeling, in thought, is absolutely essential to a manly character."

If I did not say something in this lecture on manliness in its relation to war, the omission would perhaps be considered unpardonable. Well, then, let me state that I am not a convert to the principles of what is called the Peace Society. I do not think that we have reached that millennial state in which we can dispense with arms, and appeal solely to arbitration. Solomon tells us of two ways of dealing with a fool—"Answer a fool not according to his folly, lest thou be like unto him," and "Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit." We must adopt one or other of these methods, according to circumstances; and if any nation that happens to have a dispute with us, insists upon appealing to the sword, I think we must, sometimes at least, act upon the latter proverb, and "answer a fool according to his folly." Our arguments should be adapted to the understandings of those with whom we have to argue. Now, there are some people who can comprehend no argument but a cannonade. It won't do to remonstrate with a burglar; he must be opposed with physical force; struggled with; knocked down; shot dead; if so only you can save your own life. And if a prince or a people take to the occupation of burglary on a large scale, turn not house-breakers but kingdom-breakers, it seems to me that the same rule will have to be applied. I believe war under some circumstances to be manly, noble, glorious. It was so when Abraham attacked those four robber kings who had carried away Lot and other helpless captives. I respect Abraham much more for that deed of righteous war than I should if he had quietly allowed those royal rascals to escape with their booty. And was it not

manly and noble in the shepherd lad with sling and stone to accept the challenge of that bullying giant who had paced up and down the ranks, shouting, "Show me a man that we may fight together?" But we need not go so far back in the history of the world. Unhappily there have been wars in every age; but still, in every age, war has given occasion to the exercise and manifestation of extraordinary courage, patience, and heroism; and I marvel not that the military profession has always been regarded as eminently manly. In the ambition which stimulates to unjust aggression, there is nothing worthy of a man. The sovereign and the nation who give way to such a spirit are only burglars on a large scale, and robbery, however ingenious, however successful, is never manly on any scale at all. But all war is not robbery. Some warriors are the burglars, others the brave opponents of the burglars—all honour to such men! When war is reluctantly resorted to as the only price at which freedom can be secured, public rights vindicated, innocent weakness protected, and lawless violence put down, let no man say that it is unmanly. No; the men who have waged such wars are amongst the noblest the world has ever seen. War is a terrible thing, and so it is a terrible thing to be aroused in the dead of the night, and, in the darkness, to contend in a life-and-death struggle with a gang of robbers; and worse still if these robbers be your own domestics, who know your habits, to whom, perhaps, you have unwisely entrusted some of your keys, and who take up your own kitchen poker, and the cleaver, and the carving-knife, wherewith to massacre you and your wife and children. This is our unhappy case as a nation at the present moment; and we should not be worthy of the name of men, if we did not, to the utmost of our power, oppose the monsters who have perpetrated this all but unparalleled series of crimes.

Still, the true weapons of man's warfare are not carnal. War by physical force is a sad necessity imposed upon us; but in the imposition of which we, too, have had a part. Let us hope that courage is not always to manifest itself in scenes of carnage and death; that there are yet to be far nobler victories than those which history records. Sir Thomas More, speaking of the estimation in which the Utopians hold fighting, says, "Bears, lions, wolves, and dogs, and all other animals, employ their bodily force against each other; but the Utopians judge that a man acts suitably to his nature when he conquers his enemy in such a way as no other creature is capable of, that is, by the strength of his reason and understanding." Yes, if we must fight, this, though as yet often impracticable, is certainly the manliest method of fighting. But in the development of mankind, "that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual." Long enough has the world been under the dominion of the natural, now may the spiritual rapidly advance; now may the conflicts of physical force speedily give way to the conflicts of reason and understanding; and the manliness which has shown itself in so many noble heroisms on the battle-field, find other and far greater enterprises in which to exercise its strength, in modes more worthy of creatures who are the children of God and members of one common brotherhood.

I have now to advert to a department of my subject which I cannot but regard as the most important of all, and that is, Manliness in relation to Religion. "What!" asks some one in surprise, "is there anything particularly manly in religion, or anything calculated to form a manly character?" Yes, my friend; at least I, for one, most earnestly believe that religion is the manliest thing in this world, and that without it your manliness cannot be complete. It is very

possible that you may have learned to scoff at religion as a superstition, worthy only of the dark ages. Possibly you regard Christians, decided Christians, Christians who mean what they say, as a weak, slow, small-minded class of persons. Much of the popular literature of the present day is calculated to produce and foster such an impression. I wish that writers who hate religion, and only pay a hypocritical respect to its name, would be manly enough to speak out. We can understand a hard-headed, and even a hard-hearted argument; we can admire the courage, and respect the sincerity of the man who boldly declares himself the conscientious enemy of religion; but to introduce into works of fiction miserable sneers, and to picture characters that are scarcely to be found in any denomination, to represent these characters as average and normal specimens of religious professors; this, I submit, is a cowardly, a sneaking, and altogether unmanly course.

But I am quite prepared to admit that professors of religion have done much towards confirming the contempt which is felt by many for the religious character. There is amongst them so much rank-worship, so much money-worship; in many cases far stronger faith in the gospel of Mammon than in the gospel of Jesus Christ; a living and working faith in the former, only a dead and unproductive faith in the latter. Then there is no little cant, no little hypocrisy. Christian men of business, whose treatment of those in their employ is worse than that experienced by the servants of men who make no pretensions to a religious character. Members of Christian churches, who are to the full as avaricious, as mean, as dishonourable, as given to trickery and fraud, as men who openly despise religion. There is a woful deficiency of the practical evidence of Christianity afforded by the Christian life. We may rely upon it, however, that no other evidence will satisfy this pre-emi-

nently practical age. We have had evidences enough of another kind, critical, historical, philosophical. There is no lack in this respect; but men now ask, and they have a right to ask, that those who call themselves Christians shall, in all matters of business, act with the perfect integrity and honour to which their profession pledges them. You, Christian men of business, have a noble work before you; there is no Christian minister, no Christian missionary, who has a finer sphere for Christian influence than that in which you move. The shop, the warehouse, the office, the market, are the very places in which you can most effectually demonstrate the manliness of the Christian character. By your sterling integrity, by your moderation in prosperity, by your patience under adversity, by your victory over self, you will preach the most eloquent, the most convincing, the most masterly of all sermons, and compel the scoffer to admit that your Christianity tends to make you, in the highest sense of the expression, manly.

But it must be confessed that the Christian ministry has also had its share in bringing religion into disrepute. The ecclesiastical "Nimrods, ramrods, and fishing-rods," are now happily rather rare, but the ecclesiastical coxcomb is common in all denominations. I am told that the getting-up of ministerial dress is a distinct department of the tailor's divine art. There's the M.B. coat, and the cassock waistcoat, and the starch; and when the people see a young Levite decked out in all these proprieties, pulling at the same time a long face, as if the spirit of Christianity was the very essence of sourness and gloom—*don't* the people laugh at him? But this dandyism is a trifle; there are far graver faults; on the one hand there is often a lack of earnestness on the part of the intelligent; on the other a want of intelligence on the part of the earnest. Some have given religion the appearance of a cold heartless worldliness; with others it

has degenerated into screeching buffoonery and spasmodic rant. Some of our places of worship, of all denominations, are nearly empty. Can any man of common sense wonder at this? The only matter of surprise is that anybody at all should be stupid enough to submit to such a dull and wearisome ordeal as awaits him there. The people show their good sense and their religiousness rather by forsaking than by frequenting such temples of inanity, such ministries of insufferable dulness. "Timber to timber," said the conscientious Presbyterian minister, when, at an ordination, his sense of duty preventing him from laying his hand upon the candidate's head, he laid his walking-stick thereon, quietly remarking—"Timber to timber."

There are unmanly Christians; there are unmanly ministers; and it must be further confessed that there is much unmanly religious literature. A cheap press has its advantages: it has its disadvantages also. It affords facilities of which those who are least competent to afford sound and sensible religious instruction are sure to avail themselves. Many of our religious books are mere trash, which never can emit one ray or spark of light, unless committed to the flames. Some of our religious periodicals are simply the Mrs. Grundys of the religious world; and the Mrs. Grundy of the religious world is, if possible, a more disagreeable person than her kinswoman of the fashionable world. She is not by any means so good-tempered or so charitable. I have seen and read not a few tracts which I should be extremely loth to place in the hands of an intelligent but somewhat sceptical mechanic. I should not respect the man's good sense if such arguments as those tracts contain convinced him of the truth of Christianity. I should only be too thankful if they did not confirm his impression that religion is weakness and superstition. The very names of some religious publications are almost ridi-

culous, and calculated to provoke a smile of contempt. There are "Crumbs of Comfort," one penny each; "Dew-Drops for the Heart," twopence; "A Pot of Manna," for fourpence; half-a-crown for "A Draught of Water from the Samaritan Woman's Pitcher;" there is "Zion's Trumpet," blown once a month. There is a publication which is meekly styled an "Earthen Vessel;" but it wishes, by its humble name, to insinuate that it is filled with "heavenly treasure." Some time ago I was startled by seeing in a shop window a book entitled "A Boy in the Swellings of Jordan"! We have had so many mornings and evenings with divers persons, that we may now look for mornings with Shem, evenings with Ham, and afternoons with Japhet; days with Tubal Cain, and nights with Methuselah; hours with Huz, and half hours with Buz his brother. One good man in advertising the production of his genius, says coaxingly, "Will you buy my little book, brother?" But the request is not always so modest. An editor plainly tells me that I cannot be an intelligent baptist, but must be a very stupid baptist unless I take in his periodical, or allow it to take *me* in. Not long ago, I received a religious newspaper, with a leading article addressed to all orders and degrees of Christian people, entreating them, commanding them, to do their utmost to enlarge the circulation of the paper; threatening them with the curse of Meroz if they went not up "to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" which going up really means just this—going up to the help of the said newspaper, against every principle of common sense. But of all the specimens of rant or cant, that have recently come under my notice, commend me to the discovery made by a religious newspaper, of the real cause of the accident which unhappily occurred at the first attempt to launch the Great Eastern. What was it? Were the windlasses out of order? Was the slack of the chain not taken in? Were the

men a little confused? These were only the secondary causes with which the carnal mind is satisfied; the real primary cause, obvious to the spiritually minded, was the impiety of the Company, in choosing for their vessel such a name as Leviathan, which, says the newspaper, signifies the devil.

Positively, I would infinitely prefer our having no religious literature at all, to our being degraded by such mean, miserable, weak, and unmanly productions as these! Such literature can do no Christian any good, and can only confirm the contempt which a sceptic or a worldling feels for religion. We must treat men as men, and not as children or as fools; we must appeal to their reason; we must speak of religion in the language of common sense. The conscience and the affections can never be approached, excepting by the divinely appointed avenue of the understanding. If we cannot do this, let us hold our peace. Most earnestly do I hope that the glorious cause of religion may be saved from the intrusive and impertinent interference of twaddle.

Well now, gentlemen, you who think that religion and manliness are, if not incompatible, at all events, not closely allied, I submit that I have made a full admission, though I believe, not too full, of the unmanliness which, in one way or another, has insinuated itself into religious professors and religious institutions; but you will not, I hope, conclude from this that religion itself is unmanly. I appeal to you as intelligent men, whether amongst professors of Christianity, there are not multitudes of men as free from cant, from hypocrisy, from rank-worship and mammon-worship, from weakness, superstition, and silliness, as any men under the face of the sun. I appeal to you as intelligent men and ask, whether, among the ministers of religion, there have not been and are not numbers of the manliest characters the world has ever seen. Need I remind you of that

prince of men, Moses, daring to demand the liberation of his captive people ;—of Nathan, in his boldness, saying to David, “Thou art the man ;”—of Elijah, in sublime irony, mocking the howling priests of Baal ! Where in all the annals of war will you find truer heroism than that of Paul, who, though well assured that bonds and afflictions abided him, could say, “None of these things move me ?” Consider the bravery of old Latimer at the stake, cheering his fellow-sufferer, with the assurance that they were that day lighting a candle in England, which by God’s grace should never be put out. Whatever might be the faults of the puritans, no one will accuse Hampden and Cromwell, and their troops of unmanliness. Bold and fearless men too were those Pilgrim Fathers, were not they, when in their unconquerable faith, they went and founded a nation which now stands amongst the foremost peoples of the world ? And never was greater intrepidity displayed, than that which has distinguished numbers of Christian missionaries in these modern times—Livingstone to wit ! And there is one man who has deservedly commanded our highest admiration for months past, and who I am informed is not ashamed of the cross of Christ ; a man, at the very mention of whose name the heart of England throbs with an enthusiasm that may be felt, but cannot be expressed—Havelock—whom God defend and bless !—is he the worse a soldier because he is a truly Christian man ? Certainly if manliness is to be tested by courage, resolution, dauntlessness, defiance of unrighteous power, self-sacrifice, contempt of danger, and perfect victory over the fear of death, the history of the Christian church affords more numerous and more decisive instances of such characteristics than the history of the whole world besides ; so utterly untrue is it that Christianity does not foster a manly spirit !

Further, as it respects literature, if we could only present

you with such specimens as many of those which, in these times of prolific publishing, press themselves upon your attention, and with mingled impudence and abjectness clamour to be read, I confess I should feel ashamed. But such books are only the soft and slimy detritus that has been washed and worn from those grand works which tower like mountains to the skies, and rank amongst the noblest efforts of the intellect of man. It was religion, sanctifying the genius of Milton and Bunyan, that gave to the world the *Paradise Lost*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*; it was religion, enthroned in the reason of Butler, that produced the well-known *Analogy*; it was religion, pervading the strong, masculine common sense of Paley, that expressed itself well in the *Evidences of Christianity*, and expressed itself still better in the *Horæ Paulinæ*; it was religion, shedding its holy light upon the meditative mind of Foster, that inspired him to compose those essays which will ever be read with admiration and profit by every thoughtful Englishman. Gentlemen, Christianity has no reason to be ashamed of its literature. In its waste basket and its Balaam box you may find no end of puerilities, effeminacies, weaknesses; but, on the shelves of its noble library are ranged, I will not say all, but certainly a very large proportion, of the manliest books that have ever issued from the press, to instruct, to guide, to charm, and to ennoble the human race.

My friends, if you are intelligent men, your intelligence teaches you that the capacity to recognise and to worship the Supreme Being, is the noblest faculty of your nature. Your intelligence teaches you that apart from the exercise, the healthy and vigorous exercise of this faculty, you have not risen, and cannot rise to the true dignity, greatness, and grandeur of a man. I am perfectly certain of this, that if you have fallen in with the too common notion that it is a

manly thing to ignore religion, you have not done so with the sanction of your common sense. We act like men only when we act in strict conformity with our physical, mental, and moral constitution; and the highest law of our moral constitution is the culture of our religious consciousness. Even the phrenologist, who is not always very favourable to orthodox opinions, maintains that there is an organ of veneration. He may be right, he may be wrong, when he places that organ in the very crown of the human head; but such a position, if correct, is no unfair type of the sovereignty which the religious consciousness holds, or ought to hold, over the entire nature of man. Whenever you see an irreligious man, a man who scoffs at sacred things, and laughs at those who, in all humility of heart, bow down and worship at the throne of the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, you may conclude that such a person is deficient in real manliness; he has lost his self-respect; he has denied the dignity of his nature; he has trampled under foot the diadem of honour given him by his God, and he has learned to glory in his shame.

Manliness, then, requires us to recognise and to respect religion. I think it also requires us to be earnest, bold, and free, in our inquiries after religious truth. There are many persons who are ready to accept whatever is proposed to them as a religious truth. It may be ridiculous, it may be monstrous, it may be impossible, it may be most derogatory to the honour of the Divine Being, but their faith is perfectly omnivorous, and the more remote any proposition that calls itself religious is from the domain of common sense, the more likely is it to command their unhesitating assent. And if common sense should remonstrate, it is summarily and peremptorily put down. It is presumptuous to inquire, it is wrong to doubt. Reason may exercise itself upon matters of science, politics, or trade; but reason

must retire when a question of a religious nature is concerned. And hence we often witness the strange anomaly of a man of great learning, high scientific attainments, and unrivalled business talents, who in things professedly religious believes the most unmitigated nonsense. He is a man in everything else, but here he is a child. Well, but you say, this childlike spirit is commendable. Christ says, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." But it should be most distinctly borne in mind, that the childlike characteristic commended in this and similar passages, is not intellectual but moral. There is another passage of Scripture which gives us the whole truth on this point. "Brethren, be not children in understanding, howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men." We may exercise our reason then, nay, we are most solemnly bound to exercise our reason on matters pertaining to religion. I ask you then to go boldly and freely into all inquiries relating to the reasonableness and truth of Christianity. Boldly interrogate every doctrine, and ascertain the real value of its claims upon your acceptance. I do not even ask you to receive the Scriptures as the word of God, until you have proved to your satisfaction that they do contain a revelation of God's will. A very dangerous doctrine, says some timid soul—you will lead these young men whom you are addressing into infidelity. You take upon yourself a fearful responsibility, when you tell these young men to make their reason the foundation of their faith. My good friend, is not this exercise of private judgment the basis of all Protestantism? And are you afraid that Christianity won't stand the test of common sense? Verily a great many things that have got mixed up with our Christianity won't endure this trial; but, by all means, let the wood, and the hay, and the stubble, be consumed forthwith—fear not for the gold, the silver, and

the precious stones, they will abide uninjured and uninjurable for evermore.

And once you have had the manliness to recognise, to receive, to honour true religion; to give it its due place in your intellectual and moral nature, you will be in the right path to become manly in every other respect; for the practical manifestation of our holy faith includes all truly manlike properties. Our religion teaches us to be manly in our temper. Here many miserably fail. Indeed one of the popular notions of manliness is that it shows itself in a hasty, fiery, violent, passionate disposition. Now, I believe that there is an anger which is justifiable, that there are times in a man's life when it would be wrong not to be angry. When I see injustice, oppression, cruelty, brutality, I do well to be angry. But still it is at once manly and christian to have our temper thoroughly under control. A hasty, violent temper is generally the token of a small, weak, unmanly mind. Dean Trench, in his admirable little book "On the Study of Words," observes, "We sometimes think of the passionate man as a man of strong will, and of real, though ungoverned energy. But this word (passion) declares to us most plainly the contrary; for it, as a very solemn use of it declares, means properly, suffering; and a passionate man is not a man doing something, but one suffering something to be done on him. Let no one then think of passion as a sign of strength. As reasonably might one assume that it was proof of a man being a strong man that he was often well beaten." I do admire, I do envy the man who has sovereign power over his temper. There is something so grand, so powerful, in the coolness which is not the coolness of indifference, but the coolness of patience and magnanimity. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And if hasty anger, bursting forth into gusts of pas-

sion be unmanly, unchristian, still more so is that revengeful spirit, which calmly measures and coolly calculates the best modes of gratifying itself at some favourable opportunity. The manliest revenge is forgiveness. Resentment! Any poor creature can show resentment. Tread on a worm, and it will turn. "If your enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." Is there not in this something infinitely more manly than in the poor and pitiful spite which retaliates wrong for wrong, and cries: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?" If you retaliate you think you triumph. I tell you, you are vanquished, and the greater your apparent victory, the greater your real humiliation; you are "overcome of evil;" is it not more manly to "overcome evil with good?"

And your religion will teach you, and, what is more, enable you to exercise a manly fortitude in trouble. While most of our troubles are made by ourselves, still we need the discipline of chastisement, the conflict with difficulty, to promote the development of a manly character. The Chinese have this fine proverb, "The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials." There are few sights in the world more worthy of admiration than that of a man "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; cast down, but not destroyed." Job is seen to greatest advantage, not when God's candle shines upon his head, when his children are about him, when the prince and nobles rise at his approach; no—if you want to see the man in all the grandeur of his manliness, you must watch him, as messenger after messenger arrives with heavy tidings, and he retains his self-command, "beareth all things, endureth all things," and at last, knowing the full extent of his calamities, rises a beggared and a childless man, and says, in the triumph of his fortitude, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;

blessed be the name of the Lord." There is strength, there is manliness. It is this, not his wealth, this, not the respect that was paid to him, it is this that proves beyond all gain saying that Job was the greatest of all the men of the east.

Once more, our religion teaches us that manliness shows itself in one of its most glorious aspects in an unflinching homage to truth. To tell a lie in order to gain some advantage, in order to avoid some loss, is one of the commonest of all sins. In many cases, the immorality of untruthfulness is scarcely recognised. The language of courtesy and compliment is often empty and insincere. When a man asks you to dine with him, you may often detect the fact that he would be very sorry if you accepted the invitation. I would advise you, however, always to accept it when you believe it to be insincere. For the man's own good, take him at his word. Good manners and good morals were once identical: it is to be feared that what now are called good manners often involve a large measure of immorality. In fact, the term "good manners" is well nigh abandoned just now: we have etiquette—a very proper word, for it seems to have originally signified a slip of paper, on which were marked down the ceremonies to be observed on any state occasion. A manly man's maxim is to "speak the truth and shame the devil." To "buy the truth, and sell it not;" to sacrifice truth to nothing—everything to truth. Act thus, and you will prove yourselves men indeed. Let conventionalisms, prejudices, party ties, aye, let friendships perish if need be, but stand by Truth. Be her loyal subjects, swear fealty to her; and then, in evil report and good report, come profit or come loss, never forsake her, even though your fidelity cost you ever so much.

"For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game,
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

I do believe, and rejoice to believe, that in the heart of the people of this country there is a deep love of truth. To give the lie direct is the greatest insult you can offer an Englishman. Perhaps you may venture to tell him that he is poor; that his ancestry was mean; that he is selfish; that he is even a fool; but do not be so daring as to accuse him of untruthfulness unless you are well prepared to prove your assertion. We have a common saying which we employ when we wish to state the real and not the unreal meaning of any given proposition:—"The English of it is this." The "English of it" is the truth of it; the English and the truth are supposed to be identical. If this expression be correct, I know of no phrase in all our copious phraseology more honourable to us as a people. May it be correct!—universally correct—for evermore correct! And, in all future time, when men wish to state a fact, to expose a fallacy, to unravel a sophistry, to explode a sham, to lay bare an imposture, may they say, and say with reason, "This is the English of it!"

In all that I have said I can scarcely hope for your concurrence; in all that I have said I may not have been correct; still, in all that I have said, I have honestly endeavoured to state what I believe to be "the English of it." I have thrown out some suggestions which may possibly be of service in pointing out the true characteristics of manliness, and in discriminating the false notions which are so common on this important subject. I would express the cordial hope, and breathe the fervent prayer, that we may all steadily, strongly, triumphantly advance towards the realization of such a character as shall merit the epithet, Manly—an epithet which many assume who do not deserve it; an epithet which we are far too prone to apply where it is not fairly applicable; an epithet which belongs of right to him only who ever strives to attain the perfection of his

being, and to accomplish the purposes of his creation. In matters of detail I may have been mistaken, but in the great fundamental principles discussed in the earlier part of this lecture I believe that we shall unanimously agree, viz. in the identity of Manliness with Virtue, with Godliness, and with the perfect imitation of Christ. Take, then, these four words; remember that they are equivalent terms; write them on the table of your hearts:—Virtue: Godliness: Christlikeness: Manliness!

Social Responsibilities.



A LECTURE

BY

JOHN B. GOUGH, Esq.

SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The subject of the evening's address, as you will know, is Social Responsibilities. I must confess that the weight of my own responsibility on this occasion lies heavily upon me, and I regret very much that I have not found time for study in reference to this matter. Speaking five times a-week for the past eight or ten weeks, and travelling constantly, I have had no time to arrange ideas or to seek for facts particularly; and I feel this the more because of the intellectual treats that you enjoy in the course of lectures delivered before this Association, and because I consider this Association to be the most important in the world. I must therefore simply give you my own views freely—my own opinions with regard to this subject fairly and fearlessly.

There is a social responsibility that is recognised by society everywhere. The law of the land holds men responsible for the loss or injury to life, or limb, or property, by malice, carelessness, or ignorance. If a chemist gives poison instead of the right prescription, through ignorance, you hold him responsible for the results. If a man throws a stone at a passing railway train, it will not do for him to say, "I did not think." It is every man's duty to think

what may be the consequences of his acts. If a sentry sleeps at his post, and owing to his carelessness and want of watchfulness mischief ensues, that sentry is held responsible. I might go on to illustrate this by the case of engineers, of lighthouse-keepers, and of all those occupying positions in which their carelessness or want of thought may cause harm and damage to others. But there is a social responsibility recognised and enforced by the higher law of God, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." It is of this responsibility that I would speak more particularly to-night. Men of the world are generally opposed to the recognition of this responsibility, and they cry out with Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But I address myself to-night to a Christian association, an association of young men who profess to acknowledge God's law as supreme and paramount to all others; therefore I speak with some degree of encouragement, and hope that I shall receive sympathy while endeavouring to illustrate and enforce this responsibility.

And yet, among Christians, we find sometimes this question still asked,—“And who is my neighbour?” I hold this to be a truth. Every human being on the face of this earth, whom God has made in His own image, is my brother. In this country you feel indignation, because the southern gentlemen, in the United States, do not choose to call the black man their brother; and in your associations, when under high patronage, you send protests against American slavery across the Atlantic, you call the oppressed your coloured brethren. I spoke in Quincy, in Illinois, last winter, and I said, “I look upon every man, whether black or white, bond or free, as my brother,” and they hissed me. It was on the borders of the Mississippi river, within a stone's throw of Missouri. You feel indignation at this want of recognition on the part of our southern brethren;

but, gentlemen, if you please, look not quite so loftily as only to see across some twenty-five hundred miles of ocean and a thousand miles of land, but look about you and around you in this metropolis. Ah! brethren, I once saw a man sold, and I stood by the auction block, while my wife, at a hundred yards distance, was trying to comfort a little mulatto woman, because her master would not let her see her husband again. A trader from the south wanted to take the man down the river, and a benevolent man in the vicinity wanted to buy him to keep him with his wife and child. I shall never forget the look of agony with which he gazed upon the trader, and then the ray of hope that seemed to illumine his face as he looked upon his friend; but, presently, the trader offered a sum that shut out all hope, for his friend turned upon his heel and departed. Then that man folded his arms, and I saw the twitching of the fingers, and I saw the convulsive workings of the throat; I saw the white tooth brought upon the lip, as if he would press the blood from under it; I saw the eyelids swollen with unshed tears; I saw the veins standing out like whipcords upon his brow, and the drops like beads upon his forehead—and I pitied him. It was human agony—and I pitied him. But as I looked at him, occasionally from his bloodshot eye there flashed a light that told of a wild, free spirit there—that told me there was a soul there that no human power could enslave; and then, black as he was, bought and sold as he was, he loomed up before me in the glorious attitude of a free man, compared with the miserable tobacco-chewing, whiskey-drinking, blaspheming slaves of lust that were bidding on their brother. A slave once stood up before his brethren, and said, “Bredren, dis poor ole body ob mine is Massa Carr’s slave de bones and blood and sinews and muscles belong to my massa; he bought ’em in de market-place, and paid a price for ’em—Yes, bredren, dis poor ole body ob mine is Massa

Carr's slave—But, glory to God, my soul is de free man ob de Lord Jesus." There is not a poor slave to vice in this metropolis can say that; and the most pitiful slave on the face of God's footstool, is the man that is "bound by the cords of his own sin," that has sold himself for nought. There are many of your brethren in this city that are festering in the moral pool of degradation, and the question is, what shall we do for them? They are *your* brethren. Ay, see that poor miserable creature staggering through your street, the image of God wiped out, and the die of the devil stamped there; the body smitten with disease from head to heel, till he is as loathsome as Lazarus, when he lay at the rich man's door. Though ye gather your garments about you as ye pass him, he is your brother, and you have a responsibility resting upon you in reference to him and his degradation. See that heap of rags lying in that corner, with the bonnet pressed upon the face, covered with the mire of the streets;—there lies your sister.

"But," you say, "she is drunk."

Ah! madam, I do not say it would be so, but *perhaps* if you had been brought up with all the horrible surroundings that she has, if you had been exposed to the temptations that she has, *you* would be drunk too.

I ask you, is there not something noble and glorious in the fact of seeking out our brethren, not amid the circle of society in which we move, not looking at our visiting lists to find them, not looking around the pews in our places of worship to see them, not seeking for them among the Young Men's Christian Associations, but seeking for them in the midst of the haunts of vice and misery, making inquiries not only as to the fact of their degradation, but as to our responsibility in reference to that degradation? The most glorious men and women on the face of the earth have sought for their neighbours and their brethren out of their

own circle. The poor cobbler in Portsmouth that used to go down upon the wharf to find his neighbours among the wretched, ragged, miserable children, and bribe them with two or three roasted potatoes to come into his little shop, eighteen feet by six, that he might teach them to read and mend their clothes, and cook their food,—he was a noble man, and JOHN POUNDS was the founder of ragged schools. JOHN HOWARD found his neighbours in lazaret-houses of Europe; WILLIAM WILBERFORCE and his glorious compeers found their neighbours among the negroes of the West India plantations; ELIZABETH FRY found her neighbours among the half-mad women of Newgate; and she, the heroine of the nineteenth century, found her neighbours among the bruised, battered soldiers of the Crimea, and many a soldier in the hospitals of Scutari died with his glazed eye fixed with love and reverence on the angel face of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. These are your noble men and women,—these are God's heroes. And when we would bring the matter right down to our own personal responsibilities, the question arises, and I have asked it many times myself—and there is not probably a benevolent man or a philanthropist in this Association but has asked the question,—What shall be done to elevate the degraded masses? That is the point—what is doing? Ragged schools—good! with all my heart I say, good! And God bless their patrons! Model lodging-houses—good, as far as they go. But you cannot make a model man by putting him in a model house. You have got to elevate the man to the house, or he will bring the house down to his level. It must be by elevating the man that the work will be done; and the working classes of this country must elevate themselves. Oh, if we could only inspire them with that! The glory of it! To elevate themselves! Society is doing a great deal for working men, for the lower classes;

but it seems to me sometimes as if they formed societies to obtain for them toys, and then formed other associations to teach them to play with them. As I said before, men of the world look with contempt on what is doing to elevate the degraded classes in a moral point of view. Some of our philanthropists, who "do love the working classes so much," propose to elevate them by excursion trains on the Sabbath. Now, I say you can never elevate a man nor a race by violating the law of God. "Remember the Sabbath-day, and keep it holy," is God's command. "But," they say, "these working classes, pent up in their wretched homes, need recreation and fresh air." Did you ever see a return excursion train? I went one Sabbath evening in the summer of 1854, for the purpose of seeing a company of men and women return from "rational recreation"—and such a sight it was! There you would see a man with his hat brought down over his eyes, and a thorn stick under his arm that he had cut from the hedges, tottering along in a most pitiable state; then you would see a woman with a child fastened upon her back with a shawl, and two or three more little ones coming along after her, crying, and dirty, and miserable. I never saw a set of men returning from twelve hours' hard labour that looked as jaded, as dispirited, and as miserable as that whole excursion party. Now I say that is not the way to elevate the working classes. Look at New England. And when I say New England, I point you to a portion of the United States that is free from the curse of slavery, standing up in all its glory with the principle of the good old Puritans; and to those that sneer at Puritanism, I say, God send us more of it, if it teaches men to honour the Sabbath. In all New England there is not an excursion train running on the Sabbath-day—not one. I remember on one occasion, when an immense quantity of freight was to be brought from New York to

Boston, they undertook to run on the Sabbath-day. They came up with a large load of cotton, and on coming near to M—— a bale caught fire, and there were not hands enough to roll it off; they then drove up to M——, and rang the bells, and the people came down to the number of three hundred—"Help us," said the railway people, "to put out the fire." "No, you have no business to run that train on the Sabbath." They then sent up to one of the directors, and said, "If you speak a word, these men will bring us water; there is property being destroyed." "I voted in the board of directors," he replied, "against this running on the Sabbath, and if you burn the whole freight, I will not raise a finger." And the two car-loads of cotton were destroyed; the company had to pay for it,—but they ran no more trains on the Sabbath. I remember when they started a train from New York to Boston, and from Boston to New York at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, to satisfy those wonderfully busy merchants that wanted their letters early on Monday morning—(and some of them professed to be Christian men, too)—Indignation meetings were held all along the line; and in Newhaven they decided on three things—first, to petition the Government to send no mail that day; next, to petition the directors to send no train that day; and then, if that did not answer, they resolved on taking advantage of an old clause in their city charter, to attach the locomotive as a nuisance, and not let it pass through their city.

Now look at our working classes! I tell you, gentlemen, there is scarcely a country on the face of the earth—I believe there is none, that can show such a mass of honest, moral, working men as the natives. I am not speaking of your imported monstrosities. Do not imagine I am saying a word against emigration; but let me say this, in regard to the emigration that is going on at the rate of

a thousand a day, that it goes through a sifting process in our cities; so that the dregs are left there and in the vicinity, while the best emigrants go west, and get land and work:—I am speaking of the abominations of emigration. But I say, the born citizen, the peasantry, the working classes do credit to the system; and that system is a strict Sabbath observance.

There are many ways of morally elevating the lower classes; but we will look, if you please—for I want to speak plainly,—at the schools for the lower classes in this metropolis; and I say this, whether you believe me or not, that every man is responsible for the existence of these schools of vice, who does not with all his heart and voice protest against them. If you please, let us rend asunder and expose to view some, perhaps to you, secrets of this charnel-house. Go on the opposite side of this street, within the shadow of Exeter Hall; you see a man with an illuminated hat; you follow—whom? old men generally and boys—into a room; but if you can stay there five minutes without blushing, ay, five seconds, I tell you the system of your moral purity is undermined. The most horrible and frightfully disgusting exhibitions are there—right there, to-night—right within the shadow of the hall where Sabbath evening services can be stopped, owing to the tender conscience of a single man. I tell you, Sir, that place is licensed; and there is power enough in this hall to break up that place, between to-night and next Tuesday night; as easy as it was to shut up the Argyle rooms. Then let us have a protest from the Young Men's Christian Association of London against that sink of iniquity, "Licensed by Act of Parliament." Go with me again; you shall pay a small sum, and immediately on your entrance you will see persons looking like gentlemen (for they all wear white handkerchiefs, like a minister,) and they will come to you with,

“Your orders, gentlemen ; your orders, gentlemen.” Drink . Ay, and over there they could not sustain the place without the drink ! Drink everywhere ! What do you see ? Young men, boys and girls seated with their ale, their porter, or their spirits and water before them, looking at a place called a stage, from whence comes forth some individual, to sing a comic song, to the horribly discordant thrum of an old pianoforte ; and if you have patience to listen to that song, will find such a strain of immorality running through it, that you put your hand to your ear and walk out ; and thank God if you can get a breath of fresh pure air. Go with me again, I will take you to another place—licensed again ! To be sure, all these places are licensed, they are according to law,—and I maintain, therefore, the people are responsible for them. Come with me, and I will show you another place ; we will not go into every corner of it ; but I will show a stage erected, and a girl dressed in boy’s clothes holding a dialogue with another girl, so abominably impure, that I say, gentlemen, if your daughter heard the words you would shudder for the consequences ; and yet there are men and women, and girls and babes in arms breathing in a horrible atmosphere of tobacco smoke, drink, and impurity. Licensed ! Go with me, if you please, to another place ; it is very magnificent, and I understand that a professing Christian, at its opening, rejoiced that such a building was erected for the amusement and instruction of the working classes ; you will see perhaps a thousand or twelve hundred persons seated there. Drink ! Drink ! Drink ! Drink ! all the way through. “Your orders, gentlemen, your orders !” Young girls are there, not fifteen years of age, and the matron who brings her children with her. Then some one comes forth to sing a comic song, as it is called ; but a song, when I hear it, that would make me weep as bitterly as I should weep if the singer was my own

brother, and I followed him to the grave. Let me take you to another, just of the same kind; and then go lower, and lower, and lower, and lower down, until the disgusting exhibitions are enough to make a man mad. Then, as a wind up, we will go and see young men—young men! Where are their mothers? Where are their sisters? Oh, young men! I hardly suppose there is one here, that flaunts and dances upon an open floor in sight of the spectators in the gallery, with women he would not dare to speak of in the home circle. Ah! when that young man lays his impure hand on that vile woman, does he think of his sister? does he think of his mother, at whose knee he has knelt and felt her warm hand on his head, as she taught him his prayers? And does he think of this, “Thou, God, seest me?” Oh, if young men that are dancing the dance of death, while they whirl their painted partners round that room, could realize the awful presence of Him who is the Eternal Present, it seems to me they would sink upon their knees, and fall upon their face and cry, “Woe is me!” But this is licensed! licensed! And as you pass out of that, what do you see? A drunken brawl; fighting and quarrelling; a poor wretched heap of rags, that looks like a woman, taken away upon a stretcher. Ah yes! it is a sliding scale down! down! down! and here is the degradation.

Now I say this, gentlemen, that the degradation is not to be attributed to birth or to blood, but to education. Birth! A man may have a pedigree as long as the Irishman’s, who said he was “perfectly independent of Mither Noah;” for, said he, “in the time of the deluge, one of my ancesters saved himself in a boat of his own kinstruction.” I hope I shall not be misunderstood as throwing any slight upon the nobility or the aristocracy of this land. When I went to Manchester, and saw £7,000,000 sterling worth of Art

Treasures exhibited that the working man might look at for a shilling or sixpence, I felt that the nobility of Great Britain were noble more than in name, to do that for the benefit of the poor. But I do say—and you will excuse me for saying it, for I want to go as high as I dare—you may take a boy, born to ducal honours, in a ducal palace; he shall be baptized by the Archbishop, and you shall take him at three weeks of age, and give him into the hands of one of the drunken hags, in the slums of your city, and let him be brought up with all these horrible surroundings; let him be educated as those children are educated, and the son of a duke will become a thief as quickly as the boy born in the slums. There is as much human depravity in the one as in the other; but here is a hotbed in which the seeds of original sin sown in our mortal body take root, and spring up, and fructify, and bring forth, and we are shocked at the harvest. Let us look at the cause of it; let us drain these horrible hotbeds, and go to work like men to remove the cause.

I know we speak of the lower classes as being degraded; so they are, and it seems to me, sometimes, as if there was a gulf between them and respectability, over which they never could leap, and society has broken down the bridge. I was once in a castle, in Scotland, and they told me that, in a dungeon, a hundred feet below me, on the walls, were scratched these words, “Nae hope.”

And may not many who are in the debased and degraded classes of this city grave upon the walls, that society has built up between them and respectability the words, “Nae hope?” Now I say, brethren, if you are all the children of one common Father, help us in this work. I asked, Was it birth, or was it blood, or is it poverty, that makes this degradation? I thank God, there can be poverty with no degradation. Yes, yes, my earliest recollections are recol-

lections of poverty—hard, bitter, grinding poverty. When I went to my native village, in 1853, I went in the midst of a glorious English harvest, and I went out into the wheat fields; it seemed as though the hedges were the same that they were twenty-three years ago—as if the farm-houses were the same; and for the pleasure it afforded me, I took one wheat field, and walked up and down eight or ten times. Why? Because I remembered a little old woman, the schoolmistress of the village, with her hand upon her weary back, and her two children, my sister Mary and myself, who gleaned in that field the ears left by the reapers; and we were to have a half-holiday to thrash our wheat and take it to the mill. And I remember the face of that blessed mother of mine, who, though she was poor, was never degraded; she was one of the Lord Jesus Christ's nobility; she had the patent signed and sealed in his blood. When He saw fit to try her, He put her in the crucible, and when He saw his image reflected in the gold, He took her home. Oh, there was no degradation there! I remember how her face has brightened, and she would thank God, when I used to come in and say, "Mother! good news; flour is down, and the loaf has fallen a penny."

Ah, yes, poverty! but, thank God, no degradation. I grant you that the poor man's lot is a hard one, from the beginning to the end; struggling to gain the meat that perisheth; living from day to day, fighting for food in a rough and heartless world; it is a hard lot. But the poor have this honour, that they are Christ's legacy to his church: "The poor ye have always with you." And his mission was to the poor. Now you will allow me, if you please, to state what I consider to be the great cause of the degradation of those who are termed the lower classes; and I express my own opinion freely and fully. I believe that intemperance is the great degrading curse of the country; the very vice

itself is debasing and degrading. Drunkenness—what is it? I have attempted sometimes to describe it, but I always feel that I have made a great failure of it. A drunkard—a man, with a man's capacities, with a man's sources of enjoyment, with a man's intellect, and a man's reason, a man's heart, and a man's soul, lowering himself below the level of the beasts, over whom God gave him dominion, is a most pitiful sight.

Oh, how degrading is it! Look at the records of crime, and can you find me a murder within the last twelve months in which the drunkard has not been the prime agent? I search the records of crime, in vain, to find such a case; but justice is visited on the head of the man, drunk or sober. The poor wretch who was swung into eternity the other day, before a crowd of men, women, and children, declared to the very last that he had no knowledge of the fact. "Gentlemen, I was drunk, mad drunk!" Oh, if we would bring before the people the horrible evil of drunkenness, it seems to me as if we must call upon the drunken dead (for they won't take warning by the living) to wipe the grave dust crumbling from their brows, and in tattered shrouds and bony whiteness stalk forth, a host to testify against the power of the drink. Bring from the gallows the drink-maddened man-slayers, and let them grip their bloody knives; and they would stand, a host to testify against it. Let the poor unfortunate victims, drowned by their drink, crawl from their slimy ooze, and, with suffocations blue, and livid lips, hear them testify against the power that has destroyed them.

Let them snap their burning chains, the doomed drunkards, and, sheeted with fire, and dripping with the waves of hell, hear them, hear them, testify against the deep "damnation of their taking off" by the power of intemperance. Hear it, oh young men, hear it! and may it

warn you against the outer pleasant circle of the whirlpool, the vortex of which is death!

But we speak of Social Responsibility. To get at that, we must get at the influence that every man exerts. Is there a young man in this assembly that will tell me he has no influence? Then he will say that of himself that he would not let me say of him. I made a man very angry once, because, when he was asked to join our abstinence movement, he said, "I do not know as I have got any particular influence," I said, "I do not know as you have;" and he was very angry. I heard of a man who once said he had not been as good a man as he ought to have been—that he had overreached in bargains, that he had shut his ear to the cry of the widow, and so on, but that it should not be so any more; when a gentleman got up and said, "I am very glad to hear my friend make this statement, for I can testify to the truth of all that he has said." "It is false, sir," said the man. The idea of a man without influence! Why, if you stand still, shut your eyes, close your mouth, and fold your arms, you exert an influence by the position you occupy. A man cannot live without exerting an influence. Now there are a great many people who say, "Ah, it is a very good work you are engaged in, going among these poor degraded people." A gentleman in Edinburgh said, "If Mr. Gough will only go among the poor creatures in the West Port, and on the High Street, and in the Grass Market, he will get an audience that may probably be benefited by his addresses." I am willing to go anywhere and everywhere—to the West Port or any other port, to speak on the subject of temperance, just where the people call me (and my time is pretty well filled up); I will go anywhere. But, I believe, I have got an audience to-night better to be affected, and with whom more good can be accomplished than if every man and

woman of you were a debased and degraded being, of the very scum of the streets of the city. Why? Because prevention is better than cure. You say, "It is all very well for you; you are a teetotaler; teetotalism is a capital thing for the poor and the degraded, and those who cannot govern themselves." Let me say, my Christian brethren, teetotalism is by the Bible a lawful principle; it is lawful to abstain. I am willing to be bound by the Bible; I bring you passages containing cautions and warnings, and reproofs and condemnations of the use of wine; and if you can find me one word in the Bible rebuking or reproving abstinence from wine, I will abandon the principle to-night. It is a lawful principle; and you say it is good for the debased. I say it is good for you, if by your abstinence you can help up your brother that needs it for his own salvation from drunkenness. Precept is a very good thing. I often hear it said, "You are engaged in a good cause, Mr. Gough; go on, I wish you success; you have got my sympathies, I hope you will do a great deal of good." All very pleasant this. But precept without example is worth but little. If the principle is good, and is worthy of your offering it as a precept, or an advice, then you should exhibit it as an example. A clergyman presided at a meeting I held at one time; they called it a teetotal meeting, though it is a term I do not like very well, I prefer the word "abstinence," because a great many people do not understand the word "teetotal;" they think we must drink nothing but tea. But what we mean is abstinence from intoxicating liquors as a beverage—you all understand that. Well, this clergyman said—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a teetotaler, and have been for the past two years, and I will give you my 'reason why.' I found I had no influence over the drunkards in my parish till I was. Let me give you an illustration of it. A few weeks ago one of my parishioners

was very drunk in the street, and he was not aware that I was a member of the Temperance Society; he was very drunk, and he insulted me; the poor fellow was so much under the influence of liquor that I paid no attention to it; but I saw him a few days afterwards sober, and I said to him, 'I am ashamed of you, you are getting to be a complete nuisance; you are a disgrace to the parish; every two weeks, when you get your wages, you spend them in the public-house, and leave your family in destitution and want, while you hang about the streets in the shameful manner in which I saw you the other day. I am ashamed of you, you are a perfect pest to society;' and he shrugged his shoulders, and twiddled his fingers, and jerked his elbows, and looked at me as sulkily as he could. Presently I said to him, 'Why don't you do as I do?' and then he looked in my face and said, 'Do as you do, sir! There is a great deal of difference between you and me, sir.' 'What difference?' I asked. 'Ah, sir, you know, sir, you are a gentleman, and I am a lab'rin' man.' 'Well, what difference can that make?' 'Why you see, sir, when you wants your drink, you don't have to go to no public-house to get it—don't you see? You gets your wine in the cellar; and there's lots on it there, and you've only to send the sarvant down to bring it up; and then you drinks in purty good company, and drinks purty good liquor too, I 'spects, sir; and if I could afford it, sir, I'd do jest as you do, sir. But don't you see, sir, I'm a lab'rin' man; I gets my wages once in two weeks; I gets paid off at the public-house, and when I gets my money I takes a drink along with the lads, and then I takes another, and that is the way it goes. I drinks what I gets every two weeks, and you drinks your'n all along, sir, reg'lar.' 'Ah, but,' I said, 'I do not drink at all.' 'What, sir! you a teetotaler?' 'Yes, I am, and have been more than two years.' 'Well, sir, you never

made no bad use of drink, as nobody ever heer'd of, did you, sir? Well, sir, really, if a gentleman like you can give up your wine, that drinks in good company, I think a lab'r'in' man like me that's exposed to a great many temptations, and does make a bad use on it sometimes, I think it is high time to give up mine; and see if I don't; and he went away to the secretary of the Society, got a pledge, and put his name to it. 'There, sir,' said he, 'I tell you, if a gentleman like you can give up your wine, a lab'r'in' man like me ought to do the same. There's my name, and I'll stick to it.' Now," said the clergyman, "I had no power over my brother by saying, 'There is a good society for just such as you are: there is an exceedingly good society, go and join it;' but I could say, 'My brother, do as I do'—there was the secret of my power." I say, if you will raise an intemperate man, you must set him the example, and let your example strengthen him in his purpose and his resolution. As I said last night—and I am not going over the argument—it is a hard matter to save a drunkard; it is a hard matter for that man to break the appetite that seems to permeate every nerve and vein in his system, crying like the leech, "Give, give, give."

It is a hard matter, and he needs help, and he needs assistance and words of kindness, and words of sympathy and encouragement, and, above all, he needs a good example. In 1853, when I first visited this country, I was giving an address in a certain place, and two persons came up to sign the pledge—the worst specimens I ever saw at a public meeting in my life, though I have seen such in the streets. I can hardly attempt to describe them; the man looked as if the drink had scorched up his intellect; he was bowed down, crooked in the back, a sort of shiftless creature, as they would say in America; his limbs hanging as if they were half paralysed—a perfect victim. And the wife was a

horrible-looking creature. With all my respect for woman-kind, I felt that an eternity of companionship with such as *she*, with no change, would be hell, with no other punishment. She was ragged, and her clothes hung loosely upon her; she had a thing that might be called a shawl, that should have covered her shoulders and neck, but was twisted round one shoulder and came under the arm; she looked as if she would like a fight—a perfect virago—her eye as cold as a piece of grey granite. But she, with her husband, signed the pledge. Some of the officers, with myself, watched the whole operation. The Secretary was making out certificates of membership for those who were entitled to them, by paying sixpence for a beautifully embossed card. This man looked on and said to the woman, “I should like to join the Society and get a certificate.” Said she—“There’s sixpence to pay for them things; come along wi’ me.” “No, no,” said he; “I want to join the ’ciety and get a c’tificate, and be a member.” “There’s sixpence to pay,” repeated the woman; “no, no, come along.” And there they were, one pulling one way and the other the other, when a gentleman, as noble a looking gentleman as any here on the platform, came up and said cheerfully, “Well, good people, are you going to sign the pledge?” “We have signed the pledge, Sir,” said the man, “me and my missus, and we want to join the ’ciety, and get a c’tificate.” “Well, why don’t you?” Then he fumbled in his rags as if he had left his pocket-book at home, and said, “There is sixpence to pay.” “That need make no difference at all; here is a shilling; make these people out a couple of certificates.” The effect of the words was as plain and palpable as the effect of sunlight when its first gleam touches the top of a hill. The man looked before half idiot and half beast, and now he looked half idiot and half man. His back seemed straightened out

a little, and there was more appearance of humanity about him. He was called upon to give his name, and he walked up straighter than ever, and gave it. I watched the woman. She was working her fingers about her gown as if she would tie it in knots, and looked fiercer than before. The Secretary said, "Now, Madam, your name, if you please." She looked straight before her, and was perfectly still. "Come, ma'am, we are waiting; others want to be served; we are waiting for your name, if you please." Then one hand went up so quick and dashed away one big drop and then another; and then she gathered the wretched shawl and held it close over her shoulders and bosom, and then put up her naked arm to her face, and the tears and dirt mingled to the tips of her fingers. The one word of kindness and sympathy had stirred the white ashes that covered the last spark of the woman, and she stood sobbing like a little child as she went and gave her name. This noble man's work was not done; he came and laid his hand on the shoulder of that filthy creature—did he defile his fingers?—no;—and he said to him, "Now, my friend, remember you are one of us." "*One of us*, sir!" "To be sure. You and your good woman have signed the pledge, and have got a certificate, so that you belong to our Society, and are one with us." "Did you hear that, ole 'ooman? Did you hear him say that? Come along, the gen'leman says we are 'one of us;' come along." And away they went. Twenty-two months afterwards I was introduced to that man by a minister of the Gospel, who said, "He wants to shake hands with you before you go to America." I took the man by the hand,—"I am glad to see you, sir," said he. "Mr. Gough, I have been to hear you a great many times, and I wanted to bid you God speed across the water before you go." I said, "Have you ever seen that gentleman who laid his hand on your shoulder that night?" "No, sir," said he;

never, God bless him! I have never seen him since. It seems to me sometimes, sir, that if I should never see him again in this world, if I met him in heaven, I should never get tired of telling him that the words he said to me that night nerved me as no man's words ever nerved me yet. God bless him! My wife, sir, is a changed woman; we have got children, and we teach them their prayers, and we have got a little bit put in, that God Almighty might bless him! Good bye, Mr. Gough, God bless you!" Is not that worth something? Is not it worth a sacrifice? Is not it worth meeting with all the scorn and contempt of the circle of society in which you move, if by your self-denial and self-sacrifice the blessing of one man, ready to perish, shall come upon you? It is worth something. Then we say, precept and example.

There are many Sabbath school teachers here probably. Your Sabbath-schools are the nurseries of the church; and intemperance is robbing the nursery of the church of its lambs. You have a work to do. I have sometimes been astonished to find that in Sabbath-schools in this metropolis and in this country they refuse to allow the principle of abstinence to be spoken of in the presence of their children. And why? Drunkenness in this land would die out with the present race of the intemperate, if there were no more made. Death alone would sweep the land of drunkenness in forty years if there were no other drunkards made. Is there any necessity that there should be another made? Is there any benefit that you can tell me to be derived morally, physically, intellectually, or religiously to your children by the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage? You may tell me, if you please, "The great fault I find with you teetotalers is your radicalism; you go too far; you seem to say that every individual who drinks must necessarily become a drunkard; that if this boy uses it he

must necessarily become intemperate. Now, my father used it, and he died a respectable moderate drinker; I use it, and I was never out of the way through drink in my life; and it is not a necessity that these children shall become intemperate if they drink." I did not say so. But I do say this, that no young man ever intended to become a drunkard; he never set out with a determination that he would ruin himself body and soul, for time and for eternity. It is not all who drink that become drunkards—we know that. Suppose you were going to kill a mad dog, and I should call out, "Don't kill that animal! don't kill him!" you would say, "He is mad." "Well, but if he is mad, he is one of God's creatures: if he is a little crazy, let him alone." "But he will bite somebody, won't he?" "Yes, probably he may bite somebody, but he can't bite everybody, so let him alone." You would say, "That would be nonsensical." Now, I am as much afraid of a dog as anybody; I always give a dog a wide berth; if I see one running along the street in the direction in which I am approaching, I always step out, no matter how muddy the streets are. I have such a horror of hydrophobia, that if a dog should bite me I should never see a happy hour again, that is, an hour free from uneasiness. The very first nervous twitch of the system I had, the very first symptoms of illness, I should be terrified for fear of hydrophobia. But, as I am a living man to-night, and shall answer for what I say in that day for which all other days are made, I had rather a mad dog should tear my flesh from my limbs to-night than that I should become again the victim of this accursed habit. I should, so help me Heaven! I know all who drink do not become drunkards; but are there none among the victims of this vice that have been taught in the Sabbath-school? Some of them have been Sabbath-school teachers; and some (Heaven pity us!) are about the streets

of our city to-day who were once ministers of the Gospel. The power of drink no man can understand; it is a mystery to the victim himself. I spoke with a man who was strong-minded with regard to everything else; a man of intellectual power and ability—a man who has made himself famous as an author; and I pleaded with him to give up the habit. I showed him the daguerreotypes of his wife and two daughters, and I said to him, “You tell me you love your wife—look there; for her sake give it up. You tell me you love your children; that girl, you say, is to be married soon: never let her husband tell her that her father is a drunkard;” and he shook his head. I put my hand upon him, and I pleaded with him as if I were pleading for his own life; then he stepped back, and brushing his fingers through his hair, and wiping away the tears that were streaming hot down his cheeks, he said, “Give it up? Why, John Gough, Dives in hell never longed for a drop of water on his cracked tongue, as with every power I have I long for drink, and *I will have it!*” That man was once a Sabbath scholar.

I belonged at one time to a club of young men, some thirty-five, and there was scarce one who had not received a religious education, scarce one who had not been taught in the sabbath-school, who had not been dandled in the lap of piety. Those young men formed themselves into a club for social enjoyment, having no idea of the danger they were incurring. By-and-by they began to sink, and they gave up this thing and the other that was good. I spoke once in the Melodeon, in the city of Boston, and I said this, “Twelve years ago I stood in this house, or sat in this house—for I was a spectator—the last time it was open for theatrical performances; and now I deliver the first temperance address ever delivered in it. But, I ask, Where are the young men who were associated with me in this house? Where

are they now?" And echo only answered, "Where are they now?" One I knew; he came into my place of business, and wanted the loan of ninepence, which was just about sixpence of your money. I gave it to him, and he got drink with it. I was told he was ill. I went to see him, but they would not let me in. Three days afterwards, they told me he was dying. I then went in, for his mother, who stood behind the girl that opened the door, told her to admit me. I stood by his bedside. He had beaten his clenched hands till they looked like anything but human hands: he had bitten his lip, and his mouth was spitting forth blasphemy and bloody foam, and he was struggling in all the horror and agony of delirium tremens. He bounded from the bed, dashed himself against the wall, and fell back in quivering convulsions. And thus he died. He had not seen his twenty-third birthday; and at eighteen years of age he was a sabbath-school teacher. Another one said to me, "John, I am going whaling; I cannot stand the temptations of the city. When I declare I will drink no more, one and another comes and asks me to take a little. So I am going whaling for three years. But," said he, "John, I will have one glorious spree, and that will be the last." And he did; and it was the last. The next morning he went on board ship. All his nerves were unstrung, but he was a man whom we should call a noble-hearted fellow, who would never shirk from duty. He was ordered aloft; hand over hand he climbed the ratlines and set his foot on the cross-trees, when he slipped down, fell upon the deck, and was picked up a corpse. Another kept a pair of horses, at Reed's Stables, at the back of Pemberton House, and drove young men to Brighton and Dorchester, and Cambridge and Cambridge-port. Where is he? Dead! He died in a horse-trough, in Reed's stable, with no living being near him but a person named John Augustus, who

was then our great Boston philanthropist, and that which seemed to affect him most in his last moments was the thought, "They have all left me, left me alone; they drank my wine, they drove my horses, they laughed at my jokes, they clapped me on my back, and called me 'good fellow,' they applauded my songs; but now, when death is feeling for my heart-strings, they have all left me, and you, the man I despised, the man I have ridiculed, the man I have laughed at, you are the only man to wipe the death-damp from my brow;" and thus he died.

I might bring you another such a case, and another, all well attested facts. When I was at home last I went to this very place, and a man came up to me, and said, "Well! how are you?" "Well, Charley," said I, "how do you do?" "Well," said he, "just as I used to. You are a temperance lecturer, and I keep on the same old jog." "And do you drink now?" said I. "Just the same as I used to. Let me see; how long is it since you left? Eighteen years—so it is. Well, I go on the same regular old jog; I never got drunk in my life, and you know I could always drink you and half-a-dozen others under the table." There was one man that could stand it, and all about him men were falling, with as much intention of being moderate as he. The effect on his nervous system was a mere nothing; he could drink and laugh, and laugh and quaff, and walk away with a curl of the lip in contempt of those who were staggering and tumbling under the table, having taken the same quantity as himself. I say, not all who drink become drunkards, but there is a risk about it; and if that principle of abstinence is lawful, why not assist us in encouraging the young, as they come upon the stage of action, to repudiate the thing for ever?

This association has a mighty power, and is a mighty power. The Young Men's Christian Association of London

is a great fact, and every individual in it, as I have said before, exerts an influence and has an influence to exert. Will you allow me to present to your sympathy and to your careful and prayerful consideration, the movement I have the honour to advocate, as a great instrumentality in rolling away the hindrances to the moral elevation of the working classes, and the moral elevation of those who are debased and degraded. We want your sympathy and your prayerful co-operation; at any rate, if you cannot give us your co-operation, give us your thoughtful and prayerful consideration. Take the claims of this movement home with you to-night; look at it on every side, in every point of view. We seek to prevent, we seek to build a barrier between the unpolluted lip and the intoxicating cup; and we say, that the loss of one soul by the drink more than counterbalances the good that moderate drinkers can manufacture out of the use of it. It may be a little thing to you to save a man, but it is everything to the man saved; and that man is worth saving. Worth saving! To be sure he is. I saw a lady in the Broadway who pulled off her glove, and as she pulled it off I heard something strike with a very rich jingling sound upon the pavement; and I saw something rolling in the distance—a gem, a brilliant; it might have been worth twenty guineas, it might have been worth fifty, it might have been worth a hundred; it rolled to the edge of the curbstone, and fell into the kennel; and our New York kennels are perfectly detestable; they are generally very deep and very thick. The jewel rolled into it, and it was out of sight. She took her delicate parasol, poked about in the kennel, then brought it up; but it was of no use. Strapping up the beautiful lace that covered her white arm, down went the white arm into the mud, and she poked about till she caught the gem; she held it daintily between her fingers, and I could not help but laugh

to see her shake off the mud, and go into a shop near to get her arm cleaned. You do not blame her for seeking to rescue her gem. But a man is worth more than a diamond! How fearful we are lest we should come in contamination with that which is degrading! If you saw an eagle you would all look upon it, for it is the king of birds—a noble bird. You see his broad wings fanning the air as he rises up; and as you watch him, you see him hovering, and making one dive with the swiftness of an arrow; you then watch for his uprising; you see him, and what has he in his beak? It is a serpent! See the slimy twining form! he has it firm in his beak, and now he rises to take it to his eyrie. Up! Up! But why flutters that eagle now? See! See! The serpent is twining his slimy folds about his body, he has crippled a wing. Ah yes! he has crippled a wing. Now see him flutter; the serpent has twined himself round his throat; he has parted the beak, and now see him about to strike the bird as he twines over and holds another wing. Ah! he goes down slowly! slowly! slowly! and his enemy is just about to strike him. Where is the man of you that would not crush the serpent's head as he falls heavily on the ground, and let the eagle go free again? There are men that are fettered, that are thus bound, thus entwined in the coil of the serpent, and they need help; they are crying for help all around, and we seek to help them. We have formed this organization on the principle that it is our duty to help our neighbour. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." When I stoop to the weakness of my brother, I am not made a partaker of his weakness. The strongest men morally speaking that have lived, have been those who have imparted the most strength to their weaker brethren.

And when I speak to the Young Men's Christian Association, perhaps I may bring up a remark that was made to

me by a minister of the Gospel, as an objection to our movements. He said, "All that you have said of the evil I believe! It deposes more ministers, expels more church members, cripples more the efforts of our City missions, and hinders more the efficacy of the preached gospel than any other agency in this land; but I do not agree with you in your method of getting rid of it." "How so, sir?" "Because you are attempting to remove a moral evil by a physical agency." I said, "It is a moral evil produced by a physical agency." "Yes," he said, "you may put it in that light if you choose; but there is a higher, a nobler, a grander, a more effectual remedy than any abstinence society." Said I, "What is that?" He replied, "The grace of God." Now, I do not wish to be misrepresented in what I say here. Please hear all I say, and do not misrepresent me. There are two classes of men who speak of the grace of God being able to save them: with one class it is pure unadulterated unmitigated cant; and if there is anything in the world I hate more than another, it is cant. When a man who knows nothing of the power of the grace of God,—a man who does not know what he means when he speaks of the grace of God,—a man whose whole life gives the lie to his acceptance of the Bible as a rule of faith and practice,—when such a man holds up his hands when we want him to work in any good movement, and says, "Oh, I am safe, I trust to the grace of God;" that is pure unadulterated cant. Infidels tell us that we who profess to be religious use a great deal of cant. I have found more cant among sceptics than I have found among Christians; they are full of it; they are the most bigoted set on the face of the earth; although they talk about bigotry and cant, you will find more in the ranks of infidels than in the ranks of those who profess Christianity. Another class, I believe, are sincere, I think they mean what they say. Will you allow

me to express my views with regard to this subject? I am one of those who believe that the grace of God bringeth salvation; I am one of those who believe in the renewing and sanctifying influences of the grace of God on the human heart. I am one of those who believe that man cannot work his way to heaven, because if he did, I do not know how he could join in the song of "Worthy the Lamb," because the Lamb would have nothing to do with his salvation if he worked it out himself; I am one of those who believe that a man may be a reformed liar, a reformed cheat, a reformed drunkard; and in so far as he is reformed in these respects, so far good; but he may be no more a reformed man than Judas was when he betrayed the Saviour. The grace of God alone operating upon his heart by the influences of his Spirit can reform the man. But suppose I go into yon cellar, and see, as I did see, a man lying on a heap of rotten straw, with a bundle of rags for his pillow, naked, hungry, drunken; I go there, if you please, without my Bible, without a tract, without a homily, with no intention of offering a prayer; I go with a purely human agency—soap and water; I cleanse him of his filth; I go with a suit of clothes and I clothe him; a loaf of bread, and I feed him; the abstinence principle, and I make him sober; I bring him out clean, clothed, fed, and sober. Have not I done a good work? As far as it goes, yes; but these people say, "It does not go far enough to suit us." It goes as far as we ever said our principle would go; but I ask any Christian man, I appeal to any Christian minister, is not that man better prepared to understand and appreciate the truth which he must hear and receive to be saved than he was down there? And have not I, by the mere act of bringing him out of that position, done a good work? and may I not pray to God to sanctify these means to a higher end than merely making the man sober, and putting good clothes

upon his back? Can I not look at this movement I advocate in this light? I tell you, if I did not, I should lose faith in it, I should lose my courage, I should lose my energy. When I feel sad, and dispirited, and weary and worn, I think of the temperance movement as a handmaid to Christianity, and I then get nerve and strength to go to the battle against this terrific evil with tenfold more vigour. A gentleman once said to me, "If you are a Christian you have the grace of God, and that is able to keep you from drunkenness, without abstinence. Teetotalism is not necessary if you have the grace of God." Now, why will not men look at this evil of drunkenness as produced by a physical agency? It is produced by an effect on the brain and nervous system. I say it is dishonouring to the grace of God to use such an argument as that. His grace will no more prevent drink from affecting my brain and nervous system if I take it, than it will prevent laudanum from affecting me if I take it. If I have any grace in my heart, it prompts me to pray in the language of the admirable pattern prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." If for the trial of my faith and patience He sees fit that I shall be tempted, I have His word for it that I shall not be tempted more than I am able to bear, and that in every case there shall be a way of escape; but if I, trusting to what I think I have got of the grace of God, walk voluntarily into temptation, I shut myself out of the pale of that promise, and render it amazingly doubtful whether I have got any grace or not. The evidence that I have the grace of God in my heart is when I abstain from all appearance of evil, and shrink from it in abhorrence.

I told you when I commenced that I had not time to arrange thoughts and ideas with regard to this matter. I want, if possible, to say something that shall make all these young men and old, ministers and laymen, feel that there is

an amount of degradation in the land, and that they are responsible for it. A man is responsible if he does not protest. You hold us in America responsible for slavery, unless we hold up our hand against it. Every man in the north who does not, you say he is sympathising with slavery; he is a pro-slavery man; there is no half and half; it must be either anti-slavery or pro-slavery; so, unless we protest against the cause that produces these fearful effects, we are in some degree guilty. But I will say that all our individual efforts are wanted. If we are permitted to do anything for the benefit of our fellow-men, it is a privilege; the highest position a man can occupy in this world is to stand as a machine connected with his Maker by a bond of living faith, willing to work, and leave the results with him. Our part is to do all in our power. Work, pray, and believe; have faith, yes, faith; and when we say faith, we mean faith; we do not mean what some people call trust. Allow me to mention a story, although it is an absurd one; I do not know that I can find anything better to express my idea; a minister related it, and so I may. He said, "A great many people's faith is like the old woman's trust. A horse ran away with a waggon, in which she was seated, and she was in imminent peril; but she was rescued, and some one said to her, 'Madam, how did you feel when the horses ran away?' 'Well,' said she, 'I hardly know how I felt. You see, I trusted in Providence at first, but when the harness broke, then I gave up.'" That is it; that is not faith; faith is not dependent on results. Suppose you work, and see no results; then you must exercise faith, and work on. Faith is to walk right into the black cloud, though you see no sign of daylight beyond, though you see no silver lining. Faith is, to walk to the edge of the precipice, and then—stop? No, but to set your foot right into the void, to find a solid rock rising up to rest upon, and so

onward. That is faith. Now, let us have faith when we work for Him, believing that He approves every effort put forth in His name and in His fear. We of ourselves can do nothing; that I have become aware of a great many years since; of myself I can do nothing; my words are simply breath, and will effect nothing. I rode last winter across the great prairies for about two hours, in a railway train, and could see neither hill, nor bush, nor house, nor tree; it is like being out of sight of land, as they say, only you can see nothing but land—nothing but the land and the sky; and the tall, rank, heavy grass grows there in such luxuriance as would astonish you. Sometimes there is a fire in the prairie, and those who are acquainted with it know when they see the red glare in the sky that they must work; and they fight fire with fire. They pull up the grass in a large circle, then they lay it down by the standing grass and set fire to it. The flame blows from them in every direction, and by the time the flood of fire comes up they are removed from it. A missionary party was passing across the prairie to go to their destination, when they halted for a while, and some one cried, "Look, look yonder,—see, what is that?" A trapper, shading his eyes with his hand, said, "The prairie is on fire—we are lost, lost! The fire travels twenty miles an hour, and nothing will remain of us but our blackened corpses." "Hist, hist," said he, "we must fight fire with fire. Every man, woman, and child of you, work, work for your lives! Pull up the grass in a circle;—larger yet—larger yet. Pull it up; quick, quick! Lay it by the standing grass. I feel the first flush of the heat upon my brow, like the hot breath of the simoom. Work, work for your lives; within half an hour the fire will be upon us. Bring the fire apparatus." The apparatus was brought, and there were but two matches; they hastily struck one, and it failed; and they had but one

match left. That is their last earthly hope; the fire is raging within twenty miles of them. Hush! Pressing his hand upon his brow, the missionary said, "God, help us in this our extremity—help us, if it be Thy will! This is our last hope; our last hope, but in Thee; our last human agency." And reverently bowing and praying, they struck the match—it caught fire—the grass was ignited, and the flames went away from them in every direction; and when the waves of fire met the flood of flame, they mingled together, and leaped up, as if in joy, to heaven, that the noble band had escaped. Brethren, our instruments in themselves are as feeble as that match; ere we put them ~~for~~^{forth}, let us say, "God, help us, for His great name's sake; help us, if it be Thy will, and we shall yet stand in a circle, while the flames rage harmlessly around us and those saved by our agency." Then we say to you, Will you look upon this movement as one of the great instrumentalities for elevating the degraded and the debased in this land? Give it your prayerful, serious consideration; and may God help you to judge according to the dictates of a pure conscience, and His will!

Modern Geographical Researches in Africa.



A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. GEORGE SMITH.

MODERN GEOGRAPHICAL RESEARCHES IN AFRICA.

YOUNG MEN AND BRETHREN,

To India rather than to Africa the attention of the civilized world in general, and of England especially, is directed at the present momentous juncture of our Eastern affairs, and it may, therefore, be imagined by some persons that to British India in preference to the land of Ham a lecturer would conduct your thoughts, if he hoped to awaken the interest and repay the attention of his auditors. But exciting and instructive as that theme would prove in the hands of any one adequately prepared to treat all the great questions it involves, it is, in my opinion, less adapted to the purposes of your Association than the subject I have undertaken to bring before you. The condition of India has of late been dwelt upon in every family and domestic circle. It has been the topic of discussion in public meetings, in the daily and weekly organs of opinion, in monthlies and quarterlies, in pamphlets and sermons of every variety of pretension and worth. The eye-witnesses of tragic scenes enacted in that land have given us authenticated reports of events as they have transpired, which have filled our hearts with mingled emotions of regret and indignation too deep for utterance. It would be obviously impossible to con-

dense into a lecture all that has been written by others, and it would be impracticable to add anything new to this subject, or to attempt any solution of the difficulties in which the country, and the Government, and the Christian Church are involved as the result of the Sepoy treachery and rebellion. Moreover, there are complications of things arising out of the perfidious and cruel conduct of the revolted native army, which could not be dwelt upon without yielding to a military or political bias, and it would be highly improper in an assembly like the present to utter deliberate opinions on some of the controverted topics which would inevitably be mooted in a discussion of Indian affairs.

When, however, we turn to Africa, our subject is divested of most, if not of all, these disadvantages, while it presents some points of observation which can scarcely fail to be instructive. The country itself is confessedly one of considerable importance, whether considered commercially or morally. Comparatively, little attention has been bestowed upon it at any time, and not much has been written, or said, respecting it of late years. Yet even the woes of Africa appeal to the heart of every philanthropic and Christian man, and the field it presents to the missionary enterprises of the church is at once large and inviting. Geographical explorations in Africa are just now challenging the attention of the scientific and religious world. The noble, persevering, and self-denying efforts of that great and good man, Dr. Livingstone, have been crowned with an amount of success which calls loudly for the expression of gratitude, and he has given the results of his explorations to the public in a volume of singular interest and value. I should have been thankful if he had been able to present to you a condensed narrative of his travels, but, though urged to do so, he felt compelled to decline. You will, I believe, receive with kindness and with candour the endeavour I shall make to

do, to the best of my ability, that which he could do with advantages possessed by no other living man.

Let me, then, bring an outline view of this subject before your minds. Imagine yourselves conveyed to some aërial height from which you could look clearly down on this globe of ours, like the angel of the Apocalypse, charged with the everlasting Gospel to preach to all the nations of the earth—and there would lie expanded before you, the continent of Africa, with its plains and mountains, its villages and towns, its differing tribes and multitudinous people. Forming one of the great divisions of the globe, it is the third in magnitude and population. Its extreme length from north to south is about 4,300 geographical miles, and its extreme breadth about 4,100, presenting an area of more than thirteen millions of square miles. Or, if you descend again to earth, and spread out before you a map of the globe, you will find it covering a considerable part in the form of an imperfect triangle, of which the north is the base, separated from Europe by the Mediterranean Sea; the eastern side from Asia by the Isthmus of Suez, the Arabian Gulf, and Indian Ocean; while the west and south are washed by the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The name it bears was anciently given, and that exclusively, to a province of the northern part frequently called the territory of Carthage; and down to the twelfth century it was applied to the fertile country comprised in the modern kingdoms of Tunis and Tripoli, but it now describes the extended regions we have mentioned lying between the 37th degree of north, and the 35th of south latitude; the 18th degree of west, and the 51st of east longitude.

This vast territory abounds in mighty rivers, which pour their abundant streams through barren deserts, ungladdened by the smiles of commerce. Immense mountain ranges rear their lofty summits, not as the boundaries of nations,

but as the sources of torrents which convey desolation to the plains beneath. Many portions, however, of this vast surface are, in respect to soil, and capabilities, and atmosphere, among the finest in the world.

The population of Africa has been estimated at numbers the most dissimilar and contradictory. Some writers have computed it at thirty millions only, and others have rated it as high as a hundred and seventy millions of people. The former of these estimates is doubtless far too low, and the latter may readily be regarded as too high. The data and means of computation are too imperfect to lead to any confident conclusion on the subject; but writers the most competent to form an opinion have agreed to estimate the inhabitants at about one hundred millions. Originally peopled by the descendants of Ham, one of the sons of Noah, the aborigines of Africa have been gradually blended with numerous tribes, who have at various times made a descent on its shores, and settled in its territory. They now present a motley group, differing in language and colour, in physical conformation and intellectual and moral condition. Descendants of the ancient Arabs, tribes of Negro origin, Hottentots, and Kaffirs, Fellatahs, and Mandingoes, represent a large part of the population. Most of these are involved in ignorance and moral degradation, while many, as the result of Christian missions, are approximating to the habits and comforts of civilized life, and others are enjoying their benefits in a high degree.

Much less has been known of this country than of most others in the world. The obvious cause of this ignorance is found in the obstacles placed by nature in the way of African exploration, and which are sufficiently formidable to exhaust the ordinary means of a traveller, and to turn aside the current of common curiosity. A burning desert of extended width, stretching from the Atlantic to the Red

Sea, affording neither food, nor water, nor shelter, has proved sufficiently terrific to deter the enterprise of ancient travellers, and even to check the explorations of modern times. Hence the notices contained in the ancient Greek and Roman geographers, while extended and minute in relation to the coast, are extremely meagre in reference to the interior of Africa. The Arabs, who conquered Egypt in the seventh century, pushed their discoveries south and west, and being themselves children of the desert and masters of the camel, were able to explore trackless regions, and to reach as far as Negro Land. The settlements of the Portuguese on the coast of Guinea, in the fifteenth century, led some adventurers to penetrate a considerable way up the country; but the discovery of America and of a passage to India by the Cape arrested the progress of African discovery by turning mercantile enterprise into the newly created channels. The occasional excursions of Jesuit Missionaries in Abyssinia added little to the store of European knowledge respecting the interior of Africa, which remained an invisible land till the formation of the African Institution in the year 1788. The first agent employed by the Association was Mr. Ledyard, a man of an ardent enterprising spirit, whose zeal in his mission was indicated by the fact, that, when asked by the committee as to when he could set off for Africa, replied, "To-morrow morning:" an instance of prompt and decisive action, which has been repeated by many great men, and recently expressed, it is said, in the same words, by Sir Colin Campbell, on his appointment to the supreme command of the Indian army. And this, by the way, furnishes an example which all of us may find it of advantage to imitate, on occasions of emergency, when the promptitude of an action may determine its worth. Nor will you fail to remember that, in reference to the high and holy work of

our salvation, the Bible enjoins, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The time of labour is short. Mr. Ledyard was followed at intervals by others equally energetic and devoted, the chief of whom are Mungo Park and James Bruce. The last-named traveller discovered the sources of the Nile, rejoicing with a natural, though exuberant gladness, that he, a Briton, single-handed and alone, had achieved that which kings and armies had been unable to perform. The last thirty-five years have added more to the stock of knowledge we possess of the interior of Africa than all the previous centuries which have passed over the world. The mission of Major Laing in 1821, followed by that of Denham and Clapperton, resulted in the discovery and delineations on the map of Africa of kingdoms, lakes, mountains, and rivers previously altogether unknown. Among the brave explorers of Africa, we have pleasure in mentioning the names of Richard and John Lander, whose discoveries on the Niger prove that river to be of easy and safe navigation to British vessels, opening a way for the introduction of our commerce, literature, and religion, to millions of people in the most fertile, industrious, and healthful regions of interior Africa. It is melancholy to reflect that nearly all the explorers of this country either perished by fever, or were cut off by native barbarians, and were buried in a foreign land. If we could imagine that the social and moral condition of the people are to remain as they are, then the loss of life incurred in these explorations is indeed cruel; but if, on the contrary, the tribes of Africa are to be enlightened, its deserts irrigated, and its swamps drained, so that the country may contribute to its own prosperity and to that of Europe and the world, then the men who fell as pioneers in this march of civilization have not lived or died in vain. They are entitled to all honour, and will be had in perpetual remem-

brance, as their names will become household words among unborn nations, who will connect the rising prosperity of their country with the deeds of men who laid its foundations in toils and sacrifice, in danger and death.

The British Government has for a long time past taken a lively interest in African explorations, and one of the latest results of that interest appears in the appointment of three gentlemen, in the year 1849, to make such discoveries as were practicable to them in Central Africa. The expedition was commenced under the auspices of Lord Clarendon, and supplied with the means of its prosecution at the public charge. The travels and discoveries of Dr. Barth and his companions in Northern and Central Africa have just been published in part by him in three volumes, to be completed in five. From these we learn that he, in company with Dr. Overweg and Mr. Richardson, set out from Tripoli, in 1850, to pursue a new route into Central Africa. At the end of five years, both of his companions having perished in the desert, he returned to Europe, and laid open to our contemplation Equatorial Africa, annihilating many of the erroneous ideas which once prevailed respecting it. Instead of the lofty connected Mountains of the Moon, he found there a few isolated mounts; where a desolate plateau was expected, he discovered wide fertile plains, intersected by innumerable water-courses. From the mouth of the Kwarra there is a river navigable into the very heart of Africa. Dr. Barth is of opinion that in less than fifty years European boats will keep up a regular intercourse between the great basin of the Tsad and the Bay of Biafra. The whole intervening country is extremely rich and fertile. Cotton, indigo, ivory, wax, and many other articles might be procured in abundance, and the productions of our own country be received in return. The expedition was undertaken under the

auspices of the British Government, and had for one of its principal objects the obtaining of information respecting the trade in slaves with a view to the destruction of that nefarious traffic. In relation to that, as well as to the other objects entrusted to Dr. Barth, he appears to have fulfilled his mission with fidelity and success. By intellectual ability and vigorous bodily constitution, he was eminently qualified for the perilous work of an African explorer, and his work when completed will be an imperishable monument of the author's industry, hardihood, and zeal in scientific research.

About the same time, an exploratory mission was undertaken by Lieut. Burton, of the Bombay army, into Eastern Africa. Sailing from Aden, in the month of October, 1854, he landed, after a few days' pleasant voyage, at Zaylah, in the Indian Ocean, and commenced his journey across the desert to Harar. Many Abyssinian travellers had previously attempted to reach this place, but attempted it in vain, the bigoted and barbarous people having threatened death to the Infidel who ventured within their walls. Assuming the character of a Moslem merchant, Mr. Burton succeeded, after encountering several dangers, among the rest, pursuit by a lion, in reaching Harar, which he found to be a walled city with five gates, but which disappointed him in appearance and size. The people there, and those with whom he came in contact in the desert, are ignorant, superstitious, and wretched. Mohammedan in their creed, and demoralized in their habits, the only trade flourishing among them is the traffic in slaves. Mr. Burton visited Berberah, a large seaport which he thinks is the true key of the Red Sea, and which he earnestly recommends the British Government forcibly to seize, in order to protect the lives of English subjects, and to open a channel for trade with Eastern Africa. This lively and entertaining

traveller has published the results of his journey in a volume, entitled, "First Footsteps in Eastern Africa." To that book I must refer you for any further information in relation to this part of the continent.

But the book of books in relation to Africa is Livingstone's *Missionary Travels and Researches*. It was published little more than a month ago, and at a price which places it beyond the reach of myriads of readers, yet it has already attained to a circulation of twenty thousand copies. The spirited and liberal publisher of this work will, I hope, ere long publish it in such a cheap form as to enable the reading working men of this country to possess it. It is a book of more varied and deeper interest than any recent work from the press; high among the highest volumes of scientific travel, and rich among the richest stores of remarkable adventure.

Before I attempt to describe the book, let me say a word about the man, its author. He is a fine study for young men, and to you, therefore, I earnestly commend the contemplation of his character and work. It is little to say of him that he is in all respects a man, one of nature's true nobility. David Livingstone, now a gold medallist and corresponding member of the Royal Geographical Societies of London and Paris, Doctor of Civil Laws of the University of Oxford, and well known through the world as the man who has accomplished the greatest geographical feat of modern times, entered upon life not much more than forty years ago with advantages inferior to those which many of you young men happily possess. The parents of the traveller were humble and poor, but godly. They reared their children in the belief of Christian truth, and enforced its practice by their own example. Born and brought up on the banks of the Clyde, he was early put to manual toil. I lift up no veil of domestic secrecy, for I quote from his

book, and ask you to look at the picture he has drawn of life's beginning:—

“At the age of ten I was put into the factory as a ‘piecer,’ to aid by my earnings in lessening my mother’s anxiety. With a part of my first week’s wages I purchased Ruddiman’s ‘*Rudiments of Latin*,’ and pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards, with unabated ardour, at an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labours was followed up till twelve o’clock or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o’clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now. Our schoolmaster—happily still alive—was supported in part by the company; he was attentive and kind, and so moderate in his charges, that all who wished for education might have obtained it. Many availed themselves of the privilege; and some of my school-fellows now rank in position far above what they ever appeared likely to come to when in the village school.”

He was a great reader, devouring everything he could lay his hands upon, except novels, and in these respects I would have you imitate him. Scientific works and books of travels were his especial delight, thus proving that “the child is father to the man.” Early in life he was inclined and enabled, by the grace of God, to yield his heart to the Saviour; and in the glow of youthful devotion he consecrated his life, in holy purpose, “to the alleviation of human misery,” and desired to be a pioneer of Christianity in China. To become qualified for that enterprise he set himself to obtain a medical education, pursuing cotton spinning and college studies coetaneously. Of these twofold exercises he thus writes:—

“My reading while at work was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study undisturbed by the roar of the machinery. To this part of my education I owe my present power of so completely abstracting the mind from surrounding noises, as to read and write with perfect comfort amidst the play of children or the dancing and songs of savages. The toil of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim, loose-jointed lad, but it was well paid for; and it enabled me to support myself while attending medical and Greek classes in winter, also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, by working with my hands in summer.”

To this picture of a self-reliant, noble nature, emerging from obscurity, and taking, by dint of its inherent energy, through the divine blessing, its own fitting and high place in life, it is pleasant to add his own declaration. “Looking back now on that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and, were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training.” When, however, he was admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and otherwise qualified for carrying into effect his original purpose, it was deemed inexpedient that he should proceed to China, in consequence of a war which was then raging between that country and Great Britain, and he was induced to turn his thoughts to Africa. Having offered his services to the London Missionary Society, he became the accepted agent of that noble Institution, which has employed, among other distinguished missionaries, Dr. Morrison and Dr. Medhurst, in China, Dr. Philip and Mr. Moffat, in Africa. After a more extended course of theological training in England than he had enjoyed in Glasgow, he embarked for Africa, in April,

1840, and reached Cape Town three months afterwards, in the simple but sublime character of a Christian missionary. The immediate destination of Mr. Livingstone was the Kuruman, and to that station he proceeded without delay. Here he joined, in due time, that noble-minded man, Robert Moffat, who has evangelised the Bechuanas, translated the Holy Scriptures into the Sechuana language, spoken by myriads of the aborigines of Africa, and performed that memorable protracted journey in the interior to Moselekatse and the Matebele people, of which ample and interesting accounts have been given to the public, and in which he appears more like a monarch than an ordinary man, invested with the power and hallowed influence which his superior knowledge, religious character, and noble bearing, could not fail to give in the eyes of a tribe of savages, who are wont to admire such steady courage and superiority to fear as that which he was enabled to display. Livingstone entered at once on his work by proceeding with another missionary to the Bakwain country. He shortly afterwards retraced his steps to Latakoo, where he rested a few months, and then returned to Lepolole. In order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language, he cut himself off from all European society for about six months, and gained by this ordeal an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws, and language of the Bakwains, which proved of incalculable advantage in his intercourse with them ever afterwards. Here he made provision for a missionary settlement, which was afterwards removed to the valley of Mabotsa, and, for the first time, performed a journey of some hundred miles on ox back. His residence here was attended with manifest blessing to the people, and led to the conversion of Sechele, the chief. The frequent prevalence of drought induced them to remove their station to Kolobeng, for the benefit of water. The experiment succeeded well for a year, but

ultimately failed. For four years a terrible drought continued. The river was dried up, needles lying out of doors for months did not rust; a mixture of sulphuric acid and water parted with all its moisture to the air, instead of imbibing more, as it would have done in England; the leaves of the mimosa closed at mid-day, and there was apprehension that all vegetation would die. The dread of famine, combined with the threatened incursions and cruelty of the Boers, whose hostility was finally manifested in the destruction of the mission station, occasioned Dr. Livingstone to go forth as a wanderer, and determined him to cross the desert Kalahasi in search of Lake Ngami. The exact position of the lake had, for half a century at least, been correctly pointed out by the natives, who had visited it when rains were more copious in the desert than of late; but it was found impossible even for Griquas, who are much more capable of enduring thirst than Europeans, to reach it by passing through the desert. The hope, therefore, of reaching the lake appeared to be feasible only by going round, rather than through, the wilderness. This course was accordingly resolved upon, and on the first of June, 1849, Dr. Livingstone set out on this journey, in company with Messrs. Oswell and Murray, and, after enduring much toil and privation, on the 4th of July, reached the river Zouga; and, ascending this beautifully wooded stream, on the 1st of August, reached the broad part of the lake, when, "for the first time, this fine-looking sheet of water was beheld by Europeans." Beyond the fact of discovering the exact position of the lake, not much resulted from this exploration; for, though the expanse of water is large, it is so shallow that it will never be of much value as a commercial highway. One object of this journey was to reach Sebituane, the chieftain of a tribe still further inland; but this was thwarted by the jealousy of the natives. Having

returned to Kolobeng and recruited his strength, Dr. Livingstone again set out, with indefatigable energy, for the far interior, in the spring of 1851, accompanied by his family and Mr. Oswell; and, in the end of June, he discovered the river Zambesi, in the centre of the continent. This discovery was deemed a stupendous acquisition. It is a river from three to five hundred yards broad, and it will become, in all probability, at no very distant period, the pathway of the traveller, the trader, and the missionary, into the hitherto untraversed centre of the great African continent. From this journey, filled with large anticipations and generous resolves to convey the Gospel to the various tribes he met with, our traveller returned as one that findeth great spoil. Having sent his wife and children from Cape Town to England, Dr. Livingstone commenced on the 8th June, 1852, his most memorable journey, the results of which have filled the scientific world with rapture, and the Christian world with hope; a journey which, whether we consider its extent and perils, the additions made by it to ethnography and geographical science, or its probable consequences to the tribes of Africa, has no parallel in the history of ancient or modern travel. It occupied a period of four years.

The conveyance of our traveller consisted of a lumbering wagon, drawn by ten oxen, and his personal attendants were two Christian Bechuanas and two Bakwain men. He advanced by land as far as to Linyanti, a distance of twelve hundred miles from Cape Town, and a spot further than that which was reached by Gordon Cumming, the lion hunter. From this he ascended the Leeambye, a river more than a mile in width, descended the Chobe, and, after exploring various tributaries and countries, entered Angola, and arrived at Loando, on the shores of the Atlantic. Twelve hundred miles of journey were thus performed from Linyanti to Loando. Thinking that this route from the

coast would not furnish all the means of easy access to the interior which could be desired, he resolved on a journey across the continent to the east. In accomplishing this, he returned to Linyanti by the way he came; and, accompanied by a large number of natives, he descended the river Zambesi, passed through the pestilential delta, and reached Kilimane, in May, 1856. He found that this place does not stand at the mouth of the river, as previously believed, but upon an insignificant stream. There can be no reasonable doubt but that the mouth of the Zambesi is available for the purposes of commerce, and that communications can now be carried on between Central Southern Africa and the Eastern and Western Coast. While many geographical problems have been solved by this expedition Dr. Livingstone writes, "As far as I am concerned, the opening of the new central country is a matter for congratulation, only in so far as it opens up a prospect for the elevation of the inhabitants. As I have elsewhere remarked, I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise."

In pondering this outline view of Dr. Livingstone's explorations, we cannot fail to be struck with the providential features which mark it from beginning to end. That the steps of this missionary should have been directed to Africa, rather than to China, and that he should have gone to Latakoo, where the labours of Mr. Moffat had prepared the way for his explorations, were alike remarkable. When Moffat began to give the Bible to the Bechuanas, the chief Sebituane went north, spread the language into which he was translating it in a new region larger than France, and rooted out hordes of murderous savages, among whom no white man could have gone without leaving his skull to ornament some village. The toils of the senior missionary thus prepared the way for Livingstone's expedition. The father laboured,

and the son, for such he is, having married Miss Moffat, and served with her father as a son in the gospel, entered into his labours. Then, again, when pursuing the missionary work at Kolobeng, long-continued droughts, and subsequently, the attacks of the Boers, led him to set his face northward rather than southward; and the gracious Spirit of God influenced the minds of the heathen to regard him with favour. His travelling, first westward and then eastward, in his last journey, showed that the good hand of his God was upon him for good, as he thereby escaped the horrors of war, and, probably, the loss of life, at the time when his papers were destroyed. Of all the favour and merciful results of this expedition, we may say, It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.

I cannot forbear adverting to it as a fact, much to the credit of Dr. Livingstone, that he is undeterred by the favour and applause of the world from pursuing the great objects which first took him to Africa. Throughout all his wanderings he never forgot his missionary character, and he embraced every opportunity that presented itself for conducting Divine worship, and preaching the Gospel of Peace to the heathen. He employed his healing skill as a Physician for the sick of every district he visited; and, in a vast variety of ways, aimed at elevating and improving the native character. He is going now, in a somewhat altered official character, and under the patronage of the British Government, to revisit the tribes he has left, but he goes with the same ardent zeal to diffuse among them a love of commerce, a hatred of slavery, and a knowledge of Christianity. May God abundantly prosper his generous undertakings! It is worthy of remark, that the work achieved by him has not been effected without encountering much danger. At one time he was in the paw of the lion, and only escaped destruction by a providential interposition. On several occa-

sions he was in danger of perishing by hunger and thirst; again and again was he in peril by the hands of savages and the malice of the Boers; repeated attacks of fever make it wonderful that he should have escaped death; while exposure to drought and rain, to heat and cold, with innumerable inconveniences, show the greatness of the man who ignores the word "sacrifice," and thinks no endeavour too great to be made in the cause and for the honour of Him who laid down His life for the salvation of a guilty, ruined world. Nor can I help alluding to what appears to me the great mercy intended for Africa in the fact that a Christian man was the first to visit some of its tribes, who had never before gazed on the countenance of a European. Supposing a man bent on the attainment of wealth, or the propagation of superstition had first visited them, how injurious might have been his influence on the people of the present and of future ages! The use of brandy and of weapons of war would have been taught in the one case, and the introduction of puerile ceremonies, in the other, in the name of Christianity, would have dishonoured the holy name by which we are called. Happily for the tribes he visited, they have had a representation of our national character in the person of an upright, humble, holy, persevering missionary of the Cross. Dr. Livingstone everywhere taught the people, and that alike, in his preaching and his practice, that the Gospel of the Son of God brought peace on earth and good-will to men. Never did he, as some other travellers have done, impose on the credulity of the people or deceive them by word or deed. He invariably refused to receive any presents of ivory from the natives, "from an idea that a religious instructor degraded himself by accepting gifts from those whose spiritual welfare he professed to seek." While, however, he conscientiously abstained from barter, he encouraged others who accompanied him to com-

mence and carry on legitimate trade with the tribes capable of maintaining it. Anxious for the honour of his country, he gave the name of our illustrious queen to a magnificently beautiful waterfall which he discovered, and loyally called "The Victoria Falls." He taught the people to respect the character of Englishmen, as persons who would neither purchase nor hold a slave. Finding that an Englishman had engaged the services of some natives, and had dishonourably departed without paying the sum he had promised them, Dr. Livingstone generously paid the debt of this mean-spirited traveller, in order that the character of our countrymen might not be compromised. All this, and much more of the same kind, could not fail to give a good impression of our religion and our nationality to these poor savages.

As might be expected, a vast variety of instructive and affecting incident is presented to us in Dr. Livingstone's travels. I must refer my hearers for these to his book, which is one of the most fascinating it has ever fallen to my lot to read. His astronomical observations are of considerable value, and his geological discoveries possess great interest. On the habits of birds and beasts he has thrown considerable light, and on the various productions of the field and the garden he has descanted with philosophic accuracy and Christian feeling. While many parts of the country described by him appear to be dreary and barren beyond conception, others are rich and beautiful beyond compare. The wisdom and goodness of God are apparent in making wonderful provision for the support of men and cattle in the most barren spots, as by the water melon of the desert, and plants of slender, insignificant form above ground, but which deposit, at a foot or eighteen inches beneath the soil, a number of tubers, some of them as large as a man's head, and which are not only nutritious as food, but deliciously

cool and refreshing. Many of the erroneous opinions which have passed current in Europe from a remote period are corrected by the researches of our traveller. The lion is neither so majestic in his form, nor so terrific in his roar, as painters and poets have been apt to represent. "Nothing that I ever learned of the lion," says our author, "would lead me to attribute to it either the ferocious or noble character ascribed to it elsewhere. It possesses none of the nobility of the Newfoundland or St. Bernard dogs." "To talk of the majestic roar of the lion is mere majestic twaddle. The silly ostrich makes a noise as loud, yet he never was feared by man."

But the actual condition of the human beings with whom Dr. Livingstone came into contact has the chief claim on our attention. Great diversities obtain in the colour, structure, language, and condition of the various tribes, but they are for the most part marked by all the great features which belong to barbarians or savages. Physical inferiority, as compared with civilized nations, is an attribute of their condition. It is true that many specimens of Bushmen and others brought to Europe have been selected for a purpose, and are more dwarfish and ugly than the majority of their race. Yet Dr. Livingstone says of the best of the Bechuanas, even, "they are a timid race, and in bodily development often resemble the aborigines of Australia. They have thin legs and arms, and large protruding bodies caused by the coarse, indigestible food they eat. Their children's eyes lack lustre. I never saw them at play." Nothing conveys to me a more painful idea of the physical degradation and wretchedness of the people than the brief expression, "I never saw their children at play." What would merry, happy England be without children who could laugh and play? without little ones with smiling faces and cheerful, ringing, noisy voices? Yet, such is Africa. Mungo Park,

long ago, described the portions of the country he visited as badly cultivated and thinly peopled. It is even so now. Life is prematurely cut short with a majority of the people; many fearful diseases prevail among them; medical science is utterly unknown; their children are dragged up rather than brought up; and for want of suitable dwellings, clothing, and foresight on the part of the people, whole districts which might be inhabited by human beings are desolate, and only the abode of elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, hyenas, buffaloes, and venomous reptiles. The Kaffirs, who are semi-nomadic, are superior to some of the other tribes; but even these, some time ago, in obedience to a prophecy of one of their wizards, actually killed their own cattle and destroyed their own crops. The result of this has been an extensive loss of human life. In many respects, however, the Negroes are among the most wretched and degraded of the human family.

Intellectual feebleness usually belongs to savage life, and is found a prevailing feature in most of the African tribes. Affected by what is immediately before their eyes, and improvident for the future, they will sell for a trifle the implements essential to their support, and neglect to store up a proper preservation of the bounties of Providence, provisions for a future day. Dr. Livingstone says that if a sovereign and a button were put before them, they would choose the button, because it has an eye. They have little power or tact in adapting means to an end, and waste an enormous amount of time and energy in ordinary manipulations from the want of appropriate tools. The number of languages of any country is usually in the inverse proportion to the intellectual culture of the people; and those of Africa, with their dialects, are numbered at one hundred and fifty. If you except the Ethiopic language, which is probably of Arabic origin, and the rude Tuarick characters

inscribed on the rocks by that people, there is not a trace of writing or letters among all the aboriginal tribes of Africa. There is neither hieroglyph nor symbol; nothing corresponding either to the picture stories of Mexico or the mysterious characters of the Chinese. They have neither folios nor tractates, neither newspapers nor reporters for the press. Oral communication is the only channel by which thought is transmitted from one country and one age to another. The lessons of time and the experience of ages are not read or understood by the nations of this continent.

The religion of a people is always an index of the state they occupy in the advance of civilization. Now, if you except those portions of Africa which have been irradiated by Christian truth, the natives are left to the withering, burning Moslem creed, or more generally to unaided reason, darkened and perverted by a long reign of demoralizing superstitions. So far as we can understand their religious opinions, they appear to repose faith in charms and witchcraft, and to believe in the "fetish," which is a word applied to the demons they worship and the charms that protect from their power. Some of the western tribes have a vague impression of a future state of being, combined with enormous cruelty; for on the death of a chief or monarch they murder all his wives and courtiers, whom they send to uphold his dignity in the invisible world. An intelligent traveller, Mr. Norris, tells us that "if a King of Dahomey at any time has a message to convey to a deceased relative, he delivers it to one of his subjects, and then strikes off his head that he may convey the message to the other world; and if anything further occurs to the monarch after he has performed this ceremony, he delivers it to another messenger, whom he despatches in like manner." But among some of the tribes of South Africa, Mr. Moffat says, "All traces of immortality are lost; they have no conception of a

Supreme Being ; no forms of worship and no word in their language by which to express the idea of God. They are literally 'without God in the world.' " Even the tribes who are most superior have no knowledge of the Divine law, of the nature of sin, or the need of an atonement. They have no conception of the duty and privilege of prayer, and were wont to burst into uncontrollable laughter at the idea of praying to an invisible God, when Dr. Livingstone knelt and addressed our Father, who is in heaven. The different Bechuana tribes are named after certain animals, showing probably that in former times they were addicted to animal worship. The term "Bakatla" means "they of the monkey;" "Bakuana," "they of the alligator;" "Batlápi," "they of the fish;" each tribe having a superstitious dread of the animal after which it is called. Great self-denial is needed by any missionary who may go among this people. After a nine weeks' tour with the Makololo, and being in closer contact with heathenism than before, Dr. Livingstone was constrained to write, "though I had plenty of food, and all, including the chief, were kind and attentive, yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, quarrelling, and murdering of these children of nature seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the effects of missions in the South, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo." From this it will be evident that the social condition of the various tribes indicates great degradation. Polygamy widely prevails, and the dignity of a chief is often determined by his number of wives. The first step of woman in married life is one of degradation; for she is either stolen or sold like an animal. Her toils are fatiguing, and she is often reduced to the condition of

a beast of burden. The confidence and tenderness of hal-
lowed affection on the part of her husband are usually
unknown. Chastity is held very cheap, and infanticide is
awfully prevalent. The endearments of an English home
are unknown to any African family. The rights of pro-
perty in land are nowhere respected, and personal pro-
perty is far from safe. This must be fatal to any rapid
improvement; and hence we are not surprised that all the
accommodations of dwellings and clothing are rude and
limited to the utmost degree of which they are capable.
The forms of government under which the people live are
eminently tyrannical. Their rulers have absolute authority
over them, and wield their power corruptly and on the side
of oppression and wrong. They hold human life too cheaply
to protect it by law and by the forms of a wise judicature, and
hence it is sacrificed for trifling offences, and often without
any offence. Domestic slavery prevails through the whole
of Africa, and in some parts the slaves amount to four-fifths
of the population. This reveals a condition of things unfav-
ourable to individual happiness and national prosperity;
for slavery does not more surely degrade the slave than it
imbrutes his owner. The horrors of war are multiplied in
the length and breadth of this land. From age to age the
practice has been kept up, and the savage manner in which
it is waged surrounds it with tenfold wretchedness. The
wars of Africa are maintained, and its other woes promoted
by that abominable traffic, the slave trade, which has so
long proved the plague spot of this wretched continent.
The chiefs, instigated by the hope of gain, are the leaders
of this criminal enterprise. Their troops surround a town
or village, in the dead of the night, and set fire to it; and,
while the victims, with shriekings which rend the air,
attempt to escape, they are caught and bound, and carried
off to be sold into slavery. The mortality incident to

seizure is great, and often the numbers who perish in the conflict are greater than those who are taken captive. Of all the wrongs ever inflicted on man the slave-trade is the most daring. It has dyed the sands of Africa with blood, and charged every wind that has floated over her plains with the sighs and groans of wretched, murdered men.

It is very gratifying to be informed by Dr. Livingstone that the efforts of British cruisers on the coast of Africa have materially checked this accursed traffic. It is, therefore, to be hoped that this force will be maintained and augmented rather than diminished, and thus become growingly efficient in its warfare against a trade which should call forth one loud cry of unmingled reprobation from the whole civilized world. The encouragement of legitimate traffic by the pathways now opened to the interior of Africa, is looked to by our traveller as one effectual means of repressing traffic in human beings. "We ought," he says, "to encourage the Africans to cultivate for our markets, as the most effectual means, next to the Gospel, of their elevation. In the hope of working out this idea, I propose the formation of stations on the Zambesi, beyond the Portuguese territory, but having communication through these with the coast." To induce the Portuguese government to favour this design, he is on the eve of departure to the Court of Lisbon on a mission from the British Government, in which we earnestly pray he may be greatly prospered. It would require more geographical knowledge than I possess to enable one adequately to estimate all the commercial and other advantages likely to accrue to Africa and to Europe by the explorations of Dr. Livingstone; but knowing as we do that the rivers are the roads of the torrid zone, it would be impossible to overrate the importance of the discovery of two great streams, by the navigation of which there may be communications

opened from one side of Africa to another. It is, moreover, a remarkable fact that most of the great African rivers flow against the prevailing winds, thus rendering navigation easy and cheap. The interior of the country is far from unhealthy, the climate being for the most part deliciously healthful. The vague terrors with which the central region was invested are proved to be fabulous, and in many respects the field appears to be most favourable for commerce, being a land of rivers and fertility. It is the deliberate conviction of Dr. Livingstone, that parts of the country are as capable of supporting millions of inhabitants as they now do their thousands. There are pathways which require only the formation of portages to make them equal to our canals for hundreds of miles, and that in a part where it was supposed there was nothing but an extensive sandy desert. Surely in this fact we find the elements of hope for the future of Africa.

The Directors of the London Missionary Society have resolved to establish two new missions in Central Africa, the one amongst the Matabele, and the other on the Zambesi, amongst the Makololo. Dr. Livingstone invites other denominations to follow their example, assuring them that each could find desirable and healthy locations among the Batoka and adjacent tribes. The Christian church will, I hope, cheerfully aid this great design. The fields are white unto the harvest, let the cry ascend to heaven for labourers to go forth and reap.

It is not needful in an assembly like this to urge the duty of sending missions to the heathen. The old plea of the inferiority of the African and European tribes will not be allowed to check the current of your generous feeling. True it is that Dr. Livingstone was often told, he "might as well teach the baboons on the rocks as the Africans;" but facts disproved the assertion, and the men who made it always declined the challenge to compare

the attainments of their people with those of heathen tribes who had heard and believed the Gospel. The fact is that many were taught to read, were truly civilized, were converted to God, and have lived and died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. It is a mean, pitiful, and ungenerous course of conduct pursued by colonists and slave-dealers, to degrade humanity, and then reproach and consign it to hopeless woe, on account of the degradation they have inflicted on it. Yet such has been the conduct of these men from age to age, and in different climes. The advocate of human bondage in the Southern United States, the opponents of negro emancipation in our West Indian colonies, and the Dutch settlers in Southern Africa, all have aimed at imbruting the coloured tribes, and then shutting them out from the pale of humanity. They tread them down to the dust of death, and then complain that they do not stand erect in the majesty of a living might; they seal up from them the fountains of knowledge, and then find fault with them that they do not slake their burning thirst; they chain the eagle to the rock, and then reproach him for not soaring upwards to the fount of day. The parties who have represented the tribes of Africa as holding a middle rank between the brute creation and the human species, and who affect to find in a coloured skin and compressed cranium, the warrant for chasing them out of the pale of brotherhood, deserve to be rebuked alike for their inhumanity and impiety. Man, however degraded, has not deserved to become the butt of low conceit and fiend-like banter from those who bear his form; and persons who profess to believe, however loosely, in the authority of the Bible, are condemned in such indulgences by its solemn declaration, that God has made of one blood all nations of men. Diversities of form, of colour, of attainment, can all be resolved into circumstances which leave the unity of the race untouched. The intellectual capacities of men, the traditional recollections of their

various tribes, and the moral condition in which they are found, all prove their identity.

The condition of Africa in the middle ages and before the commencement of commerce in her children began, was more elevated than it has been in modern times; and even in her present forlorn condition there is not wanting to her something of the heraldry of fame. The descendants of Ham found Egypt a morass, and converted it into a fruitful field. They reared the pyramids, enstamped their own features on the colossal heads of Memnon, and built an architecture which now in its ruins is the wonder of the world. In ancient times Africa poured forth her heroes in the field, gave bishops to the church, and martyrs to the flame. Instances of negro improvement in modern times warrant the same expectations from them as from the rest of mankind in every department of possible advancement. The Hottentot soldiers of South Africa would not suffer in comparison with an English regiment; the leaders of the revolutionary war in San Domingo displayed mental qualities of the highest order; the coloured people in the United States of America, under every disadvantage, have caught the spirit of improvement, and some of them, who have become philosophers, or poets, mathematicians, or merchants, have reached at once to eminence in rank and honourable character. Indeed all heathen tribes can furnish some examples concerning whom "all nature might stand up," as our great dramatic bard has it, and say, "This is a man." At all our missionary stations the Gospel has proved itself the power of God to salvation. Minds intensely dark have been illuminated, hearts extremely hard have been melted, and habits the most inveterate and depraved have been effectually changed. What the Gospel has done for one individual of any tribe it can do for all.

What it has effected in any one locality, it can, when applied by the Eternal Spirit, everywhere effect.

It is a large view taken by Dr. Livingstone of the efforts that should be made for the amelioration of our race, in subserviency to the Providence of God by which He is bringing all His dealings with man to a glorious consummation, when he says, towards the end of his book:—
 “Each man, in his sphere, knowingly or unwittingly, is performing the will of Our Father in Heaven. Men of science, searching after hidden truths, which, when discovered, will, like the electric telegraph, bind men more closely together,—soldiers battling for their right against tyranny,—sailors rescuing the victims of oppression from the grasp of heartless men stealers,—merchants teaching the nations lessons of mutual dependence,—and many others as well as missionaries,—all work in the same direction, and all efforts are overruled for one glorious end.”

To all such endeavours we heartily wish prosperity, and especially to the designs of commerce, as they may bear on the spread of Christianity. Prayerfully do we say, in the words of Cowper:—

“Heaven! speed the canvass gallantly unfurl’d,
 To furnish and accommodate a world;
 To give the pole the produce of the sun,
 And knit the unsocial climates into one.”

But chiefly are we concerned that the Gospel should not lag behind the steps of the geographical discoverer. We have received it for diffusion as much as for enjoyment. Freely ye have received, freely give. Endeavour, my dear young friends, to estimate your obligations to the Gospel, and then compassionate the people who are without it, and who sit in the region of the shadow of death. Believe and obey it yourselves, and then make endeavours to convey it to the uttermost parts of the earth. From the country recently

explored by Livingstone, from the banks of the Great Ngami Lake, from the shores of the Zambesi, there issues the loud, intelligible cry, "Come over to Africa and help us!" And yet another voice may be heard in this assembly to-night. It comes down from the Heavenly Oracle; it is the voice of Deity; it is the inquiry of our Saviour, who has commanded the Gospel to be preached to every creature; it inquires, "Whom shall we send?" "Who will go for us?" Some youthful heart, perhaps, has already replied, "Lord, here am I; send me." Let there be augmented liberality, combined energy, and fervent prayer for the Divine blessing on missionary labours in Africa, and her conversion to Christ will be effected. Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God. The honour of her down-trodden humanity shall be vindicated; the efficacy of the Gospel to redeem the most wretched shall be proved; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed. As the vessels that convey your commerce and missionaries to the shores of that land which we have contemplated to-night, are seen in the distance, native voices will be lifted up to exclaim, How beautiful on the mountain waves are those that bring good tidings, that publish salvation! In the efforts and extension of the Christian Church in Africa shall be realized the import of that sublime vision of ancient prophecy—"Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and this" moral miracle "shall be to the Lord for a name, and for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

The Silence of Scripture.



A LECTURE

BY

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THE SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE.

“PUT off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.” *

Be such our spirit to-night. If reverence becomes us, as we consult “the oracles of God” and listen to their utterances, with reverence no less submissive and profound must we receive their SILENCE.

Not seldom are they silent where man would have them speak; where their silence humbles his pride and disappoints his curiosity; where a line would have cleared up a mystery and settled a controversy.

“It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.” † “He giveth not account of any of his matters.” ‡ To vindicate his own majesty and prerogative; to discipline man’s humility; to give room for his children’s trust; to display, in the issue, his own perfections, he conceals himself—his nature, his works, his moral government, his WORD. “Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour.” §

Among the heresies of our day by which some have been unloosed from their moorings and moved from the sure anchorage of truth, the fallibility of inspired Scripture is

* Exod. iii. 5.

† Prov. xxv. 2.

‡ Job xxxiii. 13.

§ Isa. xlv. 15.

pre-eminently formidable. Bibliolaters though we may be called, we take our stand upon the infallibility of "the oracles of God." And our bibliolatriy is so intense that, claiming infallibility for the utterances of inspired Scripture, we claim infallibility, no less, for its silence. It is silent, not from mistake nor inadvertence nor negligence nor undesigned omission but, from inspiration. The same Spirit who taught a Moses and a Matthew and a Paul what to write, taught them also what to omit; or, rather, withheld his Divine light and promptings. The declaration of Dr. Wordsworth in reference to *one* point of this silence, to which, by-and-by, your attention will be directed, we extend to *every* point on which silence is maintained. "THIS SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE IS INSPIRED;" * and because inspired, *instructive*. Well has Dean Trench written, "Nor is it only what Scripture says, but its very silence, which is instructive for us. It was said by one wise man of another, that more might be learned from his questions than from another man's answers. With yet higher truth might it be said, that the silence of Scripture is more instructive than the speech of other books." † "There is such fulness in that book," says Boyle, "that oftentimes it says much by saying nothing; and not only its expression but its silences are teaching, like a dial in which the shadow as well as the light informs us." We feel then—to adapt to the silence of Scripture the words of the lamented Archer Butler in reference to the promissory "spirit of the future" which pervades the Old Testament—"that all we see is holy, and all we see not holier still." ‡

"The Divine Being is pleased to conceal much in the economy of grace and redemption. In the manifestations

* Occasional Sermons, xii. p. 100.

† Trench's Hulsean Lectures, 1845: vi. The Inexhaustibility of Scripture.

‡ Sermons by Rev. William Archer Butler, First Series, p. 260.

of his will, even in that dispensation which is intended to afford some knowledge of himself, and of his gracious purposes and designs to the children of men, he maintains the same character, and mingles, in almost equal proportions, obscurity and brightness. Revelation, indeed, by its very nature, is intended to impart information. We are taught in Scripture, in the New Testament especially, many of the ‘deep things of God;’ and we are under unspeakable obligations for that ‘Dayspring from on high which has visited us, to guide our feet into the way of peace, and give knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins. . . . Yet the revelation contained in the Scriptures extends only to *facts*, not to the theory of those facts, or their original causes. The most important truths are communicated in a dogmatic, not a theoretic, manner. We are taught, on the testimony of Him that cannot lie, insulated facts which we cannot connect with those reasons with which they are undoubtedly connected in the Divine mind. They rest solely on the basis of Divine authority; and we are left as much in the dark with respect to the mode of their existence as if they were not revealed.” *

Oracles were in high repute among the ancient heathen, as means of ascertaining the will of their gods. Responses were obtained by costly sacrifices and rich offerings. But we read that, “to keep up their esteem with the better sort, even they were only admitted upon a few stated days; at other times, neither the greatest prince could purchase, nor persons of the greatest quality anywise obtain, an answer.” On one occasion the great Alexander was “peremptorily denied by the Pythia (the priestess), till she was by downright force compelled to ascend the tripods (or prophetic seat), when, finding herself unable to resist

* Robert Hall's Works, vol. vi.: “The Glory of God in Concealing.”

any longer, she cried out, 'Thou art invincible!' which words were thought a very lucky omen, and accepted instead of a further oracle." * A rude and royal mode this of forcing the oracle to break silence, which will remind you of the effective means adopted, in later times, by one of no less indomitable will than the Macedonian hero for the speedy liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples. The priests declared that the blood of the saint obstinately refused to liquify, according to annual custom. The peremptory message, that, if the wonder did not take place in half-an-hour the presiding priest should be shot or hanged, brought the exhibitioner to his senses and liquified the blood. But no theological Alexander nor iron-willed inquirer can thus break the silence and force the utterances of the oracles of the living God.

Our subject is one which, for its full development, requires a volume. And such a volume, from a competent pen, would form a valuable and deeply interesting addition to our stores of Christian evidence. The silence of Scripture—the omissions of the Bible—are not among the least of the proofs that it is the book of God. In a single lecture I can but hope to be suggestive, to open up a train of study and of thought, which may be pursued largely and diligently. And this is one great aim of our modern fashion of lecturing; *to suggest* topics of study and lines of thought to those among you, who, in your attendance, have a higher aim than merely to hear a given lecturer, or pass an otherwise unfilled hour.

Let me sketch out the course over which I shall ask you to follow me.

We must first *instance* this "SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE." It will then naturally occur to us to examine how far, in this respect, the book of God resembles or differs from the Apocry-

* This story is given in Potter's Grecian Antiquities, vol. i. 309.

phal books, and from the religious books of false systems. This inquiry will present to us, as our next point, a special argument for the authenticity of the Bible. It will be well for us then to notice the mischief to the cause of truth and to the purity of the faith which have resulted from the unwillingness of man to *abide by* "the silence of Scripture." Concluding lessons of much practical importance may be gathered, as we review the ground we have traversed.

I. In *instancing* "the silence of Scripture," it is scarcely necessary to remind you, at the outset, that we are not now concerned with all the countless points on which this silence exists, but only with such as are contrary to the expectation we might *à priori* have entertained, when the general object of revelation was borne in mind.

1. On no point am I more curious than THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD in which I live.* *How—when—*came this material system into being? The oracles answer, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light." And the narrative proceeds with the simple record of a progressive work of creation, occupying six days. "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them." But stay, Moses. Is this all? I have many questions to ask? You have left many points of deepest interest unsettled. In these last days a new science has been developed. The geologist tells me that the earth is of far higher antiquity than is indicated

* Since this Lecture was written I have had my attention called by a Christian brother to a passage in one of Dr. Arnold's Sermons, which directly bears on my first point and on the general subject of the Lecture. —*Sermon on the Interpretation of Scripture*, pp. 2—6 and 9—11. It is given in an Appendix to this Lecture.

in your cosmogony. He has dug into its bowels, and the testimony of its rocks and strata and remains is irrefragable. This earth of ours is more than 6000 years old. Is this first announcement of the oracles of truth—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"—an account, not of the original creation of matter but, simply of the arrangement of matter, created in remote ages, into this present form and system? Or is this announcement, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth,"—the simple and solitary record of the original creation of matter? and are we to put between the first and second verses of Genesis an interval of vast duration, sufficient for the action of all those second causes to which the phenomena of geology are to be traced? The Hebrew scholar can philologize over the verb rendered "*created*." Geologists theorize and differ. The infidel watches the controversy, in eager hope to gather from the geological argument a new and irresistible weapon against Moses and the Old Testament. A line would have superseded controversy, by giving us the date of the creation of matter and of the world's birthday. A single chapter might have been a textbook for geologists, detailing the story of rocks and strata, of megatheria and ichthyosauri, of volcanic forces, and of those mighty convulsions and changes on which now we can offer but conjecture. "The oracles of God" are dumb; Scripture is silent.

2. "There is no subject within the whole range of knowledge," says Sir David Brewster, "so universally interesting as that of A PLURALITY OF WORLDS. It commands the sympathies, and appeals to the judgment of men of all nations, of all creeds, and of all times; and no sooner do we comprehend the few simple facts on which it rests, than the mind rushes instinctively to embrace it." And this eminent philosopher has written a volume to prove this plurality. Are

there then more worlds than one? Is the Moon—are Venus, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn inhabited? Are the fixed stars as many suns, each of which illuminates a world? And, if there be a plurality of worlds, by what beings are they inhabited? men? or beings of higher—*or* beings of lower—powers? Beings with “minds of superior or meaner capacities than human united to a human body?” or beings with “minds of human capacities united to a different body?” And has sin found entrance among them? And are they interested in the death of the Son of God—the Saviour who was “found in fashion as a man,” and trode this globe, and died for the human race? Or is “the earth really the largest planetary body in the solar system, its domestic hearth, and the only world in the universe”?

These inquiries are of deep interest. They have engaged the minds of theologians and of astronomers. But, whether we side with Sir David Brewster or with the writer against whom he took the field, the prefatory assertion of the latter is true, that “revealed religion contains no doctrine relative to the inhabitants of planets and stars.”*

On the plurality or non-plurality of worlds “the oracles of God” are dumb—Scripture is silent.

3. Again. The Bible reveals to me the existence of a race of ANGELS. Some of them, I learn, are yet standing in the purity and the happiness in which they were created. These do the high behests of their Creator, and, by his appointment, “minister to” the “heirs of salvation” among men. Their agency is continually presented to us in the inspired records, as servants to the saints and executioners of Divine vengeance; smiting, now the hosts of a Sennacherib, now a Herod in his pomp. Others have fallen from pristine uprightness and glory, and are “re-

* “The Plurality of Worlds”—Preface. “More Worlds than One,” by David Brewster, pp. vii. 1; ii. 127.

served in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day." But when were they created? What their nature? How did revolt find entrance among them? What was their offence? I see the ladder set up between earth and heaven, on which they ascend and descend, as ministering to a Jacob; I behold them as the glorious "train" of Jehovah, and listen to the song of the seraphim: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!" I gaze on them, as clustering in their shining cohorts around Sinai, and as grouped in myriads around my returning Lord. I am admitted to the interview between Gabriel and the lowly Mary; I learn that "for the devil and his angels" "everlasting fire" is "prepared." My daily spiritual conflict is against their "principalities and powers;" but on their creation, their nature, their sin, a Milton has sung with sublime and too daring flight, but "the oracles of God" are dumb—Scripture is silent.

4. THE EXISTENCE OF EVIL—evil moral and physical. It is intertwined with the world's history. It is before me, in the experience of every day and every hour. Nor *before* me only—*upon* me, *within* me. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now." The sufferings of a dumb ass; the pains and perils of an infant; the enmity between many portions of the animal creation; the oppression of the slave; the wrongs of down-trodden nations; the ravages of death; the sighings and weepings of this Bochim-world; the volcano, the earthquake, the storm—what problems are here! Was not the Creator a God of love? Was he not a God of power? Whence and why this evil in his world?

"The question concerning the origin of evil is left by the Scriptures just where they found it. They neither introduce the difficulty, as some weak opponents contend, nor account for it, as is imagined by some not less

weak advocates; who having undertaken to explain it, and having, perhaps, satisfied themselves and others that they have done so, are sure to be met by the very same difficulty, reappearing in some different form; like a resistless stream, which, when one of its channels is dammed up, immediately forces its way through another. He who professes to account for the existence of evil by tracing it up to the *first* evil recorded as occurring, would have no reason to deride the absurdity of an atheist, who should profess to account for the origin of the human race by simply tracing them up to the first pair.

“It is a folly to regard the difficulty as to the origin of evil in the light of an *objection*, either to our religion, or to any other, since it would lie equally against all; as indeed it does against any system of philosophy likewise; for the ancient heathen were as much perplexed with doubts as to the origin of evil as we are. Even atheism does not lessen, it only alters the difficulty; for as the believer in a God cannot account for the existence of evil, so the believer in *no* God, cannot account for the existence of good; or, indeed, for any thing at all that bears marks of rational design.”* Man theorizes: but “the oracles of God” are dumb—Scripture is silent.

5. THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD—THE ACCOUNTABLENESS OF MAN. A reconciling verse might have spared us the Calvinistic and Arminian strife. That book, opened amid all the terrors of the great assize, is “the book of life” of a sovereign God. Its pages of light and love are studded with the names of a countless family of sons and daughters, “elect according to the preknowledge of God,” predestinated as “vessels of glory,” by an eternal adoption, to be conformed to the image of God’s Christ, and to share his inheritance. “So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of

* Selections from the Works of Archbishop Whately, pp. 370, 371.

him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." . . . "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." Yet He doth "find fault." Yet does He judge man as subject to His law, and as responsible for repentance, for faith, for holiness; responsible under law—responsible under grace.

Paul is pressed with the difficulty. I am on the tiptoe of expectation. His answer is to solve the problem, and to reduce all to system. Calvinist, give heed! Arminian, attend! Not Paul, but "the oracles of God" (for it is Paul "in the Spirit") speak: "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" And this is all. The problem is unsolved. On the harmony of the sovereignty of God and the responsibility of man, "the oracles of God" are dumb—Scripture is silent.

6. HADES.—Where and what is it? To many of us—apart from its bearing upon our own future—this inquiry is associated with remembrances the most touching, with emotions the most tender. Our loved dead, who fell asleep in Jesus, where are they? Their bodies we have committed to the ground, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Their graves are among us. We go to weep there. Amid our weepings, we hear the voice of the Lord of death, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." "Thy brother shall rise again." Not only so. "Absent from the body," "present with the Lord," is the law of the disembodied spirits of the just. To die, was "to be with Christ." "This day with me in Paradise," was their blissful experience, ere our first outburst of grief was hushed. But where their dwelling? What the character, what the measure of their foretaste? Are they cognizant of our joys and sorrows? From the Saviour's bosom, can their eye reach to the lone one from whom they have been severed? Do they hover near us? The sainted mother, the folded

lamb, do they wait to greet us? Are they standing on Jordan's further bank, to convoy us to the Saviour's side? May we know this? Thus much, they are "with Christ." Thus much, "Them also that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him." But no more. "The oracles of God," full and frequent in their utterances of the Lord's return, are now dumb. Scripture, glowing with imagery, teeming with promises and warnings of the resurrection day, is silent here.

7. A large portion of the second volume of the Bible is devoted to the records of THE LIFE OF CHRIST. Four writers were inspired to record to us "the days of his flesh." Here, too, are omissions we should hardly have anticipated, and which stand in contrast with the cravings of man's curiosity, as variously displayed in his treatment of their narratives. Biographers and writers of fiction, sometimes even the historian in dealing with the chief actors in the scenes which he records, give vividness to their pages, and meet the cravings of their readers, by portraying their heroes and chief personages. A portrait is an almost indispensable prefix to a biography. From the records of a Cæsar, a Cromwell, a Napoleon, we turn to the bust or effigy or canvass, which has preserved to us the features and the stature of the man. So minutely does a Walter Scott, or a Dickens portray the *physique* of heroes and heroines that their imaginary characters start readily into life at the painter's or the graver's touch. The writer has provided a sitter for the artist. Height, size, complexion, conformation of feature, the dress, to a gauntlet or a riband, all are before us on his graphic page. But though painters, ancient and modern, have essayed to place upon their canvass the outward form of Him in whom "dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" though every incident of the Gospel story has been produced and reproduced by ten thousand

pencils, yet neither for their "Madonna and Child," nor for their "Man of Sorrows," have they found guidance in the pages of the Evangelists. Neither Matthew, nor Mark, nor John, have furnished Guido or the Caraccis or Murillo with a hint. And were the Romish tradition of Luke's profession (that he was painter, no less than physician) true, even Luke forms no exception. They have left a moral, but not a physical, portrait on their pages. The height of that body which was stretched upon the accursed tree for us; the colour of those eyes which looked on Peter, and from which there flowed tears of holy sorrow, as he stood at Lazarus's grave and as he gazed on the doomed Jerusalem; the hue of that hair which the crown of thorns encircled; the bulk of that sacred body which walked Gennesaret's waters;—of these not a glimpse, not a word. The details of his infancy and boyhood are untold. At twelve, he is subject to his parents. At thirty, he is publicly consecrated to his ministry. What of the eighteen years of interval? Where and how spent? Did those sacred hands toil at the business of his reputed sire?

"One of the most striking features in the historical part of the New Testament (to which I would confine the application of the present argument), is the omission of so much matter, which would have gratified every reader's curiosity, and which every writer, one would think, would have been anxious to record. In the biography of the blessed Jesus, for example, there is none of that minute description of his person, dress, private habits, and the like, which we should fully expect to find, when we recollect especially that two of his biographers were his own familiar friends. None but the most scanty notice is found of that large portion of his life, which intervened from his circumcision to his temptation; pregnant with interest, as any occurrence of that period must have proved, both to them

and to all generations of Christians. This is very extraordinary, very unnatural. Look at the pretended gospels which have been excluded from our canon, and the introduction of these topics is precisely what the uninspired writer has made part of his history; because he felt that it was natural. It matters not whether the pseudo-evangelist received these facts from tradition, or himself invented them; he was sure that they would give a natural and genuine air to his story, and so he made use of them. Why was this not done by Matthew, by Mark, by Luke, and by John? Why should all omit to do it?

“In order to perceive that some counter-human influence must have been exerted in the authorship of these gospels, it is not necessary that we should comprehend the wisdom of the omissions; the fact is at variance with the established laws of man’s nature, and of itself indicates a supernatural interference. That it was however a wise provision, and worthy of that interference, is, I think, as evident to us now, as it must have been beyond human foresight at the time it was done. Let us but reflect on the mischievous and fatal results which have followed, whenever the Christian’s faith and piety have been diverted from the essential view of his Redeemer, to fabulous relics of the cross on which he died, the handkerchief which wiped his brow, and other personal memorials of him, which, if real and genuine, would, like the brazen serpent of the Israelites, only have been more likely to retain their hold on the superstitious veneration, the distorted piety, of successive generations. Experience shows that it would have been so. If pretended relics, if fabled accounts, were capable of seducing for ages the devotion of all Christendom from the Lord, to objects which became to them idols; what would have been the result, had all these been genuine and true? How should we have ever recovered from the spell with which inherited habits and

associations would have been investing no golden calf of man's own invention, but objects, that, like the brazen serpent, had been sanctified by association with miracle and divine help, and treasured up within the very ark of our covenant? ”*

And the risen Christ—was there any change in the nature of His body? Is the dictum of Bishop Horsley true, “Whatever was natural to Him before, seems now miraculous; what was before miraculous is now natural.”† And how—where—were the days between his resurrection and ascension spent? for we have but brief and scanty records. On much of the detail of the earthly life of God manifest in the flesh “the oracles of God” are dumb—Scripture is silent.

8. A recent event in the Church of Rome has invested another point on which this silence was noticeable with weighty import. The *Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary* is now added to the list of her unscriptural and schismatical dogmas. The argument against this new article of faith, as derived from the silence of Scripture, is so well put by Dr. Wordsworth, that I give it you in his own words: “With reference to the Blessed Virgin Mary herself, every attentive reader of Scripture will have observed that the Holy Spirit, who is the author of Scripture, and through whom alone, as the Author of Sanctity, the Virgin Mary, if free from original sin, must have been exempted from it, and whose voice would have been decisive on this subject, and who alone, with the Father and the Son, could be cognizant of the fact of her exemption, has (studiously, it would

* Hinds on Inspiration and the Authority of Scripture, pp. 75—77.

† Horsley's Sermons.—Third Sermon of Four Discourses on the Nature of the Evidence by which the Fact of our Lord's Resurrection is established. Edit. 1829. Vol. ii. p. 361.

seem) preserved a profound silence concerning the birth and earlier years of the Blessed Virgin. It would appear that God has dealt with the Virgin Mary as He did with the *body of Moses*; and for the same reason. She is sparingly mentioned in the Gospel: and, as if by prophetic foresight and protest, not without terms of gentle rebuke.

* * * * *

“To these observations it may be added, that the Blessed Virgin is never once mentioned in the Epistles of St. John, to whose special care she was commended by Christ, and who was assuredly faithful and zealous in guarding her character with filial reverence, and was inspired by the Holy Ghost; and who, with his brother apostles and evangelists, also inspired, and guided by the Spirit into *all truth*, would not have suffered us to remain in ignorance of anything concerning the true honour of the Blessed Virgin, which it was necessary for us to know. But, it is observable, the Blessed Virgin is never once mentioned by any of the apostles in the epistles of the New Testament. This *silence* of Scripture is *inspired*. May we not fairly conclude from it that the Holy Spirit foresaw the evil purposes to which her blessed name would be perverted, and by a stern silence has rebuked those who abuse that holy name, and pretend to be wise above what is written, and to know more than the Holy Spirit concerning the things of the Spirit, and so are guilty of a sin against the Holy Ghost?”*

“In the description of the Blessed Virgin,” writes Stephen Charnock, “there is nothing of her holiness mentioned, which is with much diligence recorded of Elizabeth, ‘righteous, walking in all the commands of God blameless;’ probably to prevent the superstition which God foresaw

would arise in the world." "The Scripture," he says, "is written in such a manner as to obviate errors foreseen by God to enter into the church."* On this point, then, "the oracles of God" are dumb—Scripture is silent.

9. To instance miscellaneously another class of subjects:—

Some of the great nations of antiquity are mentioned in the Scripture histories, in reference to whose origin and early annals fuller details would have been most welcome to the student of antiquities, to the classic reader, and the bookworm. Thus, as is observed by Dr. Angus, in his very valuable "Bible Handbook," "We read of Assyria in a single passage of the book of Genesis, but not again for fifteen hundred years, till the time of Menahem: and of Egypt we have no mention, between the days of Moses and those of Solomon. The early history of both nations is exceedingly obscure, perhaps impenetrably so. But the knowledge is essential neither to our salvation nor to the history of the church, and it is not revealed."† And the profound author of "The Restoration of Belief," has noted that in fourteen of the books of the New Testament, viz., in those epistles in which an apostle is writing "to his intimates, his colleagues, and to those whose belief was a tranquil assurance, like his own—not a syllable of the supernatural meets the eye," other than that which is "implicitly" and "necessarily conveyed in the primary article of the Christian profession—viz. the Resurrection of Christ." "These teachers," then, he well argues, were not "men of heated minds whose element was the world of wonders, and who would always be labouring to propagate the same feeling, and to keep alive a species of excitement

* Charnock's Works, Third Edition, folio 1699. Discourse on the Wisdom of God, pp. 221, 2.

† Page 119. See also page 120 for other useful remarks. I wish this very admirable volume was in the hands of every young man.

which is found to be peculiarly grateful to the mass of mankind. This fact, moreover, under the conditions which, as we shall see, attach to it, excludes the supposition that the preachers of the Gospel were accustomed to indulge in the supernatural where it was safe to do so; but that they cautiously abstained from any allusion to it where there might be a risk of provoking scrutiny and contradiction; the very contrary of this is that which presents itself.”*

Archbishop Whately† and Bishop Hinds‡ notice the transmission of “only one short form of prayer;” the absence of any “complete form for the administration of the Christian ordinances;” of “any systematic course of instruction in the Christian doctrine;” and of “any code of laws for regulating the government of the Church;” and of “a form of Liturgy.” To which may be added, the entire absence of any injunction or instruction as to the form or arrangement of material places for Christian public worship. Full well, in his Divine prescience, did the great Head of the Church know that, as years rolled on, in his Church’s history on earth, and early too in that history, points of Church polity and order and discipline must be keenly debated by his professed disciples, that catechisms and liturgies and rubrics and vestments should be occasions of strife and division. Yet how has he legislated for his Church? “Hold fast the form of sound words”—but no systematized creed or catechism, *as such*. “Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together”—but no pattern of a material or “worldly” sanctuary, as on the mount of the old covenant. “I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also”—but no inspired Liturgy

* Pages 128, 132.

† Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature, pp. 198—203.

‡ An Inquiry into the Proofs, Nature, and Extent of Inspiration, and into the Authority of Scripture, p. 79.

“Let all things be done decently and in order”—but no code of rubrics, no Act of Uniformity for the Church Catholic; no instructions for the fashion of ephod, robe, or mitre. And yet one short epistle on church order and public worship—a Christian “*Leviticus*” — might have seemed essential for the well-being, the well-ordering, and the unity of the Church. *No silence* on the Catholic verities which all orthodox systems and formularies must include; *no silence* on the subjects of prayer and praise which must be incorporated into public worship; *no silence* as to the presence of the Master of assemblies amid the congregations of his saints; *no silence* as to the import and blessedness of the communion of the Lord’s Supper; *no silence* on the doctrines which *he* must preach who would preach “the gospel of the grace of God;” *no silence* as to the general necessity for order and discipline; *no silence* as to the duties, privileges, and manner of life of the ministers of the New Testament. On *these* “the oracles of God” speak plainly and often, authoritatively and solemnly. But on many a point on which a Hooker and a Cartwright have held controversy; on some points, at least, to which Hampton Court and Savoy Conferences have been directed, and on which Churchmen and Dissenter have parted, and Dissenter dissented from Dissenter, “the oracles of God” are dumb—Scripture is silent.

But let me not pretend to exhaust the instances of this silence.

II. We proceed to examine how far, in this respect, the Book of God resembles or differs from the Apocryphal Books, or the Books of false systems. Truly is it observed by Archbishop Whately, “All pretended revelations which have been the basis of distinct religions, and all corruptions of Christianity, all systems of religion, whether Pagan or Mahomedan, and all modifications of our

own, however dissimilar they may be in other respects, however they may differ in the greater or less absurdity, or the greater or less immorality of their fables, legends, and traditions; in the number of them, or the degree of credit they obtain; all agree in this one general characteristic—the general want of reference to human conduct, and in the leading, or, at least, one leading object being to gratify human curiosity, to minister to that desire of knowledge, for its own sake, without any reference to its utility, which is obviously a part of our nature. An ancient writer, who well understood human nature, justly observes that things *hidden*, and things *admirable*, are what men especially covet to know. Now nothing can be more hidden, nothing can be more admirable, than the nature and the works of God. The origin and constitution of the world we inhabit—of man himself, the nature of angels, and of various orders of beings, which may exist, superior to man, and of the Supreme Being himself. Each of these subjects suggests innumerable matters of inquiry, whose grandeur fills the most exalted, and whose difficulty baffles the most intelligent mind. Again, nothing could have been more deeply interesting, than minute details of everything relating to the life of our great Master, however little connected with his ministry—such as his personal appearance, his domestic habits and all particulars relative to his parents. Is it not then natural that men should eagerly seek for some superhuman means of information on subjects so interesting to their curiosity, and so much beyond their unaided powers? ” *

1. Not fettering ourselves by the order in which the foregoing instances have been adduced, let us first turn to the spurious Gospels of “*The Apocryphal New Testament*” For example, to “The First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ,” and to “The Gospel of Nicodemus.” The contrast

* Selections from the Writings of Archbishop Whately, pp. 367—9.

between these spurious Gospels and those of the inspired Evangelists is felt at every page. Where these latter are silent, the former are absurd and offensive in their pretended records. On the pages of Matthew and of Luke, we have the narratives of the annunciation, the birth and infancy of the man Christ Jesus. Mary, Joseph, the inn, the manger, the swaddling clothes, the mother's purification, are before us, with a solitary glimpse at the boyhood of the Son of Man. But amid a simplicity so unlaboured, so unadorned, and so touching, what a halo of dignity and sublimity! We can teach them to our children, amidst their earliest prattlings; but all is worthy of the "great" "mystery of godliness"—"God manifest in the flesh." We can turn from Matthew's manger to the deep and awful utterances of John: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." . . . "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory as of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." The combination presents deep and impenetrable mystery—the mystery of the God-man. But if there be glory round the eternal Word, there is dignity round the babe. Contrast with the narratives of Matthew and of Luke the following:—

"2 Then the Lady Mary took one of his swaddling clothes in which the infant was wrapped, and gave it to them instead of a blessing, which they received from her as a most noble present.

"4 On their return, their kings and princes came to them, inquiring, What they had seen and done? What sort of journey and return they had? What company they had on the road?

"5 But they produced the swaddling cloth which St.

Mary had given to them, on account whereof they kept a feast.

“6 And having, according to the custom of their country, made a fire, they worshipped it.

“7 And casting the swaddling cloth into it, the fire took it and kept it.

“8 And when the fire was put out, they took forth the swaddling cloth unhurt, as much as if the fire had not touched it.

“9 Then they began to kiss it, and put it upon their heads and their eyes, saying, This is certainly an undoubted truth, and it is really surprising that the fire could not burn it and consume it.

“10 Then they took it, and, with the greatest respect, laid it up among their treasures.”*

Or this,

“1 Another woman likewise lived there, whose son was possessed by Satan.

“2 This boy, named Judas, as often as Satan seized him, was inclined to bite all that were present; and, if he found no one else near him, he would bite his own hands, and other parts.

“3 But the mother of this miserable boy hearing of St. Mary and her son Jesus, arose presently, and taking her son in her arms, brought him to the Lady Mary.

“4 In the meantime, James and Joses had taken away the infant the Lord Jesus, to play at a proper season with other children; and when they went forth, they sat down, and the Lord Jesus with them.

“5 Then Judas, who was possessed, came and sat down at the right hand of Jesus.

“6 When Satan was acting upon him as usual, he went about to bite the Lord Jesus.

* First Gospel of the Infancy, ch. iii. verses 2, 4—10.

“7 And because he could not do it, he struck Jesus on his right side, so that he cried out.

“8 And in the same moment Satan went out of the boy, and ran away like a mad dog.

“9 This same boy who struck Jesus, and out of whom Satan went in the form of a dog, was Judas Iscariot, who betrayed him to the Jews.

“10 And that same side, on which Judas struck him, the Jews pierced with a spear.”*

Or this:—

“1 And when the Lord Jesus was seven years of age, he was, on a certain day, with other boys, his companions about the same age,

“2 Who, when they were at play, made clay into several shapes, namely, asses, oxen, birds, and other figures,

“3 Each boasting of his work, and endeavouring to excel the rest.

“4 Then the Lord Jesus said to the boys, I will command those figures which I have made to walk.

“5 And immediately they moved; and when he commanded them to return, they returned.

“6 He had also made the figures of birds and sparrows, which, when he commanded to fly, did fly, and when he commanded to stand still, did stand still; and, if he gave them meat and drink, they did eat and drink.

“7 When at length the boys went away, and related these things to their parents, their fathers said to them, Take heed, children, for the future, of his company, for he is a sorcerer; shun and avoid him, and from henceforth, never play with him.”†

Or this:—

“5. On a certain time the king of Jerusalem sent for him,

* First Gospel of the Infancy, ch. xiv.

† Ibid. ch. xvi.

and said, I would have thee make me a throne of the same dimensions with that place in which I commonly sit.

"6 Joseph obeyed, and forthwith began the work, and continued two years in the king's palace before he finished it.

"7 And when he came to fix it in its place, he found it wanted two spans on each side of the appointed measure.

"8 Which, when the king saw, he was very angry with Joseph;

"9 And Joseph, afraid of the king's anger, went to bed without his supper, taking not anything to eat.

"10 Then the Lord Jesus asked him, What he was afraid of?

"11 Joseph replied, because I have lost my labour in the work which I have been about these two years.

"12 Jesus said to him, Fear not, neither be cast down;

"13 Do thou lay hold on one side of the throne, and I will the other, and we will bring it to its just dimensions.

"14 And when Joseph had done as the Lord Jesus said, and each of them had with strength drawn his side, the throne obeyed, and was brought to the proper dimensions of the place:

"15 Which miracle, when they who stood by, saw, they were astonished, and praised God.

"16 The throne was made of the same wood which was in being in Solomon's time, namely, wood adorned with various shapes and figures."*

But enough, and more than enough, of such citations.

2. From the Apocryphal Gospels we turn to the *Koran of Mahomet*. Thus, of the sin and fall of angels.—"And when we said unto the angels, Worship Adam, they all wor-

* First Gospel of the Infancy, ch. xvi.

† An Essay on the "*Apocryphal Gospels*," by the Rev. C. J. Ellicott, who is adding so richly to our stores of Biblical philology by his *Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles*, will be found in the "*Cambridge Essays*" for 1856.

shipped him, except Eblis, who refused, and was puffed up with pride, and became of the number of unbelievers." . . .

"God said unto him, What hindered thee from worshipping Adam, since I had commanded thee? He answered, I am more excellent than he: thou hast created me of fire, and hast created him of clay. God said, Get thee down therefore from paradise; for it is not fit that thou behave thyself proudly therein: get thee hence; thou shalt be one of the contemptible. He answered, Give me respite until the day of resurrection. God said, Verily thou shalt be one of those who are respited. The devil said, Because thou hast depraved me, I will lay wait for men in thy straight way; then will I come upon them from before, and from behind, and from their right hands, and from their left; and thou shalt not find the greater part of them thankful. God said unto him, Get thee hence, despised and driven far away: verily, whoever of them shall follow thee, I will surely fill hell with you all."*

On their belief in reference to "the intermediate state, both of body and soul, after death," Mr. White observes— "With respect to the great and momentous doctrine of a future state, and the condition of the soul after its departure from the body, it must indeed be acknowledged that the Prophet of Arabia has presented us with a nearer prospect of the invisible world, and disclosed to us a thousand particulars concerning it, which the Holy Scriptures had wrapped in the most profound and mysterious silence. But in his various representations of another life, he generally descends to an unnecessary minuteness and particularity, which excites disgust and ridicule, instead of reverence; and even his most animated descriptions of the joys of paradise, of the torments of hell, however strong and glowing the colours in which they are painted, are yet far inferior, in

* Sale's Koran, vol. i. pp. 7, 174.

point of true sublimity, and far less calculated to promote the interests of piety, by raising the hopes and alarming the fears of rational beings, than that degree of obscurity in which the future life of the Gospel is still involved, and those more general terms in which its promises and threatenings are proposed to mankind.”*

Mr. Sale, in his “Preliminary Discourse to his translation of the Koran,” thus writes:—

“When a corpse is laid in the grave, they say he is received by an angel, who gives him notice of the coming of the two Examiners, which are two black livid angels, of a terrible appearance, named Monker and Nakir. These order the dead person to sit upright, and examine him concerning his faith, as to the unity of God, and the mission of Mohammed; if he answer rightly, they suffer the body to rest in peace, and it is refreshed by the air of Paradise: but, if not, they beat him on the temples with iron maces, till he roars out for anguish, so loud, that he is heard by all from east to west, except men and genii. Then they press the earth on the corpse, which is gnawed and stung till the resurrection by ninety-nine dragons, with seven heads each: or, as others say, their sins will become venomous beasts, the grievous ones stinging like dragons, the smaller like scorpions, and the others like serpents; circumstances which some understand in a figurative sense.

* * * * *

“These notions, Mohammed certainly borrowed from the Jews, among whom they were very anciently received. They say, that the angel of death coming and sitting on the grave, the soul immediately enters the body and raises it on its feet; that he then examines the departed person, and strikes him with a chain, half of iron and half of fire; at the first blow all his limbs are loosened; at the second, his

* White's Bampton Lectures, Sermon viii. pp. 347, 8.

bones are scattered, which are gathered together again by angels; and the third stroke, reduces the body to dust and ashes, and it returns into the grave. This rack or torture, they call Hibbût Hakkeber, or the beating of the sepulchre, and pretend that all men in general must undergo it, except only those who die on the evening of the Sabbath, or have dwelt in the land of Israel.”*

The contrast between the “new Jerusalem” of the Apocalypse and of “the Paradise of God” with the paradise presented by the false Prophet to his followers—between the no death, no sorrow, no crying, no pain, the jasper wall, the pearly gates, the golden street, the pure river, the tree of life, of the one, with the silken couches, the “green cushions,” the “beautiful carpets,” the “beauteous damsels,” the ever blooming attendant youths “with goblets, and beakers,” and cups of “flowing wine,” of the other, might further prove my point.† But the Mohammedan paradise is too sensual for comparison with “the inheritance of the saints in light,” “the hope laid up for” us “in heaven.” Scripture, amid glorious pictures of “the heavenly city,” is yet all but silent, as to the precise character of the engagements and enjoyments of the saints in glory. Many negatives, to tell me *what heaven is not*—few positives, to tell me *what it is*. But where God is silent, Mohammed speaks; and his heaven is the paradise of a gross voluptuary.

But the Koran, like the Church of Rome, has spoken also of the *Immaculate Conception*.

“Remember when the wife of Imran said, Lord, verily I have vowed unto thee that which is in my womb, to be dedicated to thy service: accept it therefore of me; for thou art he who heareth and knoweth. And when she was

* Sale’s Koran, vol. i. Preliminary Discourse, pp. 100, 1.

† Ibid. vol. ii. 399—402.

delivered of it, she said, Lord, verily I have brought forth a female (and God well knew what she had brought forth), and a male is not as a female: I have called her Mary, and I commend her to thy protection, and also her issue, against Satan driven away with stones. Therefore the Lord accepted her with a gracious acceptance, and caused her to bear an excellent offspring.*

On which the translator remarks—"It is not improbable that the pretended immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary is intimated in this passage. For, according to a tradition of Mohammed, every person that comes into the world, is touched at his birth by the devil, and therefore cries out, Mary and her son only excepted; between whom and the evil spirit, God placed a veil, so that his touch did not reach them. And for this reason they say, neither of them were guilty of any sin like the rest of the children of Adam; which peculiar grace they obtained by virtue of this recommendation of them by Hannah to God's protection."

3. If from the Mohammedan Bible we turn to the endless and bewildering maze of ancient *heresies*, it will be found that an unwillingness to be content with "the silence of Scripture" will account for much. The Persian Manes, the father of the Manichæan heresy, assuming to himself the titles of "apostle of Jesus Christ" and "Paraclete," amalgamating Mithras and Messiah, devised a mongrel scheme, and sought to account for the origin of evil. A heresy his at which we cannot marvel, if man will be "wise above what is written." Where God had been silent, Manes spoke, and on his two co-eternal and independent principles, "light" and "darkness," the one the source of

* Sale's Koran, vol. i. p. 58 and note. See also Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, (Cadell's Edit.) vol. ix. pp. 265, 266.

the spiritual element of man's nature and the other of the corporeal—the one under the superintendence of *God*, and the other under that of a *demon*—upreared a philosophic theory which may be regarded as a branch of the great Gnostic heresy. And when Eutyches denied the two natures, and Nestorius affirmed the two persons of the incarnate Son, may not these and such like heresies be traced mainly to the craving for more than God had given, to forgetfulness that, while “those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children for ever,” “the secret things belong unto the Lord our God?” *

4. And amid the wearisome falsehoods of *the book of Mormon*—the Bible of that monstrous and disgusting system, the same tendency is manifested in connexion with a question on which the curious have speculated, and the supposed contingency is thus disposed of:—

“And now, behold, if Adam had not transgressed, he would not have fallen; but he would have remained in the Garden of Eden. And all things which were created, must have remained in the same state which they were, after they were created; and they must have remained for ever, and had no end. And they would have had no children: wherefore, they would have remained in a state of innocence, having no joy, for they knew no misery: doing no good, for they knew no sin. But behold, all things have been done in the wisdom of him who knoweth all things. Adam fell, that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy.” †

5. “Look to the visions of the pretended prophet *Swedenborg*; himself the dupe, as is generally supposed, of his own distempered fancy. It is well known that he professed to have been favoured with most copious and distinct

* Deut. xxix. 29.

† Book of Mormon—First European Edit. Liverpool, p. 65. (Second Book of Nephi.)

revelations—to have visited the celestial abodes, and to have conversed with various orders of beings; of all which he gives minute descriptions. Yet though his followers insist much on the importance of believing in this pretended revelation, it would, I believe, be difficult for them to state even any one point in which a man is called upon to alter either his conduct, his motives, or his moral sentiments, in consequence of such belief. The system furnishes abundant matter of faith, and food for curiosity; but has little or no intelligible reference to practice.”*

6. The *Mythologies of ancient and modern heathenism* present an inextricable mass of fables and superstitions, in which it is impossible to disentangle perversions of Scripture facts and revelations from what is to be resolved into pure invention, and would therefore directly illustrate our subject. In one point, already touched on, the origin of evil, Manes was but engrafting the heathen theory on Scripture. For Plutarch, as quoted by Stillingfleet, observes—“It is a tradition of great antiquity, derived down from the ancient masters of Divine knowledge, and formers of commonwealths, to the poets and philosophers, whose first author cannot be found, and yet hath met with firm and unshaken belief, not only in ordinary discourses and reports, but was spread into the mysteries and sacrifices both of Greeks and others, that the universe did not depend on chance, and was destitute of mind and reason to govern it; neither was there one only reason which sat at the stern, or held the reins, whereby he did order and govern the world: but since there is so much confusion and mixture of good and evil in the world, that nature doth not produce any pure untainted good; there is not any one, who like a drawer, takes the liquor out of two several vessels, and mixeth them

* Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion, pp. 217, 8.

together, and after distributes them; but there are two principles and powers contrary to each other, whereof one draws us to the right hand, and directs us straight forward, the other pulls us back, and turns us the other way; since we see the life of man so mixed as it is, and not only that, but the world too, at least so much as is sublunary and terrestrial, which is subject to many varieties, irregularities, and changes. For if nothing be without a cause, and good cannot be the cause of evil, it necessarily follows, that as there is a peculiar nature and principle which is the cause of good, so there must be another, which is the cause of evil.

“But lest we should think it was only a sect of a kind of heathen Manichees which held this opinion, he tells us, to prevent that, *It was the opinion of the most, and wisest of the heathen.*”*

And whether we turn to the Elysian fields and Tartarus of Virgil, with their Charon and their Cerberus, and the elaborate detail of the unseen world contained in the sixth book of his *Æneid*; or to the speculations of the great fathers of philosophy in reference to the eternity of matter or the eternity of our world; or to the absurdities of Hindoo cosmogony and astronomy, we discover the same yearning after “the hidden and the admirable.” After these men crave. God vouchsafes a revelation. But on how many such points as have excited man’s keenest curiosity, and formed the basis of elaborate and conflicting systems, are “the oracles of God” dumb—the Scriptures of truth silent!

III. We are now prepared to urge this characteristic of Scripture, as contrasted with Apocryphal books, with the Koran, with heretical teachings, and with the lying follies

* Stillingfleet’s *Origines Sacra*. Edit. folio, 1709, pp. 309, 310.

of heathenism, as an argument for its Divine inspiration. If, as Archbishop Whately has urged, it is "natural that men should eagerly seek for some superhuman means of information on subjects so interesting to their curiosity, and so much beyond their unaided powers," well may he proceed to ask, "Is it not consequently to be expected, that both the devices of an imposter, and the visions of an enthusiast should abound in food for this curiosity? What then is in this respect the character of the Christian revelation? It stands distinguished from all other religions, and even from all modifications of itself in its exclusively practical character, and its omission of everything that would serve merely to pamper vain curiosity. We have in the contrast thus presented in the wisdom and dignified simplicity of the Scriptures with the idle and arrogant pretensions of human fraud and folly, a plain proof that our Scriptures were *not* of man's devising; that no imposter *would*, and no enthusiast *could*, have written them. Praised be the superhuman wisdom that has thus proved the divine origin of the Scriptures! for what cannot have come from man must have come from God."*

Paley, in a passage of his "Evidences," which will already have occurred to some of you, touches very cursorily on this point as a characteristic of one portion of Holy Scripture—our Lord's discourses:—

"But there is still another view in which our Lord's discourses deserve to be considered, and that is, in their *negative* character, not in what they did, but in what they did not, contain. Under this head the following reflections appear to me to possess some weight:—1. They exhibit no particular description of the invisible world. The future happiness of the good, and the misery of the bad, which is all we want to be assured of, is directly and positively

* Selections from the Writings of Archbishop Whately, pp. 368, 9.

affirmed, and is represented by metaphors and comparisons, which were plainly intended as metaphors and comparisons, and as nothing more. As to the rest a solemn reserve is maintained. The question concerning the woman who had been married to seven brothers, 'Whose shall she be on the resurrection?' was of a nature calculated to have drawn from Christ a more circumstantial account of the state of the human species in their future existence. He cut short, however, the inquiry by an answer which at once rebuked intruding curiosity, and was agreeable to the best apprehensions we are able to form upon the subject, viz., 'That they who are accounted worthy of that resurrection shall be as the angels of God in heaven.' I lay a stress upon this reserve, because it repels the suspicion of enthusiasm; for enthusiasm is wont to expatiate upon the condition of the departed above all other subjects, and with a wild particularity. It is, moreover, a topic which is always listened to with greediness. The teacher, therefore, whose principal purpose is to draw upon himself attention, is sure to be full of it. The Koran of Mahomet is half made up of it." *

May we not, then, fairly urge this, as one among the many internal evidences of the truth and divine inspiration of Holy Scripture? We are not left to theorize on what it was *probable* that enthusiasts or impostors would have inserted. We *have* Apocryphal books; we have the Koran of the false prophet; we have heretical teachings; we have heathen writings, traditions, creeds, and systems. On the one hand, our sacred writings contain much that is inconsistent with the hypothesis either of enthusiasm or imposture, and we derive an internal evidence from the *candour* of the writers of the New Testament. On the other, we are not left to assume or speculate what enthusiasts or impostors *would have included*; but we know what they *have*

* Paley's Evidences, Part II. ch. ii. (The Morality of the Gospel)

included in their pretended revelations. They have striven to meet, in some measure, the cravings of man's intellectual curiosity for "things *hidden* and things *admirable*:" and spoken, as we have seen, on many points on which "the oracles of God are dumb"—Scripture silent. It is inconceivable that impostors, at any rate, sitting down to forge pretended revelations, to pass them off upon their fellow-men as Divine, should have left what must have appeared to them so great a disparagement to their claims to inspiration, to be used powerfully as an argument against them—the obvious charge of ignorance on many topics which, as it must seem to the generality of mankind, a revelation would probably, if not necessarily, include.

IV. From those who reject Scripture as a cunningly devised fable, or as the utterances of a well-meaning but fanatic enthusiasm, we turn to those who would supply the *hiatus* of its silence by human teaching—Catholic teaching so-called—and Church authority. On minor points, doubtless, such, for example, as the *details* of Church organization and polity, the Protestant Churchman and the Protestant Nonconformist, while differing widely in their definition of a Church, will agree that much is within the legitimate scope of Church authority. In such matters the great Head has left us free to speak, even where, in his Word, he is silent. Neither Episcopalian nor Congregationalist nor Wesleyan nor Presbyterian will affirm of their peculiar organization, order, and discipline, that every pin of the tabernacle is according to a Divine pattern imposed in the New Testament. From "the silence of Scripture" on such points a lesson, and an important one, will presently be deduced. But on matters such as have to-night been dwelt on, no Church, no teacher, should dare to speak, where the oracles of truth, of which the Church is "a witness and a keeper," are silent.

Substituting for "philosophers" and "philosophy," *theologians* and *theology*, we may apply the words of Professor Rogers: "Upon points on which *theologians* know nothing *theologians* should say nothing. That is a beautiful school of *theology* (though it has few disciples) which teaches man to say of most things, 'It may be so, and it may be otherwise. It is a point on which I only know that I do not know.' " *

Oh that the Church of Rome had been content to be silent where Scripture is silent! or, at least, "besides the same," to impose and "to enforce" nothing "to be believed for necessity of salvation!" But "the sacred, holy, œcumenical, and general Council of Trent doth receive and reverence, WITH EQUAL PIETY AND VENERATION, all the books as well of the Old as of the New Testament, the same God being the author of both; *and also the aforesaid traditions*, pertaining both to faith and manners." And in the Creed of Pope Pius IV.: "*I most firmly admit and embrace apostolical and ecclesiastical traditions.*" And on whatever other points of her blasphemous and idolatrous system we may join issue with this schismatical Church, on this grand turning-point the controversy must hinge at last—"All the errors of the Church of Rome shroud themselves under the harbour of traditions." †

Rome cannot prove her creed, even from her own versions of God's Word. Tradition—man speaking where Scripture is silent—must forge many of the links of her iron bondage. Her Mary-worship, and its attendant dogma of the Immaculate Conception, are but the most flagrant among other

* Essays selected from Contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, by Henry Rogers.—"Essay on the Genius and Writings of Descartes."

† Sermons of Mr. Henry Smith (1673)—"God's Arrow against Atheists," p. 105.

flagrant abominations by which she has incurred, in the face of Christendom, the awful curse: "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book." *

But it is not from the unscriptural dogmas of Rome alone that mischief has resulted to the cause of truth and the purity of the faith. Not to stop when Scripture stops, to speak when Scripture is silent, is a tendency of wide prevalence. Too truly has Richard Cecil written: "No man will preach the Gospel so *freely* as the Scriptures preach it, unless he will submit to talk like an Antinomian, in the estimation of a great body of Christians; nor will any man preach it so *practically* as the Scriptures, unless he will submit to be called, by as large a body, an Arminian. Many think that they find a middle path, which is, in fact, neither one thing nor another, since it is not the incomprehensible, but grand plan of the Bible. It is somewhat of human contrivance. It savours of human poverty and littleness." †

The Word of God, by its silence, has left us in a position of inability to reconcile *apparently* incompatible statements. Certain of its truths *appear to us* irreconcilable, because their point of harmony is not revealed. Unwilling to acquiesce in this silence, theologians have spoken where God has not spoken. Too impatient to wait for the revelations of the world of light, where we "shall know, even as we are known," they compacted their systems, the *ultraism* of which is to be traced to their going beyond God's Word written. And in lesser matters than the points of election, reprobation, universal or particular redemption; in matters which of late have become fruitful sources of strife and division, and furnished Shibboleths to contending parties.

how painfully and mischievously has this tendency been developed! For example—we have seen that on the structure of material edifices for public worship, and on the minute details of this worship, Scripture is silent. Nay more, it is to be remembered that in an elaborate epistle an inspired writer has shown that, while “a worldly sanctuary” and an elaborate ritual were characteristic of the inferior covenant, the more spiritual dispensation stands, in this, as in other respects, in contrast with it. In the face of this, what prominence has been given among us to apses and chancels and credence-tables, to rood-screens and sedilia, to faldstools, and to lecterns! Albs and copes, postures and genuflexions, have been subjects of hot controversy, and disturbed parishes and set minister and people at variance. Miserable trifling for the Church of Christ with her awful responsibility as “a witness and keeper of Holy Writ,” with her solemn ambassage of mercy to a dying world! China and India with their millions of perishing idolators and their handful of Christian missionaries—Africa opening to us, under the researches of Krapf and a Livingstone—and, the while, bishops, clergy, churchwardens, and people, quarrelling, at home, about wax candles and lace table-cloths!

But I may not enlarge. If only this Lecture shall prove *suggestive*, it will not have been delivered in vain. The subject has deeply interested my own mind; its importance has grown on me, as I have pursued it. It presents a large and important, and a deeply interesting chapter of Christian evidence. But it is worthy of a master mind. None among you can be more deeply convinced than your lecturer, none so painfully, that it has been presented to you most unworthily. There needs a Robert Hall, a Chalmers, an Archer Butler, a Whately, or a Candlish, to interpret “THE SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE.”

In reviewing the ground we have traversed, more than

one practical lesson presents itself. Let me briefly deduce them, and I will release you.

1. Our subject is eminently calculated to remind us of the great objects for which the Bible has been given us; and thus to check erroneous anticipations of its contents.

Look at its first three chapters. The only account vouchsafed to man by his Creator of the *Genesis* of man's self and of man's world. No revelation of the mysteries of the divine essence, nor of the depths of the divine eternity. No detailed record of the creation of matter. No record of the creation of angels, nor of their fall. No reference to a plurality or non-plurality of worlds. No disquisition on moral evil. But a brief, simple record of the creation of the heavens and the earth; the planting of man upon it; his uprightness, his habitation, his probation, his fall, his forfeiture of his Paradise, his incurring of the penalty of a broken law, and a dim promise of mercy. These things "belong unto us and to our children." But how many a fond *à priori* expectation do these three chapters disappoint! And no subsequent page, in these respects, supplements their silence. Such in character, such in extent, is the knowledge which my Maker, my heavenly Father has judged sufficient. If on such points his book is silent, I see what I am to expect as I proceed. Not a book of speculative knowledge; not a book to satisfy the cravings of my intellect; not a book of astronomy or geology, or chemistry or metaphysics, but a book of practical truth. A book in which God speaks (for it is his *Word*); but a book too in which God is often silent.

Nor should this reserve excite our discontent. "If a claim so unjust could be admitted, where, I ask you, would be the limit of your demands? Already you require more from God than he has accorded to angels; for these eternal mysteries which trouble you,—the harmony of the Divine

prescience with human freedom,—the origin of evil and its ineffable remedy,—the incarnation of the eternal Word,—the relation of the God-Man with his Father,—the atoning virtue of his sacrifice,—the regenerating efficacy of the Spirit—Comforter,—all these things are secrets, the knowledge of which is hidden from angels themselves, who, according to the word of the apostle, stoop to explore their depths, and cannot. If you reproach the Eternal for having kept the knowledge of these divine mysteries to himself, why do you not reproach him for the thousand other limits he has prescribed to you? Why not reproach him for not having given you wings, like a bird, to visit the regions which till now have been scanned only by your eyes? Why not reproach him for not giving you, besides the five senses with which you are provided, ten other senses which he has perhaps granted to other creatures, and which procure for them perceptions of which you have no idea? Why not, in fine, reproach him for having caused the darkness of night to succeed the brightness of day invariably on the earth? Ah! you do not reproach him for that. You love that night which brings rest to so many fatigued bodies and heavy spirits; which suspends, in so many wretches, the feeling of grief;—that night during which orphans, slaves, and criminals cease to be, because over all their misfortunes and sufferings, it spreads, with the opiate of sleep, the thick veil of oblivion; you love that night, which peopling the deserts of the heavens with ten thousand stars, not known to the day, reveals the infinite to our ravished imagination. Well, then, why do you not, for a similar reason, love the night of divine mysteries,—night, gracious and salutary, in which reason humbles itself, and finds refreshment and repose; when THE DARKNESS EVEN IS A REVELATION; where one of the principal attributes of God, Immensity, discovers itself much more fully to our mind; where, in fine, the tender relations he has permitted us to

form with himself, are guarded from all admixture of familiarity, by the thought, that the Being who has humbled himself to us, is, at the same time, the inconceivable God who reigns before all time, who includes in himself all existences, and all conditions of existence,—the centre of all thought, the law of all law, the supreme and final reason of everything! So that, if you are just, instead of reproaching him for the secrets of religion, you will bless him that he has enveloped you in mysteries.”*

2. “The silence of Scripture” should curb speculation.

“Submit to God, *not to be curiously inquisitive into what is not revealed*. There is something hid in whatsoever is revealed. We know the Son of God was begotten from eternity, but how he was begotten, we are ignorant. We know there is a union of the Divine Nature with the Human, and that the *fulness of the Godhead dwells in him bodily*; but the manner of its inhabitation we are in a great part ignorant of. We know God hath chosen some, and refused others, and that he did it with counsel; but the reason why he chose this man and not that, we know not; we can refer it to nothing but God’s sovereign pleasure. It is revealed, that there will be *a day wherein God shall judge the world*; but the particular time is not revealed. We know that God created the world in time; but why he did not create the world millions of years before, we are ignorant of, and our reasons would be bewildered in their too much curiosity. If we ask why he did not create it before, we may as well ask why he did create it then. And may not the same question be asked, if the world had been created millions of years before it was? That he created it in *six days*, and not in an instant, is revealed; but why he did not do it in a moment, since we are sure he was able to do it, is not revealed. Are the reasons of a wise man’s proceedings hid from us, and shall we presume to dive into the reason of

* Vinet’s Vital Christianity, pp. 46, 7.

the proceedings of an *only wise God*, which he had judged not expedient to discover to us? Some sparks of his wisdom he hath caused to issue out, to exercise and delight our minds; others he keeps within the centre of his own breast. We must not go about to unlock his cabinet. As we cannot reach to the utmost lines of his power, so we cannot grasp the intimate reasons of his wisdom. We must still remember, that which is finite can never be able to comprehend the reasons, motives, and methods of that which is infinite. It doth not become us to be resty, because God hath not admitted us into the debates of eternity. We are as little to be curious at what God hath hid, as to be careless of what God hath manifested. Too great an inquisitiveness beyond our line, is as much a provoking arrogance as a blockish negligence of what is revealed, is a slighting ingratitude.”*

If the view taken in this Lecture be a sound view,—that “the silence of Scripture,” on such points as have been specified, is *inspired*, and therefore *designed*, the question is at once suggested, whether too much licence of speculation does not prevail among us? Has not God’s silence a *prohibitory* character? Are we at liberty to assume that, so long as our speculations be not too dogmatically imposed on others, and do not thrust the plain verities of Scripture from their chief place in our creed and hopes, speculations about the Divine essence, and the origin of evil, and the unseen world are, at any rate, *harmless*? *Are they so*? Do they not, when indulged in on subjects which we believe to have been *designedly left unrevealed in the Book of Divine Revelation*, become presumptuous and perilous? “As to such points,” writes Archbishop Whately, “we should not only seek for no explanation in Scripture, but

* Charnock’s Works. Discourse on the Wisdom of God, pp. 254, 5.

should carefully abstain from the presumption of all inquiry whatever." * God is silent. We will not acquiesce. We would force the shut door. We would penetrate the cloud which He hath not seen fit to remove. We would *force* the oracles to an utterance. We are too impatient to await the discoveries of the world of light. He has put this tree of knowledge beyond our reach. We make a bold but presumptuous attempt to pluck and eat. Pride of intellect begets curiosity; curiosity begets audacity. And does not such a spirit bring with it its punishment? We darken "counsel by words without knowledge.'

"Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high,
Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
First fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness, and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy."†

3. Let "the silence of Scripture" teach us charity. How mournfully do we exaggerate into terms of orthodoxy points of which Scripture, by its silence, has warned us that they are either beyond our ken or not among the truths necessary to salvation! If it be a sound canon of Scriptural interpretation that the prominence and the frequency with which any truth is brought before us in God's Word is the measure of its relative importance to us, in our present condition, then surely where the Word *speaks not at all*, we must take heed lest we impose our own speculations and inferences, our guesses and probabilities, on our fellow-men.

* Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion, p. 243. There is much in this section (8) well worth perusal.

† Paradise Lost, Book II.

Dogmatic where the Bible is dogmatic, let us be, at least, charitable where the Bible is silent. We cannot recognise as Christians men whose creed is defective in those capital verities without which Christianity is a *caput mortuum*, the Gospel “another Gospel, which is not another.” But, if we must have for ourselves a system more rigid in its Calvinism, or more Arminian in its Arminianism, than is compacted for us by the Spirit;—if we *will* fill up Scripture gaps for *our own* satisfaction, and account for moral evil, and unveil the unseen world, and fix the unrevealed date of the Lord’s return, by our own speculations and inferences and computations;—if we *will* have a “holy of holies” in our places of Christian assembly, and say prayers to one point of the compass, and read Scripture lessons to another, and repeat our creed to a third;—if our church architecture and church millinery are to be such as to besit rather a Christianized Judaism or a Judaized Christianity than the simplicity of the Gospel—at least let us remember that, on these things Scripture has not spoken, and that they are not to be magnified into articles of faith; still less into grounds of party division; still less into grounds of excommunication and anathema.

Lastly, a word of caution. Let us not return to our Bibles discontented, with our sense of their priceless worth diminished. “THE SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE” IS NOT A DEFECT OF SCRIPTURE. Its revelations are not scant or meagre. They are sufficient “to make wise unto salvation;” to perfect us “unto all good works.” These “wells of salvation” are not shallow. And if, at this time, we have been led to mark the instances in which Scripture is silent where Apocryphal and other writers speak, let it not be forgotten that a wider and nobler thesis, and one more frequently handled, might have been found in “THE SPEECH OF SCRIPTURE”—the speech of Scripture where other writers are

silent or only babble. Speech, too, not upon curious speculations or deep but,—to a fallen sinner hastening to his Maker's bar and to an eternity of weal or woe—unprofitable mysteries; but speech upon questions the most momentous, on which ignorance is death, knowledge life eternal. Yes; this book is a series of revelations from God to man. Mystery upon mystery is made known. For where philosophers have babbled and false prophets led astray; where sun and moon and stars have been silent, where "the depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me," there Scripture hath spoken, and spoken with no doubtful speech. "What am I? whence came I? whither am I hastening? This longing after immortality"—shall it be satisfied? Is there a God? Who and what is he? what to me? How may I know him? how meet him? how stand before him? These questions *press*. They are no questions of idle curiosity or intellectual pride. The creation of matter—the age of the universe—the nature of angels—the mysteries of the Divine essence and eternity—what are such questions in comparison with the thrilling inquiries now urged?

To "the oracles of God" I turn. "What saith the Scripture?" Blessed be God! "the oracles" are no longer dumb, Scripture no longer silent.—"This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." "These things were written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through his name." God revealed! sin revealed! hell revealed! heaven revealed! A Saviour revealed! A Sanctifier revealed! The will of God concerning me revealed!

"SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH!"

APPENDIX.

Extract from Sermon of Dr. Arnold on the "Interpretation of Scripture," pp. 2—6 and 9—11.

"If we take the account of the Creation in its details, as a piece of natural history, we not only involve ourselves in a number of questions full of difficulty, but we lose the proper and peculiar character of the Scripture as a revelation. This will be well shown by a contrast. There is preserved to us in a Greek writer, the lexicographer Suidas, a very remarkable extract from an old Etruscan author, giving an account of the creation of all things. It says that God designed his creation to last for 12,000 years; that in the first thousand years he made the heaven and the earth; in the second thousand years he made the firmament; in the third thousand years he made the sea; in the fourth thousand, the sun, moon, and stars; in the fifth thousand, all living creatures except man; and in the sixth thousand, he made man. It goes on to say that, as there had been six thousand years before man was created, so mankind was to last for another period of six thousand years; and thus the whole duration of God's works, animate and inanimate together, would make up the term of twelve thousand years.

"Now, the resemblances of this account to what we have in the first chapter of Genesis are manifest; and it would be a waste of time to point your attention to them. Nor is it of any consequence to speculate as to the causes of this resemblance, or to ask where the old Etruscan writer obtained the notions which he has recorded. What I wish to dwell on is the *difference* in the two accounts; for it is in this difference that we shall recognise the peculiar character of Scripture. First, let us observe what the Etruscan writer has got which the Scripture has not; and then, what he has not which the Scripture has. It will be seen that he begins with a declaration respecting the times and the seasons, one of that sort which is most welcome to the curiosity of man, but which, as far as regards his practice, is rather mischievous than useful. 'God designed all created things to last for a term of twelve thousand years;' so he begins, and he ends with saying that the term of the existence of the human race was to be six thousand years. We know by the various attempts which some Christians have made to fix the time of the end from the

prophecies, how natural it is to be curious about this point. And we know also by Christ's express words, that it is a point not to be revealed to any created being; the hour of the death of the whole world is to be kept in the same uncertainty as that of the death of every one of us. And accordingly the Scripture account of the creation gives us no information as to the time that the world was to last; it makes no revelation to gratify curiosity; it tells us what God has done, so far as it concerns our practice, and no farther; and in like manner as to what he will do. 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' This is a true Scripture revelation, for the foundation of all our duties, of all right notions of ourselves, and of the world in which we are living, is laid in the knowledge of this fact, that it is God who made us, and not we ourselves; that we have nothing which we have not received from him, and that for his pleasure we are and were created.

"Now let us see, on the other hand, what the Etruscan writer has not, which the Scripture has. The creation, as he relates it, is a mere curious fact, and nothing more; the pretended correspondence of the numbers, that as there were six thousand years before man was made, so there would be six thousand years after he was made, is just a thing to strike the imagination, and to excite wonder. But we find not a word as to anything moral, nothing that has to do with sin or with duty. But what says the Scripture? Immediately after the mention of the creation of all things, it goes on to give the relation in which man stands to his fellow-creatures and to God; the relation, I mean, as a matter of practice: that he has dominion over the earth and over all living creatures in it, given to him by the Lord and Maker of him and of them. 'God blessed man and woman, and said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' We do not find this mentioned in other accounts of the creation; yet this it is which, above all other things, it concerns us morally to know. It is a matter of experience that we are more powerful than all other creatures, by means of our reason; it is almost a matter of necessity that we avail ourselves of this power; but neither power nor necessity are satisfactory grounds on which to exercise dominion; they are not satisfactory to a thinking mind, because neither the one nor the other will supply the notion of right. In fact, I know of no subject more startling, when we begin to think of it, than the condition of the lower animals with regard to man. And even now it is full of darkness, it is impossible

so to explain it as to leave it free from great difficulties, speaking intellectually. But all that we want practically, for the satisfaction, not of our understanding, but of our conscience, that these few words of God's revelation have given us. God said unto man, 'Have dominion over all living creatures.' This makes our dominion no longer a mere matter of power, or of circumstance, but of right; the difficulties of the question we may leave contentedly with God, knowing thus much, which is sufficient for our purposes, that the relation in which we find ourselves has God's sanction,—and that in making his living creatures minister in such numberless ways to our use and comfort; our so doing is not tyranny, nor in any way sin, inasmuch as we may do it in the full faith that it is according to God's pleasure.

* * * * *

"Now, what I have here observed as characteristic of this first page of the Scripture is characteristic of it all; and he who dwells upon its inspiration as thus manifested, cannot estimate it too highly. It is an inspiration which indeed stands alone, and which no arts of men have been able to counterfeit. It is marked by what it does not say as well as by what it does say; by the absence of anything to gratify mere curiosity or excite wonder; by the presence of that very nourishment which our moral nature needs, whether for instruction, or for encouragement, or for warning, or for comfort. It is shown by meeting our wants in a way which we should not have thought of, but which, when once put before us, we find to be the very thing that we need. In this way there are some passages in the Old and New Testament sufficient of themselves to show that they are not of man, but of God. Such is that passage on which I have already dwelt,—the revealing to us that God has given to man dominion over other creatures,—and such also is the passage to be found a few chapters later, conferring expressly the permission to use them for our food. How unlike are these marks of God's revelation from the pretended revelations of men. And there are marks which it will be instructive to trace from time to time in following the course of the weekly lessons. This will teach us on the one hand to have a clearer knowledge of, and value for, the real inspiration of the sacred volume, and also will relieve us from any anxiety or alarm, if we find that to these things God's revelations have been limited, and that his word was intended to communicate as from him no other knowledge but that which will serve to make us wise unto salvation."

The Lessons of the Street.



A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM LANDELS.

THE LESSONS OF THE STREET.

I MUST commence this Lecture with a word or two of explanation. I fear it will not do justice either to the subject or to the audience. My apology is that, owing to engagements unusually numerous, I have not been able to give that time to its preparation which its importance demands. It may not be out of place to mention, that my engagement, in the first instance, was for an evening five weeks hence; but owing to a disappointment which, at the eleventh hour, brought to a standstill the arrangements for the Course, and threatened seriously to incommode your Secretary, unhappily for myself, I was induced by his too powerful pleading to change the evening, thus leaving only a few weeks, during which, owing to other duties, I could not snatch as many days, as I ought to have had months, for preparation. Whether or not this apology be deemed sufficient, I can at least say, that the change was by no means an agreeable one to me, and being made exclusively for your sakes, I may hope to be excused should its consequences prove somewhat unpleasant, and that if I cannot entertain you sufficiently to induce you to hear me for myself, you will be patient and courteous enough to hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear.

My embarrassment has been increased from the subject

proving more unwieldy in its dimensions than I originally anticipated. Having seen the title used by an American preacher, and fancying that our streets would furnish abundant material for such a lecture, I hastily selected it, without any definite conception of the work to which I was committing myself. Scarcely had I begun to look at the streets, however, when I saw reason to question the prudence of the choice. The lessons to be learned there are so manifold and so important, that were I to say all that might be said with profit, daylight to-morrow morning would not witness the conclusion of our task; a much larger than your annual volume would not suffice to contain the whole. Accordingly I found that if the lecture were to answer to its title it must either be swollen to an enormous extent, or constitute a mere catalogue of facts un-commented on, and of lessons unenforced. As the one course would not be thought desirable, and the other would not be tolerated, the only remaining alternative was to select from among "the lessons of the streets," as many of those which have a special bearing on young men as might be handled in reasonable space.

To economize our time for this purpose I pass by, without notice, many striking and significant facts which you may find chronicled in books on this subject, and also many important lessons which, had I leisure and strength, I should like to enforce through another medium.

My subject, I fear, will not prove very entertaining; for, though it does not lack interest, its interest is not of the entertaining kind. It is far too sombre and too saddening for that. It contains little or nothing fitted to excite laughter, not a little which might move you to tears. If you have come to be amused, you will certainly go away disappointed; but if, as becometh the members of a Young Men's Christian Association, you can listen to that which

describes danger and suggests duty, I am presumptuous enough to hope that the evening will not be altogether lost.

I

LESSONS RELATING TO BUSINESS.

There are no lessons of the street, perhaps, which concern you more than those which relate to your daily avocations—the various pursuits in which most of you are engaged. It cannot be denied that in this aspect of our streets there is much that is pleasing in itself, and in which London will compare favourably with every other capital in the world. No intelligent foreigner can walk through this city without perceiving that we are not only an intensely busy, but also a commercially prosperous people. The constant streams which jostle past you in Cheapside or on London-bridge; some with the self-complacent air of men who know they have a good balance at the bank; some with an anxious look, as if from the consciousness of impending ruin, which they are doing their utmost to ward off as long as they may; some worn and jaded, as if the battle of life had proved too much for their strength; some with the absorbed look of men who are attempting to solve some difficult problem, and have no interest in the passers-by; some with the eager gaze of men who are intently pursuing some coveted good; some with the averted glance which excites suspicions of dishonesty; but all busy, and all appearing to have some purpose in life;—these streams of busy men give one the impression that life here is no trifling thing, and that only by intense activity and earnest wrestling in the strife of competition is it possible to live at all. Then turning from the streams of men, you see in the shops which line the streets, in the massive warehouses

which lie behind, in the numerous banking and money-changing and bill-discounting establishments; in the vessels which ply on the river; in the forests of masts which have sprung up along its banks; in the wheels which rattle through our crowded thoroughfares; in the railroads which span the suburbs and empty into a common centre the produce of the country; in the clanking of machinery; in the very smoke which hangs over the city like a pall; in the splendid suburban residences which are rising so rapidly on every side;—in all these you see how enormously rich and extensive, beyond that of every other nation, is the commerce, and how busy and productive is the industry, of England.

Now, in all this there is ground for congratulation as well as for caution. It is not a little pleasing to think that England occupies such an eminent position among the nations of the earth, and exerts such an extensive and powerful influence; for, with all her faults, we think her the worthiest of the place which she fills. Nor is it a matter for condolence that competent men who have been born in obscurity, may, through the opportunities which trade and commerce afford for the acquisition of wealth, rise to a place in the Government and Legislature of the realm, which would else be monopolized by those whose principal qualification is the inheritance of a noble name. I am democratic enough to rejoice, that our merchant princes and cotton lords may influence, by their practical sagacity, the deliberations of our hereditary aristocracy—that those who represent the nation's industry and constitute the sinews of its strength, as well as those who represent its chivalry and fight its battles, should sway our national councils and determine the conduct of our national affairs. Even the intense activity, which is the order and the necessity of such a state of society, is not altogether to be deplored.

Although their object may not be the highest, it is better that men be diligently employed than that they should spend their lives in inglorious idleness. Activity may, and does, in numerous instances, elicit many heroic qualities; while indolence only tends to enervate and unman. And it is certainly no part of my purpose to utter lamentations over, or to excite sympathy for, young men whose only claim on our compassion is the fact that they must work, and work hard, if they would earn honestly their daily bread.

But still we must be blind to many of the commercial and industrial phenomena of our streets, if we do not perceive reason for caution, if not for serious apprehension. If care be not taken, danger will arise from a source little dreaded—the *exaggerated and unreasonable value which is attached to wealth*. It is as true now as in the days of the wise man, that “money answereth all things.” Not only does it command the comforts and luxuries of life; it purchases nearly every social distinction; it presides in public assemblies; it gains access to the most exclusive circles; it procures patents of nobility; it is honoured with public ovations; eloquence is hired to eulogize it; the pen of the ready writer runs freely in its praise; heads are uncovered as it rolls through the street; its appearance on the platform elicits bursts of applause; and being so generally honoured it is scarcely to be wondered at if, in her present imperfect state, it attains to office in the church of Christ. It transforms the dunce into an oracle, the selfish man into a hero, the clown into a gentleman, and the scoundrel into a saint. There are many names which illustrate the old proverb, “Money makes the man.”

It is natural that what is so immensely valued should be intently pursued; and the danger is that, in the eagerness

of the pursuit, something more valuable may be sacrificed for its sake. The fact is seldom recognised—but it is a fact notwithstanding—that, viewed as a moral and spiritual being, the mere worldling is as much lost as the liar or the thief. Although men say he is doing well, and see only cause for congratulation in his progress; and although there is nothing commercially or socially wrong in the means by which he acquires riches—though he neither lies nor swindles—he is nevertheless morally and spiritually ruined. He succeeds because he is an excellent man of business, attentive to his duties, indefatigable in his efforts, and faithful to his engagements; but he is nothing more; he might as well not have a soul in possession, or an eternity in prospect. They say, “He is doing well,” “He is getting on prosperously,” “He has been singularly fortunate, and he deserves to be.” Ah! “doing well,” is he? I think he is doing well for the devil! He is “getting on prosperously,”—but it is toward perdition. He is doing a profitable trade—very: he is bartering his soul for the world! He is “singularly fortunate,” you say. I hear another saying, “What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”

In connexion with the *dishonesties of commerce*, however, the streets indicate the existence of dangers more palpable. The lying advertisements which cover the blank walls, and are pasted over the inside of railway carriages, and hung up in the windows, and scattered plentifully as autumn leaves in front of the several houses, and paraded through the streets in flaming characters—the sales which are always taking place at an “immense sacrifice”—the tricks resorted to in the ticketing and exhibition of goods: these and many other things show, that while many—the great majority, we doubt not—of our commercial and business men are, without

question, men of the loftiest integrity, there are not a few who depend for success on pretensions which, in the very nature of things, they cannot fulfil, rather than on well-done work, or on mercantile transactions honestly conducted; and that a large portion of the public are silly enough, or unprincipled enough, to be influenced by such pretences. Then it is too well known to most of you that these lying advertisements are indications of the dishonesties which are practised within. You know how common it is to vary prices according to the appearance of the purchaser—to call things other than they are,—to say they cost so much when they are known to have cost less: how common it is, in fact, to practise a thousand petty dishonesties which, though they are deemed little in themselves, exert an important influence on our national character, and are the germs of, and prepare the way for, those gigantic frauds which are frequently perpetrated to the inconvenience of all, and the destruction of many, of the manufacturing and mercantile community! And knowing this, you will not be surprised if those who care for you tremble for your integrity, when tried by such an ordeal. It is no easy matter to preserve your fidelity amid such temptations—to be faithful to your convictions when, if you do not practise these dishonesties, you may incur your employers' displeasure, and be deprived of your daily bread. Though it cannot be excused, it is not greatly to be wondered at, that many fail—that the fear of pecuniary loss, and perhaps of starvation, induces them to conform to customs which, though wrong, are not singular, until they become involved in meshes of dishonesty, from which extrication is all but impossible; and go through life miserably, having lost their self-respect, degraded themselves into retailers of petty falsehoods, unprincipled though it may be, respectable swindlers; or end their days in some penal settlement, because of gigantic

frauds which, though they startle society by their magnitude, are but the natural result of the dishonest principles in which they have been instructed, and the dishonest practices to which they have been trained.

It will not be deemed presumptuous if, while recognising your danger, I venture, though knowing little of business, to address to you a word of counsel. Remember that no considerations of expediency, no exigencies of business, can make wrong right. At all hazards, and at whatever cost, you must maintain your integrity. You must speak the truth and do the right, though the heavens fall. It may cause you to suffer loss; it may expose you to starvation; but there is no alternative. Better have your earthly life shortened than lose your soul. To die may be a fearful thing; but a craven life is hateful. And it is better to have the fearful with the glory which follows, than the hateful with the disgrace which always attends it. In fine, it is better—and you dare not deny it—better to live *shortly* for God, doing God's will, and enjoying God's approval, than to live *long* for the world and the devil, bearing all the while the burden of the Divine displeasure.

Although not exactly a lesson pertaining to business, this is, perhaps, the fittest time to refer to the *class exclusiveness and alienation* which the exaggerated estimate of wealth tends to foster. As in Solomon's time, the rich and poor meet together, and while their proximity affords opportunity for mutual sympathy, in how many instances does it only serve to make more manifest the great social gulf which severs them from each other! The first thing that would strike one strolling through the streets, perhaps, is the immense difference in the appearance of the residences of different classes; not only in extreme localities such as London East and London West, or in the villas of the suburbs and the lanes and courts of the city, or the palaces

of Belgravia and the hovels which are crowded together in the narrower streets that lie almost under the shadow of Westminster Abbey ; but in streets that almost touch each other, such as Portland-place or the terraces around Regent's-park, and the small streets and courts that lie immediately behind. What princely wealth and magnificence you may see in the one ; what squalid poverty and wretchedness in the other ! Look into one of those stately mansions ; you see liveried footmen waiting in the splendid hall, and ushering guests into the drawing-room, where the master and mistress lounge on damask covered couches, surrounded with every luxury which taste can desire, or ingenuity suggest, or wealth command, or civilization supply. From the brilliant candelabra dazzling light streams, and which is reflected from the mirror-covered walls. The heavy silken hangings, with their golden fringes ; the carved and gilded cornices ; the thick, soft carpet, in which the foot sinks half buried ; the works of art which adorn the walls ; the various articles of taste and *vertu* which are strewn around—all show you how freely wealth has been expended in fitting up their luxurious abode. And this is but one of an extensive suite of rooms under the same roof, all—we cannot say inhabited, but—possessed and occasionally used by this favoured family. Leaving this abode of wealth, a few minutes' walk brings you into an ill-paved and narrow street. Here, even the exterior of the houses presents a woful contrast to the scene of splendour you have quitted. But wretched as that seems, it gives you no conception of the poverty and destitution which those walls conceal. Up at that window from which a faint light sheds its rays on the darkness, in a low-roofed narrow room, a young widow, pale and worn, diligently plies her needle. Rest she must not, though aching head and smarting eyes tell her how much rest is needed ; for all her efforts barely suffice to keep the wolf of hunger from

the door; and rather than hear her children, with their thin, pale, hunger-stricken faces, cry piteously for bread, she would drop dead at her task. She sits there with anguish choking her, as she calls to remembrance happier days, when their father was alive to provide for her and them, and she rejoiced with him over those pledges of their mutual love;—she sits there far into the still night; she hears the rumble of wheels conveying guests to a late party at the mansion we have just left. Tables groan beneath luxury there, and wine flows freely; strains of music fill the splendid rooms, and jewels sparkle, and beauty fascinates, while she sits in her loneliness, and must—

“ Work—work—work
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work—work—work
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
 Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons she falls asleep,
 And sows them on in a dream!

Work—work—work
 Her labour never flags,
 And what are its wages?—A bed of straw,
 A crust of bread and rags.
 That shatter'd roof—and that naked floor,
 A table—a broken chair—
 And a wall so blank, her shadow she thanks
 For sometimes falling there.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
 With the sky above her head,
 And the grass beneath her feet:
 For only one short hour
 To feel as she used to feel,
 Before she knew the woes of want
 And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh! but for one short hour!
 A respite, however brief!

No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease her heart,
But in their briny bed
The tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

Descend to the basement of that house, if you would see still greater wretchedness, for its different rooms are occupied by so many different families, and the poorest are driven to the worst. At the end of that filthy narrow passage, where you can scarcely turn yourself, a few steps down will bring you into a dark cellar-like apartment, where a man of any feeling would not leave his dog to die. A back kitchen it is called, its size about 10 feet by 8; height from floor to ceiling about 6 feet. Close to the ceiling, on one side, a window, not more than half filled with glass, looks out on a level with the floor of a narrow court, surrounded with walls so lofty that the sunbeams cannot enter it. When your eyes have accommodated themselves to the dim light, you see that the walls are dingy and damp; the fire-place dilapidated—a handful of ashes in the grate. A rickety table and two broken chairs, a few cooking utensils, two or three plates and basins, a folding bed in the darkest corner—are all the furniture it contains. On that bed, far gone in consumption, lies a middle-aged man. His employment was never very remunerative at best, and for years past infirm health has often unfitted him for constant work, and for many months now he has been able to do nothing. The sickness and death of several children in rapid succession have involved him in expenses, which with his limited and precarious income he could ill afford to bear. And by all these things combined, he has been reduced to his present destitute condition. His poor wife, who ought to be nursing him, has now gone out, that by begging or working she may obtain some means of subsistence; and he is

left there alone. "Why not go to the workhouse?" says one and another to whose sympathy she has appealed, and many may think that even the workhouse would be a welcome retreat from such extreme destitution. But that den, wretched as it is, is their *home*, and though their children are all in the grave, they do not like to leave it and be severed from each other; for somehow or other, amid all their poverty, they have managed to retain some natural affection. They are human no less than the rich. Poor and afflicted as they are, they are more to each other than all the world beside! Their early love has not been destroyed, but strengthened, by adversity and the memory of happier days; and hoping against hope for the return of better times, they struggle, not to live, but to exist, where they are.

How the circumstances of these different classes contrast with each other—the rich man's with the poor man's—the lady's with the widow's! And yet that rich man is that poor man's brother, that lady is that widow's sister—"the Lord is the Maker of them all."

From that rich man's table, every day, as much goes to feed his dogs as would serve to prolong the life of the poor consumptive patient; the wines drunk by himself and his guests at one dinner party—the delicacies with which he tempts a satiated appetite—cost as much as would keep the other for months! And that rich man is that poor man's brother—"the Lord is the Maker of them both."

The lace of the lady's veil, the jewels on her rounded arm, yea, one of the superfluous diamonds that sparkle on her delicate fingers, would bring the light to that widow's eye, and the bloom to her cheek. And that lady is that widow's sister—"the Lord is the Maker of them both."

They meet together. A few months ago the poor man was decorating the rich man's dwelling; he saw the haggard

features and heard the hoarse consumptive cough of the poor workman. The widow went shivering along the pavement with her two starving children, when the lady, rustling in silk and wrapped in furs, stepped into her carriage and pair. The rich man might have become acquainted with the poor man's condition, had the exclusiveness of wealth admitted of his taking a brotherly interest in the poor workman—as much interest as in the dog he was fondling, or the horse he was about to mount. God brought them into contact with each other—what more natural than that the abundance of the one should flow into the other's emptiness? The lady might have known of the widow's wretchedness, had the exclusiveness of wealth permitted her to cast even one inquiring glance at her pale face and spare shivering form—the face and form of one who had once dwelt, as servant, beneath her roof. God brought them together, what more natural than that the lady's sympathy should soothe the widow's sorrow? A little of the rich man's abundance would have prolonged the poor man's life; the lady's sympathy would have caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. But the abundance did not flow—the sympathy was not given. And yet that rich man is that poor man's brother, and that lady is that widow's sister—"the Lord is the Maker of them all."

Now do not imagine that I stand here as the advocate of any levelling process. I have not been pleading for equality. I have not even charged the rich with the support of the poor. I have only drawn a picture, of the accuracy of which some of you are able to judge. From that picture I have not deduced a single inference as to the duty of either class. If the rich man's conscience does not accuse him, there is no accusation in all that I have said. The existence of rich and poor is a Divine arrangement, as well as a result of human conduct,—“the Lord is the Maker of them both.” It affords

scope, such as would not otherwise exist, for the exercise of noble qualities on either side. On the part of the poor it has furnished occasion for heroic struggle and patient endurance, not unworthy of the first martyrs; while among the rich, it has called forth those who have enhanced and crowned all their charms of person and manner with the benevolence of ministering angels. No, we do not wish the distinction obliterated. It is enough that those who plead for its continuance should take care that they do not, by their selfishness, forego its possible advantages. It is enough that, without any one prescribing to them how much they ought to give, they should recognise the fact that God has favoured them with abundance; while he has kept many poor, that they might have opportunity of exercising their benevolence in ministering to the necessities of others, and that they should be careful lest, by withholding their sympathy from the needy, they expose themselves to the fearful charge, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me." And for you, with whom we have primarily to do, our purpose will be gained if, in spite of the exaggerated estimate of wealth and the exclusiveness to which it leads, you practically recognise the importance of cultivating human sympathy, and remember the design of God, that, in feeling as in fact,

All mankind should make one brotherhood,
And love and serve each other."

II.

LESSONS RELATING TO AMUSEMENTS.

In treating of the lessons of the street we cannot leave unnoticed the subject of popular amusements; although having been so fully discussed in one of the lectures of the previous Course we may pass it by with much less length-

ened remark than might otherwise have been deemed appropriate.

The first question to be considered, is its relation to the teaching and claims of Christianity. But as time will not allow me to discuss that at length, I submit the following proposition, the truth of which I think every Christian will recognise:—THAT, WHILE WE HAVE NOT BEEN SENT INTO THE WORLD TO AMUSE OURSELVES, BUT TO DO GOD'S WORK AND PREPARE FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF A BETTER WORLD, PLEASURABLE RECREATION, BEING NOT UNLAWFUL IN ITSELF, IS ADMISSIBLE WHEN CONSISTENT WITH THE END OF LIFE, AND SHOULD BE WISELY AND CONSCIENTIOUSLY SOUGHT AFTER, INASMUCH AND IN SO FAR AS IT TENDS TO INCREASE AND PROLONG OUR CAPABILITY OF EXERTION. I might argue at great length in support of this proposition; but as it appears to me undeniable, I shall refrain at present, in consideration of your limited time, from offering one word in its defence; and proceed at once to apply it to the amusements of the day, considering whether they are consistent with a due regard to the end of life, and whether they afford that healthful recreation which tends to qualify men for the better performance of life's duties.

On some which are popular among large classes of the community it is not necessary that much should be said here. Others are so unquestionably pernicious in their influence, that they need not be named. It is only the more respectable kind, for which some good men venture to plead, and on behalf of which some plausible arguments may be urged, which chiefly claim our attention.

Horse-racing, *e. g.*, not being an amusement of the street, nor one which lies much in your way, we mention only to record our conviction that, after all that may be urged in its favour, it is a disgrace to the aristocracy of England—a relic of those brutal barbarities which are fast disappearing

before the growing influence of Christianity—closely allied to the bull-baiting of other countries, and the dog-fighting among the lower classes of our own.

Fox-hunting belongs altogether to the same category; and although there be clergymen who can speak of it as a suitable pastime for men of their own profession, it may be dismissed, if not with a more severe, at least with a similar verdict.

Gambling, usually so called, may be disposed of in few words. The significant name of “hells,” by which gambling houses are designated, may suffice to indicate to you the feelings which it awakens, and the perdition to which it tends.

Many amusements which are lower than these, especially such as are connected with low public-houses, I refrain from mentioning, simply because they are too bad to prove sources of temptation to *you*. A man must have sunk far beneath the level of any present, I trust, must be ruined, in fact, before he can attend them. The sight of their loathsomeness would shock the sensibilities of those who are comparatively pure too much to exert any fascinating influence. They show, in an awful manner, to what depths of degradation men who are called gay descend when they yield to their lustful inclinations—when their passions, blunted by gratification, require to be whetted by the strongest stimulants—when their desires, having become unnatural through long-continued abuse, they grovel in their bestiality like swine in the mire. They show, moreover, how men may be so utterly past feeling as to fatten upon the ruin of their kind, having destroyed every manly faculty except the little intellect which has been kept in exercise by their infernal pursuits, and which exists as a lingering remnant of humanity in the carcase of a pig—men whose salvation seems scarcely possible, not only because

they are so hardened, but because they have ruined so many, that you feel as if it would not be just were they to repent and escape damnation after all. But just because these amusements are so bad, we do not much fear their influence on you; unless you are gradually prepared for descending so low by others of a more respectable nature; and it is with these from which your danger immediately arises that we have chiefly to do.

For the sake of convenience we shall class them under the two heads of the *Drama* and the *Dance*, and devote a few minutes to the consideration of each.

It were easy to declaim in general terms against all theatrical representations, and perhaps we might better elicit your sympathy by such a course. But declamation, though powerful to move, hath no power to convince; and, as we attach more importance to your intelligent conviction than to your unreasoning denunciation, we concede, at once, all that we think may fairly be advanced in favour of the theatre, and then proceed to show reason for its condemnation, notwithstanding.

1. The fact that it has been condemned by religious writers in different ages is of little moment; for their censures, however well founded, prove nothing (except by very indirect inference) as to the theatre of the present day.

2. The assertions of modern religious authors as to the evil which it works, are of no value, except as founded on their cognizance of facts. The facts we may consider; the assertions we pass by.

3. An entertainment is not necessarily wrong because dramatic in its form. We have the religious services of the church, and we have also various portions of Scripture, as authorities for dramatic compositions for highest purposes.

4. Although the drama, as at present conducted, is perhaps too ponderous for the habits of modern times,

we admit that it is an instrument of great power, and we can conceive of its being wielded for good purposes. It is a well-known fact, that our most popular preachers are those who are most dramatic in their style and manner.

5. Finally, we recognise the force of the plea that the theatre is not to be condemned simply because bad men and women are to be found there—such men and women being found in churches and chapels as well.

And now having conceded so much in its favour, it is time to show on what grounds we think it worthy of condemnation.

And in the first place, we think it is to be condemned on the broad ground, that the nature of the entertainment is not such as to fit, but rather to unfit, men for the duties of life. The peculiarity of the entertainment is the excitement which it ministers; and we feel convinced that after that excitement men are not better fitted for returning to the prosaic duties of their daily occupation. And life, after all, though it may become a lofty poem, necessarily involves much which is extremely prosaic. "If you wish to make your real business very stupid and hateful, visit such places. After the glare of the theatre has dazzled your eyes, your blacksmith-shop will look smuttier than ever it did before. After you have seen stalwart heroes pounding their antagonists, you will find it a dull business to pound iron; and a valiant apprentice who has seen such gracious glances of love, and such rapturous kissing of hands, will hate to dirty his heroic fingers with mortar, or by rolling felt on the hatter's board." Would it not furnish a striking commentary on the influence of the theatre, and supply an awful lesson of warning, could we produce the numbers of young men in whom its glare and excitement have gendered a distaste for their lawful avocations, and so smoothed the way for that career of crime which has found its fitting termination in the penal settlement, or the gallows?

This, it may be said, however, applies only to the regular frequenting of the theatre—that although such results might be looked for in those who are in the habit of attending, it does not follow that an occasional visit might not be made with safety. And this leads me to add, secondly,

That the chief objection to the theatre is in, what, for want of a better term, we call *its moral atmosphere*. What that is may best be ascertained from the characters to whom it is adapted. And here the aspect of the street in its immediate neighbourhood, especially at the hour for closing, leaves no room for uncertainty. The thoroughfare and pavement are crowded, and the places of refreshment swarm, with fallen women and rakish men. All grades of unchastity are there, from the genteel harlot who dashes along in her carriage and pair, to her poor sister who stands crouching and shivering at the corner of the street, soliciting the passers-by—from the noble debauchee who for the privileges of rank has rendered his country no service except that of giving to vice the sanction of a noble name, down to the shabby apprentice who has stolen from his master's till the money with which he is now gratifying his amorous or intemperate lust, and paying his fare per "express" to the devil.

Now, keeping out of view, at present, the nature of the entertainment, how is a man likely to be influenced by hours spent in company like this? Either his moral sensibilities will be shocked, by what he cannot fail to see and hear, and by the thoughts thus awakened, or, if he can make himself at home in it, as in a congenial atmosphere, it must be because he has already fallen, and has almost, if not altogether, reached the level of their debasement. He cannot be there without knowing the character, and witnessing the procedure of those who surround him. And as a man cannot handle pitch without being defiled, so he cannot

voluntarily familiarize himself with vice without becoming, if not in act, yet in feeling and in principle, vicious. Evil witnessed, if it does not excite that repugnance which renders its presence painful, deteriorates the moral tone. It destroys that sensitive delicacy which shrinks from its approach, and which is the surest safeguard of innocence; and when that is destroyed his best defence is laid low. If he be not more or less than man, lustful images will flit through the mind, and lustful desires take possession of the heart; and when the citadel is thus gained, not much remains to be done before rampant lust will trample down the outworks of decency, and lay the whole man prostrate beneath her degrading tyranny. The family of Lot, there is reason to believe, took no part in the polluting practices of Sodom; their father's influence preserved them from that; but their familiarity with those practices—their being surrounded with the moral atmosphere of the place—sapped and debased their moral nature, and the death of his wife, and the still more awful degradation of his daughters, was the natural result. Even so, the aspect of the streets in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatre, is enough to convince any one who is not altogether blinded, that to mingle with that society, and be surrounded with that atmosphere, would prepare the way for, and ultimately issue in, your inevitable and irretrievable ruin.

The entertainments as a matter of course, must be suited to the character of the audience; for in this, as in other things, the demand regulates the supply. Those actors and authors, whether they are mistaken or not as to what may be accomplished, are worthy of all honour who have refused to pander to a vitiated taste; and at considerable sacrifice to themselves have endeavoured to render the theatre what they believed it might become, not only a means of innocent entertainment, but also a powerful moral

instructor. But while we give them credit for their good intentions and sacrifices, the small success which has attended their efforts bears the most damning testimony to the true character of theatrical entertainments. The legitimate drama, as it is called, receives such scanty support, that in the two houses in London in which it was tried it has totally failed. The managers of theatres, whatever their good intentions, would be more than men, if in view of such warnings, they were to pursue a course which was sure to involve them in pecuniary ruin. And accordingly the plays introduced are such as to suit the taste of those on whose patronage they can calculate. The best play of Shakspeare would not draw a house, if it were not followed by comedies whose chief recommendation is their clever and covert, though well understood allusions to what is vicious—exhibitions of such sheer silliness that to think of their moving men and women to laughter is enough to make one ashamed of his kind, or by low farce, which runs into the obscene; while the most popular tragedies in the leading theatres, are those which describe the sinful course and the tragic fate of some frail and fallen beauty.

I am aware of the argument that if good men would attend they would create a demand for entertainments of a different nature, and so the character of the theatre would be altered. To this I have only to reply, that, if it were so, the result would not reward the effort, when they have so many more convenient and more powerful appliances already at command. And besides it would hardly be wise to attempt to improve the theatre, at the risk of losing your own soul. Whatever it *may* become, it is so much the devil's ground now that you would run a great risk of becoming his were you often found there. "When a holy monk rebuked the devil for stealing a young man who was found at the theatre, he promptly replied, 'I found him on my premises, and took him.'"

Along with the drama, I have mentioned dancing as one of the amusements which claim our attention; and much that has been said of the one, will equally apply to the other.

It may be conceded that in the mere fact of dancing there is nothing wrong. We cannot see any reason why a man may not move his feet in one way as well as another, nor why he should not move his feet as well as his hands. If it be not sinful for him to run, then, whatever may be thought of the manliness of it, he can hardly be charged with sin if, instead of running, he should choose to dance. At least so it appears to me. And if in a family party some small portion of the evening should be spent in that exercise, we do not know that they could reasonably be blamed. Of course where the dancing is of such a nature as naturally to excite impure feelings it becomes quite another question; and is certainly an exercise which is neither safe to sinners, nor becoming in saints.

Balls, or dancing parties, as they are called, are so utterly at variance with the only legitimate object of amusement, that we cannot but wonder that they should find advocates among professing Christians. Think of a party in which "quadrilles commence at eight" in the evening, and are continued without intermission until three or four the following morning—what an employment for an intelligent and immortal being! If your body is fatigued, you will not be much recruited by such exercise as that; and if the mind is jaded, one would hardly think the whirl, and the buzz, and the simpering small talk of the dancing-room the kind of recreation which it requires. Nor is it quite consistent with a religious use of your time, that by the late hours and the exercise you should induce a degree of languor which unfits for duty for days to come. Apart from the envious and jealous feelings which are excited on such occasions. it is

altogether so stupid and childish that we question if any sensible man ever left one of these parties without pronouncing himself a fool.

Some may be disposed to blame us for making mention of the places to which we are now about to refer. And they would be right if it were the case, as they suppose, that you would not know of them otherwise. But when their illustrated advertisements meet you at every turn—when their doors open into our public thoroughfares, it is not possible that you can live long in London and remain ignorant of their existence. And we should certainly fail in our duty, if, when treating of amusements, we did not caution you against such attractive mouths of hell as dancing-rooms and casinos. A large room splendidly lighted; hundreds of men and women whirling about in the voluptuous dance; men with lust looking out of their cold, glassy eyes; men who have lost the power of loving, and who can never know the joy of two hearts blended in one,—they have trifled with love so long, that God has cursed them by depriving them of the power to love,—and among them some simpletons recently from the country, who are asserting their manliness by mimicking the airs of the snobs of the town; women of the street are there, painted and decked out in tawdry finery; some are there too who have scarcely yet crossed the limit which separates virtue from vice, but who will not have come often ere they have sunk as low as that fair young thing whose wanton movements show how lost she is to all shame, and whose countenance, through all its paint, declares that there are but a few steps between her and the grave—between her and hell! Then there is the master of the ceremonies—sleek and trim enough to be footman to the devil, when he chooses to act as an angel of light—doing his infernal work with as sanctimonious a demeanour as if he were the door-keeper of a chapel or the

sexton of a church. And round in every corner the officials are dealing out, and the fools are gulping down, the fiery stimulants which quicken their movements in the dance of death. One can hardly imagine how anything could be more skilfully contrived for the purpose of ruining men. Of all the traps of the devil, I know of no one so well baited as that. Young men, perhaps none of you go there, perhaps some of you do. I can only tell you that there is no way in which you can more effectually ruin yourselves, whether for time or eternity. Were I a master, and knew of a young man in my employment going there once, I should take care that he did not go a second time, to my knowledge, without instant dismissal. He cannot go there long and be honest; he cannot go there for pleasure at all and be pure. And a master would be studying a youth's interests as well as his own, did he refuse to retain in his service any one who would visit that gate of death, and the steps which lay hold on hell.

There are various amusements of a less objectionable nature on which we have not treated—such as comic exhibitions, and entertaining accounts of visits to interesting localities. All we have to say of these is, that, while to a very spiritual mind, they are altogether lowering in their influence: if you are still low enough to be able to enjoy them, you may. You will get good from the laughter, and gather a few fragments of information, it may be, without indulging in any reflection on the littleness of the man who, with gifts which might be used for some solemn purpose, can stand there, and before giggling audiences, repeat the same silly stories a hundred times over. I would qualify this statement, however, where the proprietors of such exhibitions do, by the looseness of their principles, convert those entertainments, which might be harmless, into sources of injury. Where, as is now the case, in one of the most popular—one which has before now been commended from this platform—

a public exhibitor is so lost to all sense of right as to glory in his shame—telling his audience how cleverly he has deceived his friends: where he has so destroyed his soul, that he ridicules charitable institutions, and measuring others by himself, declares that they give to such things only to be talked of in the papers—at all events, he would not give except for that purpose!—my conviction is, that that is not the kind of influence to which our youth should be exposed, and that such a man should be branded with the disapproval of the right-thinking portion of the community. Along with these, we may class Dioramic, Polytechnic, and other institutions, with musical entertainments of various kinds; and though some may feel with the lecturer that it is doubtful how far the oratorio, in which solemn sounds are uttered by thoughtless tongues, and for the entertainment of a thoughtless assembly, is consistent with a becoming reverence for the Divine name, the same objection does not apply to the miscellaneous concert. There are books of different sorts, from works of fiction, some of which you may occasionally read with profit, to the severer works which you may take up when you are not over-fatigued for closer application; there are discussion and elocution classes where you may find gentle excitement, combined with mental profit; and above all, there is the study of the Bible, and various religious services, which, though not to be classed with entertainments, will, nevertheless, break the monotony of your business life, and enable you to dispense with entertainments which might otherwise be necessary. For those from whose pursuits bodily exercise affords the most suitable relief, there are the holiday hours when you may inhale the fresh breeze, and bound over the turf on Hampstead Heath or some other of our suburban openings. And daily you may, at least, command a walk in London streets, and even that will not be without advantage to a man of sedentary

habits. On the whole,—while as regards those who being uninstructed are in a great measure to be treated as children, it may be a question whether something should not be done to attract them from degrading amusements, by providing others which are harmless,—Christian young men can scarcely be at a loss to find, even with their present opportunities, means of recreation sufficient, without descending to those pernicious and debasing entertainments which we have seen it our duty to condemn.

III.

LESSONS RELATING TO VICE.

There are hours of the day, or rather of the night, when the streets speak with trumpet-tongue of the vice which abounds in our midst. To describe its various forms is no part of my purpose, as I do not think it would tend greatly to profit, were I to gratify a prurient curiosity by an illustrated catalogue of uncleanness. My wish is rather, as in other cases, to indicate where *your* danger lies, and to address to you a few words of caution where caution is most required. Of the vice of drunkenness, of which our streets present such lamentable specimens, I say nothing; not that I do not regard it with the utmost detestation; but because after what you have heard from one who has made it his noble mission to hunt it down, all words of mine were feebleness. There is another vice closely allied to, and supported by, drunkenness; on which most teachers are silent, or to which they make but the remotest allusion lest they should shock the delicacy of their hearers; and which, for that very reason, I feel bound to treat in no mincing manner:—especially when I consider that our silence will not keep you ignorant of its existence—that

though we may hesitate to name, you will not be the less tempted to indulge in the vice ; but only left unfortified by the counsels which might be given, to grapple with the temptations which surround you.

It were wise and proper for us to avoid mentioning such words as unchastity, uncleanness, fornication, licentiousness—to refrain from speaking of the “ strange woman,” if it were the case, as some seem to imagine, that our mention of them would suggest thoughts of evil which could not otherwise arise. We know, however, that an evil is not disposed of when ignored. We may refuse to name for the purpose of denouncing ; but others who are interested in its promotion will neither hesitate to name, nor to obtrude it on public notice, if by so doing they can further their end. Whether we speak of it or not, you cannot live in this city without its crossing your path, appealing both to the eye and the ear, and in various ways assailing you with its seductive allurements. Nor need we any other warrant than this fact, for stripping off its fair exterior, and revealing its rottenness and deformity, that by showing you the deplorable consequences, we may, haply, through God’s grace deter you from the beginnings of the sin. We need not offend true delicacy. We need not denounce licentiousness in licentious language, or with a licentious spirit. We should try to speak of it as he did who was “ holy, harmless, and undefiled.” But the interests of humanity, the precious souls of its ten thousand victims, a due regard to your welfare, demand that we should speak of it ; and though our over-delicate friends may be shocked at our temerity, and though our words may be taken advantage of by wicked men who would not hesitate to wallow in the filth which they say it is pollution for us to name, with such interests at stake we dare not be silent—speak of it we must and will.

It is not advertising an unknown, but recognising a too well-known fact, when we advert to the prostitution by which this city is disgraced. As you walk through the streets you are assailed by women who appear lost to all sense of shame, and who, by the ruin of others, are unwittingly or intentionally avenging on society the injuries they have received. And when you consider that on the lowest calculation London contains ten thousand of this class, and that the parties directly employed in filling with fresh victims the breaches which death is constantly making in their ranks, amount to thousands more, I ask, should not the appalling fact awaken the solicitude of the philanthropic and Christian portion of the community, and does it not behove every one who aspires to instruct others in their social duties, and especially every one who has the honour and responsibility of addressing young men situated as you are, to warn them against the dangers to which they are exposed while surrounded with such a wide-spread and deadly evil?

It is high time to have done with squeamish delicacy. Benevolence demands that we should. Our foreign missions are little better than an impertinence, and all our talk of benevolent effort is so much idle claptrap, if we do not set ourselves to grapple with this mass of vice which reeks, and seethes, and festers at our door. That such a thing should exist is a scandal to England's Christianity. That we should shrink from meddling with, lest by meddling we should increase the evil, says as little for our sagacity as for our faith in the power of the gospel. Apart from the danger to others, there are none who present a stronger appeal to our sympathy than those poor degraded outcasts. We are too apt to let our abhorrence for their wrong-doing steel us against all pity for their wretchedness—forgetting altogether what they were once and the process by which

they have been made what they are—forgetting, too, that the lower they have fallen the more do they become the objects of solicitude to a genuine Christianity. Their very wickedness is the reason why they should not be passed by. When we see one so utterly abandoned—so brazen and bold—so shameless in her shame, as those fallen wretches who lurk about the streets, whose tone and manner make pure-minded men shudder with instinctive loathing, and exclude them from the pity of their own more pitiful sex—and reflect that that was once a woman—that she was once a playful child in a happy home, her parents' pride, and the playmate of indulgent brothers—that she might have blessed some man with a woman's love, and trained his children with a mother's care—that instead of this she has become a moving curse and shame, whose name must not be mentioned by the fireside where she spent her childhood, whose fate, so much worse than death, her parents mourn with a grief which they dare not show—when you think that, as the devil is a fallen angel, *that* is a fallen woman—when you think of ten thousand such in this city alone—when you think of such wreck and perversion of God's fairest creatures,—think you, can we do our duty if we look on and are silent? Does it not become every Christian man to rise up, and with a prophet's faithfulness and a prophet's vehemence—whether men will hear or forbear—use the strongest language which his lips can utter to give expression to the indignant and sorrowful emotions with which his soul is stirred? Surely it is better to put our finger on the festering plague-spot, and say, "If you do not get rid of this it will corrupt you"—better to warn men that if they leave thousands of their sisters and daughters to sink into perdition they will drag thousands with them, than to stand paralyzed and silenced by a false delicacy, in view of an evil which is working such wide-spread and irretrievable ruin!

One thing which touches closely on young men is the process by which they have been made what they are. As we have said already, they were not always such as they are now. Some of them were pure and modest as any of their sisters who are now guarded about with such sweet delicacy—how came they into their present condition?

Passing by those whose homes have been little better than schools for vice, and their early training destructive to every feeling of modesty, we have to attribute the fall of not a few to their ill-paid and oppressive labour, giving increased and terrible power to the temptations which assail them. Others are entrapped by the infernal arts of those who speculate in women, to supply with fresh victims the wealthy villains who, for a virgin, are willing to pay from twenty to one hundred guineas. Then, judging that they have been basely and brutally injured, their own sense of shame, and especially the scorn with which they are visited, prevents their return to the society of the virtuous. And not a few of the goodliest and the best, like as the stately vessel is wrecked on the sunken rocks while the smaller craft escape, have been ruined by the very strength of their love, having placed it on those who courted that they might betray, and then ruthlessly left the fair flower which ministered to their pleasure to be trodden in the mire of the street. Ah! young man, if thou art here who hast done this, art thou not appalled to think of the ruin which thou hast wrought? Oh, sir, if anything be fitted to give you a hell upon earth, it is the thought of the condition to which, by your betrayal, you have reduced the woman who confided in you, and loved you with a love which could deny you nothing, but rather gloried in making sacrifices for you. You would have injured her less, had you plunged a dagger into her virgin breast; and it might have been less awful for you to have approached the judg-

ment-seat with her blood on your head. Murder would not have touched the better part of her nature—that, at any rate, would have passed unscathed,—but, as it is, she has become, through your treatment, the degraded thing that walks the streets to seduce the passers by, or her body already lies in a dishonoured grave, and her soul has passed to the bar of God to demand vengeance on the author of its destruction. I do not say there is no hope for you if you have done this; if there be repentance and pardon for the chief of sinners, there may be for you. But you have incurred a fearful amount of guilt; and unless you begin speedily to loathe, and bitterly to grieve over your sin, while looking to infinite mercy for forgiveness, my soul shudders to think of the doom which must be thine.

Men who act in this heartless way towards woman little reckon of the injury which they inflict on themselves. In all my readings on this subject, I have scarcely met with a more appalling statement, or one which, if true, gives such a picture of the moral condition of the class to which he refers, as that of Mr. Patmore, alluded to in the “Night Side of London,” to the effect that, in the higher ranks of life, a young man is obliged to keep a mistress to avoid being laughed at. If this were true, which I do not believe, we should have good reason to take up a lamentation for the aristocracy of England. But whether true or not to the extent affirmed, wherever it is applicable it implies a state of heart, than which it is difficult to conceive of anything more hardened. A man lives for years with a woman who loves him, and whom he professes to love, and then abandons her when circumstances justify his marrying another. And how must his nature be seared and destroyed, when, after she has clung to him so long, he can cast her off, leaving nothing open to her but a life of shame and a miserable end. If there be such heartless

wretches in the midst of us, one wishes they were known, and that society were honest and courageous enough to visit them with the scorn and indignation which they so richly deserve. And yet, if they deserve our wrath they no less need our pity; for, to the man who has reached that state, there is no happiness in this life, and—except by a miracle of grace, the possibility of which we dare not deny, but the nature of which we cannot understand—no hope in the life that is to come. Poor contemptible wretch! amid the scorn of devils and of the common damned, he will go down to the deeper damnation with which God visits such sins as his.

I should not do you justice if, while speaking on this subject, I did not refer more specifically to your own danger in consequence of the temptations incident to the state of society described. It is enough to make one tremble and weep to think of the seductive influences which surround you. What ruin lies close at hand, and how easy and tempting the steps that lead to it! What an auxiliary the Destroyer has in your own impure imaginings—those thoughts which are the beginnings of sin, and which must be sternly expelled, even as a man would a murderer from the bosom of his family, or they will soon destroy the fair and innocent offspring of the mind, and render it a scene of riot and impurity! How efficiently the work of the Destroyer is done by those books of fiction whose eloquence only serves to render vice attractive, and to fill the imagination with what defiles the conscience and corrupts the heart—books, all the more potent from being free from the charge of grossness, only suggesting what they dare not describe—books, which you can no more read with safety than you can carry fire in your bosom and not be burned! What danger you are in from the vitiated moral atmosphere

which, living in this city, you are almost compelled to breathe, and the exhibitions of vice, attractive or otherwise, which you are compelled to witness,—when such a lax morality prevails that known debauchees are tolerated and even welcomed in respectable circles—when many in the higher walks of life are notoriously unchaste—when so many thousand victims or embodiments of vice walk the streets seeking whom they may ensnare—when many of her ministers deem it credulous to believe that such a thing as virtue exists—when, with flattering words she assails the ear, and with beauty and with dress seeks to captivate the eye—when “she hisses at virtuous men, and spits on modest women, and shakes her serpent tongue at the purity which will not walk in her ways”—when, by appealing to history and the Bible, and the principles of your own nature, she justifies herself! Oh, how perilous is your position, surrounded with such temptations! I cannot say all I would to fortify you; but, remember this one thing, if ever you are inclined to yield to her blandishments, remember, “*None that go unto her return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life.*” I do not say this is meant “absolutely to exclude hope from those who, having wasted their substance in riotous living, would yet return;” but it does show into what an *almost* hopeless gulf you plunge, if you venture: and experience corroborates what the Bible so long ago declared, “that the chances of reformation are few indeed. The certainty of continuance is so great that the chances of escape are dropped from the calculation; and it is said roundly, ‘*None that go unto her return again.*’” Oh, young men! beware of the beginnings of sin. If you light on a book which suggests impure images, if you meet with a companion who awakens impure thoughts, if thoughts or feelings arise within you which you would blush to tell to a mother or sister, escape from them as you would from the

devil's burning clutch. Your only safety is in flight; if you tamper with them, you fall. "Flee," said the great apostle to his favourite disciple—"Flee youthful lusts."

What I am about to say may not be likely to influence those whom it chiefly concerns; but I cannot leave the subject without entering my protest against the manner in which society treats the unfortunate and unhappy class of which we have been speaking. While great efforts are made to reclaim other sinners, and everything is done to facilitate their return to virtue, these are practically all but excluded from the sympathies of the benevolent, and obstacles to their reformation exist which render it, in the majority of cases, virtually impossible. Few of the benevolent dare go on a mission to those abodes of infamy, and fewer still dare be seen speaking in the streets to those daughters of shame, because few have strength to endure the shock which their moral feelings would receive from contact with such impurity, or the moral courage to brave, or even the position which would justify them in braving, the slanders affecting their own reputation to which the procedure would give rise. Even the places of refuge which exist, owing to want of funds, cannot receive one half of the applicants for admission. And, worse than all, society,—that society which has helped to make them what they are,—however penitent they may become, will neither forget nor forgive their offence. While even the followers of Him who was called the "*Friend of sinners*," though affecting to pity, do nevertheless despise them; and after receiving them into their churches do still, by a thousand slights, make them painfully sensible of their degraded position. Not only is there no hand to clasp theirs helpfully and kindly; not only is there no voice to welcome them with friendly greeting; but, even if the fallen one should

resolve to raise herself, the door is closed against her: for, spite of the sincerest attempts at reformation, society continues to treat her as an outcast. While she lives must she bear the brand of shame; nor can she live, often, without descending deeper and deeper in her downward course. The drunkard may take his place again among respectable men. The swindling bankrupt may, by future successes, blot out the remembrance of his misdeeds. The man who was a debauchee in his youth may so live down his former reputation as to hold an official and honourable position in the Church of Christ; but the fallen woman never.

To show the fearful consequences of this vice we sometimes speak of the short life of its victims. Alas! we know not what we say. While we treat them as we do, the shortness of their life is rather a mitigation than an aggravation of the evil. If they are doomed to become worse the longer they live, it is better that they should die soon. And the suicidal act is too often the only escape from the deeper shame and degradation which she cannot bear. Awfully thrilling, but not less true, is the poet's description of her treatment and her end. It is as he says: she is homeless,—friendless,—everything unites to crush her down into deeper degradation and wretchedness:—

“Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole citiful,
Home she had none.
Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed.
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence.
Even God's Providence
Seeming estranged.”

Such being her position, can you wonder at the sequel!—
wonder that she plunges madly out of life?

“Where the lamps quiver,
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river,
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The dark river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young and so fair!”

Now look at her—that's the doing of man. Look at her, young man. Thou hast seen her before. Look at those lips “oozing so clammily.” It is not long since they were pressed in a burning kiss to thine. Look at those eyes, “staring so blindly through muddy impurity:”—it is not long since they beamed love glances on thee. Look at that lifeless arm,—it is not long since thine felt its living pressure.

Look at her,—it is but a short time since, believing thee true, and trusting thy protestations of love, she gave thee her heart—herself,—making that sacrifice for thee which only woman will;—and that is her reward! Thou hast murdered her—body and soul, thou hast murdered her! Look at her,—thou shalt see her once again—I need not tell thee where. Look at her,—that is man's doing. You by your betrayal gave the first fatal blow; and society by its pitiless scorn soon completed the work which you commenced. But for society, she might have become as penitent as the Magdalene who washed the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. And but for you, she might never have been the object of society's scorn—but for you she might have become pure and noble as an angel of God. And now standing by her corpse, I tell you that those dumb lips will speak thine accusation, one day; and those blindly staring eyes will meet thine, and then turn from thine to look to heaven for vengeance. And that lifeless form will rise up in judgment to accuse its destroyers; and when God doth make inquisition for blood, the question will not fail to be asked, How came this little one to perish? And alas! for you and me, if we have no better answer to offer than that of the first murderer, "Am I my brother's—my sister's keeper?"

I have no wish to lessen the antipathy with which the pure shrink from vice, as to make them look leniently on the sins of the fallen. It may be, that their exclusion from society is not always the result of improper feeling, but sometimes of that sensitiveness which instinctively recoils from evil, and affords no slight protection to virtue; and so far from weakening it, I am only anxious that it should be discriminatingly and consistently exercised. A hearty hatred of the sin is not inconsistent with pity for the sinner. The

most widely separated from sin, and its most stern reprovcr, was He who came to seek and save the lost, and who not only recognised a son of Abraham in Zaccheus the robber, but a daughter of Eve in the most abandoned of her sex. And if we should imitate his example, who dare charge us with giving countenance to sin?

But we must not for a moment suppose that to a feeling so pure is to be attributed the ruthless treatment of which we complain. We shall believe in society's hatred of sin, when the vicious man is as much shunned as his fallen paramour; not before. O pure Society! O virtuous Society! with what horror ye regard vice, when ye meet with it in the weaker sex! But who is that fashionable dandy, with his lordly and captivating manner, around whom ladies crowd when they meet him in the fashionable party, without whom my lady's ball would want its chief attraction, whose smile is courted and contempt dreaded, whose partner in the dance is envied by all—who is he? Why, a fashionable rake, a seducer of women, the man who first enticed from the path of virtue that young woman whose body yesterday was dragged out of the river; and though society knows his character, she applies to him no worse epithet than that of "gay young man;" while the simpering young ladies, who are dying to be noticed by him, say in a pretty way, which turns the censure into a compliment, and expresses far less of blame than admiration,—“What a naughty man!” How delightfully interesting! to be a “naughty” breaker of hearts—a “gay” destroyer of the happiness of families—a “naughty” murderer of woman's better part—a “gay” fiend let loose from hell to destroy the fairest of God's works! Yes, Society, ye are very virtuous, doubtless! When vice in female garb meets you in the street, with a feeling of pious horror ye pass by on the other side; but your feelings are marvellously changed when she dons male attire, and invites

you to a party, in the form of some wealthy nabob, or member of parliament, or minister of state. Ye are not ashamed to be found under his roof, or hanging on his arm, or enjoying his conversation, though he be both by reputation and appearance no better than a lecherous beast; and you can see in his sensual lip and his filthy eye the indications and the consequences of his lust. But, O Society, we would have you remember that true hatred of sin has no respect for the person of sinners; and though we do not wish you to be on friendly terms with vice in female form, and do not ask you to treat vicious women as now you treat vicious men, we do think that your hatred of the one to be consistent, must be extended in equal, if not larger degree, to the other more detestable villain who has made her what she is.

To make past sin an obstacle to future reformation, in any case, is neither consistent with Christianity, nor becoming in those who, though they have not fallen so low, are not without sin. Those who refuse sympathy to a fallen sister should remember that they are not sinless, and that God's judgment differs from man's. It may be that to crush all sympathy, to live a proud, and selfish, and untruthful life, until the heart becomes seared and shrivelled, is worse in the sight of God, than the sin of that poor outcast; and that the fashionable lady who has studied her own inclination, and lived only for herself, albeit she is so much respected, has incurred a greater amount of guilt, and removed herself further from salvation than the other. It is possible, moreover, that had the last been tried as she has been, their course might not have differed greatly from hers. Could we "trace the lines of circumstance, and inquire why the one stands guarded with such sweet respect, while the other has fallen," we might find not a little to modify our condemnation. Who can tell, fond father, but that your

daughter, "whom the very winds must not visit too roughly," had she been situated like the other, might also have walked "through the streets, a reeling desolation—a painted shame?" Who can tell, happy wife, but that had you been tried as she has been, her lot might have been yours to-day? Who can tell, proud madam, but that you, had you been doomed to toil night and day, at ill-requested labour, might have proved weak as she did in the hour of temptation, and fallen quite as low? You and others have made it a hard thing for her to live honestly, and you ought not by your want of sympathy to prevent her escape from the position to which you have consigned her. If you are hoping for mercy yourself—hoping for heaven, though deserving hell, do not shut the door of heaven against those of whom the worst that can be said is, that they are hell-deserving like you.

Perhaps I ought to apologize for having already spoken so much and so plainly, on so delicate a subject; I will only add, that even those fallen ones are not so utterly fallen as to be irreclaimable. It is said that shameless as they seem, they "never *wholly* lose the sense of shame, or sensitiveness to the opinion of the world. It is pleasing also to find that another of the chief virtues of the female character seems never to become extinct, or even to be materially impaired." Their affection for children, it is said, whether their own or not, is carried to a point surpassing that common to woman; and "their kindness to each other, when sick or destitute, and indeed to all who are in suffering or distress, has attracted the attention and called forth the admiration of all who have been thrown much into contact with them." The following fact speaks volumes:—"A poor girl, after a few years spent in infamy and wretchedness, was rapidly sinking into a decline; but still had no means of livelihood but in the continued practice of her calling. But with a

mixture of kindness and conscience, which may well surprise us under such circumstances, her companions in degradation resolved among themselves that, as they said, at least, she should not be compelled to die in sin, and contributed out of their poor sad earnings, a sufficient sum to enable her to pass her few remaining weeks in comfort and repentance. This is not a trait of the wholly lost." Those who have such feelings are not irreclaimable. And though it is not the part of a Young Men's Christian Association to devise means for their recovery, it is possible that my lecture may be heard or read by some whom it may induce to afford help to this unfortunate class; in which case it will not have been wholly in vain.

IV.

LESSONS RELATING TO RELIGION.

Turning our attention to what the streets teach in reference to our religious condition, we approach a much more pleasing subject, although even this can only be surveyed with mingled emotions. It presents something which we cannot fail to deplore, although there is very much which gives us reason to hope. Were we to pass through the streets in which ecclesiastical edifices are most numerous, especially at the hours when the worshippers are moving to or from their respective houses of prayer, we might—as we noticed the number of sanctuaries in our principal thoroughfares, and the new churches and chapels which have recently been erected in the suburban districts, and the well-dressed, well-conducted thousands who attend them—congratulate ourselves on the religious feeling of the citizens, and expect much from a nation in which Christianity is so revered. And it certainly would be blinding ourselves to a very encouraging part of the lessons of the

streets, did we ignore this prominent and most pleasing feature in our social condition.

To such a course we feel no temptation. While desirous of giving a faithful representation, we would rather (hope being the best incentive to effort) give prominence to the brighter than to the darker side. At the same time we must suggest the possibility of forming a too favourable estimate of these religious phenomena. A religion may become so worldly in spirit as to form an obstacle to the diffusion and cultivation of goodness; while it is so interwoven with national life, as to eat out of it all that is good and true. They were religious men who persecuted the Reformers; religious men have shed the blood of martyrs; religious men crucified the Lord of glory; yea, religious men are constantly doing things at which true religion would blush; and it may be that on inquiry we shall find that in the spirit and character of our religion which will greatly modify the flattering estimate of ourselves which otherwise we might be disposed to form.

Far be it from me to undervalue religious edifices. However false and perverted the feelings in which they may have sometimes originated, and with which they are regarded and used, they are, indirectly at least, a tribute of homage to the Christian faith. And when they answer to their ideal, they are sources of untold blessing. Whatever their actual influence, I can feel some degree of reverence for their lofty purpose. I would not convert them into the shape of ordinary dwellings, thus divesting them of their symbolic form; nor would I strip them of that costliness which shows how, in former ages, men by their munificent offerings gave expression to their high regard for Christ. Even the enormous wealth expended on the cathedrals of Christendom is not altogether waste. No small amount of good might accrue from a temple in a crowded city,

open at every hour, to which rich and poor might repair for devotion ; where, apart from the din of the street, they might spend a few moments in meditation and prayer, and have their devotional feelings excited not only by the solemn grandeur of the scene, but by the memories which surround them. And it may not be out of place for a nation to raise such structures as permanent symbols of her faith—costly as indicating her estimate of the value of religion—imposing and vast, as becomes the purposes which they are designed to serve—that they may stand amid the haunts of men as monuments for God, by which the crowds as they pass to and fro, in eager pursuit of the things which are seen and temporal, may be reminded of the existence, and admonished not to forego the enjoyment, of the things which are unseen and eternal.

But what *might be* is not always an indication of what *is*. If anything may be learned from history—if any lesson is taught by the architecture of great cities, it is that religious edifices and the religious forms observed therein, are no proofs of religious life. I could take you to temples which art has done her utmost to adorn, and wealth to enrich ; over whose marvellous beauty the eye wanders with delight, but whose services, instead of bringing the soul nigh to God, do but obtrude themselves between God and the soul, and give a feeling of security to the sinner by professing to atone for the sin ; while under their shadow are practised the worst pollutions of a people wofully depraved, and all around are scattered the symptoms of national decay. It was but lately I sat in one, of which an eloquent writer says, “Never had city a more glorious Bible. * * The sins of Venice, whether in her palace or her piazza, were done with the Bible at her right hand. The walls on which its testimony was written were separated but by a few inches of marble from those which guarded the secrets of her councils, or confined

the victims of her policy. And when in her last hours she threw off all shame and all restraint, and the great square of the city became filled with the madness of the whole earth, it was done in the face of the house of God, burning with the letters of his law. Mountebank and masquer laughed their laugh and went their way; and a silence has followed them not unforecast; for amidst them all, through century after century of gathering vanity and festering guilt, that white dome of St. Mark's had uttered in the dead ear of Venice, 'Know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.' And now the traveller as he glides through the silent streets, amid the deserted palaces, or treads the well-worn marbles of that city in the sea, and contrasts her history and architectural splendour, especially her magnificent cathedral, with her degraded and vicious population, must be strangely blinded if he cannot read the lesson that religious edifices and religious forms are no guarantee for the religious life of a people, and cannot prevent a nation's overthrow. 'The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands.'"

We must inquire, therefore, into the feelings and spirit which actuate the worshippers, before we venture, from our hundreds of sanctuaries and thousands who attend them, to form an estimate of our national condition. If the religion of many be merely a refined selfishness—the observance of forms by which they hope to purchase happiness in the next world without denying themselves in this; if, before they visit, and after they leave the sanctuary, they neither feel its influence nor recognise its obligations; if, after professing to humble themselves before God, they habitually exhibit their pride in the most offensive manner, together with not a little of the meanness by which pride is frequently accompanied—cringing to those above them while they are tyrannical or contemptuous to those who are

beneath; if, after extolling the Saviour's benevolence, they hoard their wealth, and lavish it on themselves, while they steel their hearts against the cry of the poor and needy; if the *morale* of many of them be so low that they eulogize the sound in creed, while they calumniate the holy in life, and deem their own orthodox belief sufficient to justify or atone for a very crooked practice; if they are such dwarfs intellectually that the pulpit which merely instructs is deserted, while crowds flock around that which chiefly entertains;—if all these things are found on inquiry to distinguish not a few of the church and chapel going population—then must you greatly qualify your estimate of those phenomena which appeared to you such satisfactory evidences of good. It may be that that which pleased you so much is offensive to the Most High—that, because of the sin which is in our hearts, and the wickedness which is in our hands, our incense is an abomination to him—that his soul hateth our appointed feast days—that he cannot away with the calling of assemblies, and that he pronounceth it iniquity even the solemn meeting. That lady whose heart has become woefully contracted through her lifelong selfishness and pride, which even her religion has helped to strengthen, having assumed the form of self-righteousness,—who, rigidly observant of external proprieties, has eschewed sympathy as a weakness, and charity as a supererogation which savours strongly of Rome,—who, on her way to church, gathers her skirts about her, and passes by on the other side, when she meets her fallen sister, lest by contact or even by proximity she should be defiled,—that lady, when she bows before the altar as the choir chants, and the organ peals the anthem, “I will arise and go to my Father,” thanks God that she is not like that wretched woman whom she has passed in the street; and yet it may be that there is more regard in the heart of God for that shivering outcast than for her, and

that the history of the two will furnish another illustration of the truth, that publicans and harlots enter the kingdom of heaven, while pharisees are cast out.

We need to inquire, moreover, into the non-attendants as compared with those who attend the sanctuary. How many there are in streets lying behind those public thoroughfares on whom no Sabbath dawns—to whom the day differs not from others, except as affording greater leisure and greater facilities for wickedness—so that the Devil holds his saturnalia while Christians worship God, and hell secures and multiplies its victims while, by the ministry of the word, the Spirit nurtures men for heaven?—How many public-houses there are for every church?—How many steamers plying on the river?—How many railway excursion trains running?—How many infidel lecturers propagate their pernicious sentiments?—How many emissaries of the devil are constantly at work? And when you find that there are eight or nine public-houses or beer-shops for every church or chapel,—that there are twenty thousand engaged in Sunday trading, and ten hundred thousand who never enter the house of God,—you will see that religion is by no means so prevalent, or so potent, as from the number of our sanctuaries, and the streams of well-dressed people who flow up to them on Sabbath mornings and evenings, you might have been led to suppose.

These things are not mentioned to discourage you, but only to give you an accurate conception of the nature and extent of the work which you have to do. They may rebuke the blindness and lethargy of those who, satisfied with our condition as it is, make no effort for its improvement, but spend their days in self-complacent idleness. But they are not designed to, and they will not, discourage the earnest worker who regards both what is hopeful and what is deplorable in our condition as incentives to effort. They

are drawbacks—serious drawbacks on the most favourable aspects which our streets present; but there remains enough, after all, to excite devout thankfulness for what we are, and to justify the most sanguine expectations as to what we shall yet become. Notwithstanding that recent events have led Popish scribes on the other side of the channel to assume and rejoice over our country's downfall, we see good reason for the conviction that her glory is not yet on the wane—has not yet culminated. Her mission to the nations of the earth has not yet been accomplished. Her latest intelligence must have already convinced those scribes that their rejoicing was premature. We see the staff of her strength, and the pledge of her progress, in that which they deem the source of her weakness. Only let her be faithful to her Protestantism and to her Bible, and it will be a long time yet, if ever, before a traveller from the antipodes, or anywhere else, will “take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul’s.” The race of heroes is not yet exhausted. Delhi and Lucknow—the names which have recently become household words—names, the very mention of which makes our hearts leap with admiration of their heroism—the names of Laurence and Havelock, and Greathed, and Osborn, and Willoughby, and Salkeld, and Home, with a galaxy of others, too numerous to mention, down to the very privates of her army, testify to the skill and courage, ay, and I will add, to the goodness of her sons. For though, in the rush of mad war, the soldier’s passion may sometimes have mastered his cooler judgment, and in some few instances, men may have been recklessly slain, the wonder is not that there should be occasional excesses, but that after the provocations received, the desire for vengeance should have been so well restrained. I see the power of England’s Christianity in the fact that it influences England’s war-

fare. Had not her soldiers felt directly or indirectly the power of her religion, they would not have contrasted so nobly with their heathen foes—they would neither have proved so brave in the hour of battle, nor so merciful in the flush of victory. Oh, with all her faults, I am proud of old England. Not in a spirit of vain boasting, do I say it, but with thankfulness to God, who has made us what we are, notwithstanding much unfaithfulness and many sins—not in a spirit of vain boasting, but with thankfulness to him do I say, that never waved more proudly than at this day that flag which long has braved the battle and the breeze. No, our mission is not yet accomplished. Those sons and daughters of hers who have done so nobly on the plains of Hindostan, have left brothers and sisters at home, whose hearts and limbs have been cast in the same heroic mould; and who, did occasion demand, would act no less nobly. And are they not all around us, even now, displaying, in the battle with social evils, the same heroic qualities; and devoting to the work of social reformation, some the statesman's skill, and many the soldier's courage? We have many faults, but we are trying to mend them, and we *are* mending them. The same religion which has made us what we are—which has raised us to a place among the nations of the earth, which no other nation is now qualified to take, is at work among us still. Those church spires and cathedral domes which tower above our city,—those hundreds of churches and chapels,—though they be not all they seem, are the material monuments of its presence and power. The Christian communities which assemble there are the centres of its transforming and sanctifying and elevating influence. Those benevolent institutions which we count by hundreds, with an aggregate revenue of many hundred thousand pounds, are its immediate fruits; our national enterprise and extended dominion its indirect results.

That noble Bible Society; those Missionary institutions, with their extensive ramifications and vast resources; our Sunday-schools and Young Men's Christian Associations, with numberless others which time fails me to name, are at once the offspring of her influence, the signs of her progress, and the agencies of her future conquests. The efforts made to bring Christian truth into contact with all classes of the people, by means of Ragged Schools, and Domestic Missions, and Educational Unions, and Exeter Hall Working Men's Services, are the symptoms and the results of her revivifying life. The outspoken manner in which she deals with every social evil is not the sign of failure, but an indication of the thoroughness with which she means to accomplish her task—leaving no suffering unmitigated, and no sin untouched. And the altered tone of the public press,—a press which watches shrewdly the signs of the times, and never speaks but on the winning side, is the proof of her power, and the pledge of her triumph. And looking at all these features of England's Christianity, we see reason to anticipate a glorious future for England. There is reason to watch, young men, lest you should be overcome by the pernicious influences which are working around you. There is reason for working—for not without work can evil be destroyed and good diffused. There is reason for prayer; for the evils with which you have to grapple are too strong to be vanquished by the unaided arm of man. But there is also ground for hope. Christianity has not proved a failure. And although its progress has not been so rapid as some might have anticipated, it has been quite as rapid as the analogy of the Divine procedure, and the nature of the work to be done, would have warranted us to expect. The world was rushing rapidly down the steep of night towards endless destruction, when Christianity laid hold of it; and, though it has not at one bound raised it to the place whence it fell, it

has checked its departing momentum; it has caused it to waver in its motion; it has changed its course. And now, under its influence, the world is rising—gradually, and slowly, yet surely rising—rising through the dawning light into the brighter day. And it will continue to rise until it takes its place in the community of holy worlds, to move with them in harmony around the throne of God; while the unfallen sisterhood rejoice that the dead has been made alive—that the fallen one has been restored, and the lost one found. *Then the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him. He who testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*

Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks:"

OR,

GOD IN HIS WORD AND IN HIS WORKS.

A LECTURE

BY

The Very Rev. the DEAN of CARLISLE.

THE following Lecture was spoken extempore, and taken down by reporters. The great object of the Lecturer was to use such simple terms that those of his hearers,—and there were many such—who were unscientific, and wholly unacquainted with his subject, might not only understand him, but might be induced to investigate the subject for themselves, not being deterred by the difficulties of technical terms. The Lecturer is aware that this course has betrayed him into a colloquial style, perhaps too plain and familiar; but his unpretending object was simply to impart useful knowledge to the masses, in which he hopes he may in some measure have succeeded.

HUGH MILLER'S "TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS :"

OR, GOD IN HIS WORD AND IN HIS WORKS.

ONE of the most striking and thrilling incidents in our Indian warfare occurred as follows:—The brave Campbells had released the women and children from their fearful captivity at Lucknow, and had sent them, together with the sick and wounded, on their way to Cawnpore, under a faithful escort of Sikhs: Peel, and his naval brigade, seeing this suspicious-looking band approaching, loaded their guns, lighted their port-fires, and were on the very point of pouring a round of artillery into the midst of them, when, at this critical moment an English face was recognized, and the awful catastrophe was averted.

Now, you must forgive me for saying that the Church of Christ is somewhat in this position, with regard to the great body of scientific men at the present day. The Church sees these men of science approaching, sometimes it may be in questionable shape, and she too readily assumes that because they are men of science they are not men of faith, and therefore must be the enemies of revealed religion; and she is accordingly ready to pour forth her anathemas

upon them, and to condemn them almost unheard. It is my own persuasion, however, from a somewhat large acquaintance with persons who may be ranged on both sides of this great question, that these men of science are not our enemies, but our auxiliaries—that they are many of them piously, others of them unconsciously, and some of them reluctantly, doing a work for the glory of God and the confirmation of his truth—and being persuaded that there is much error, and much misapprehension, and much mistake upon this point among religious people, I have consented to lecture upon these topics this evening; and I may truly say that I have not done this without earnest communication with Him whose is the preparation of the heart, and whose the answer of the lips.

Let me, then, in the first place, make a few observations upon this particular branch of my subject—namely, the hostility which even now exists, to a great extent, between the believers in the Word of God, and the students of the Works of God. This feud is somewhat ancient. It commenced in the mediæval, or dark ages, when the Church of Christ, having thrust itself out of its proper position, and entered upon a ground which it had no right to occupy, decreed that various false views of philosophy and of natural science were true, and were to be received on peril of salvation; and it followed that the first enlighteners of the world respecting the earth we live in and the heavenly bodies around us, were imprisoned for simply saying, that the earth went round the sun, instead of the sun went round the earth. We are all ready to agree in condemning this: and we now see the consequences. The Church, little by little—the Church, I mean, of that day and in its darkest phase—was driven back from one false position to another until at last the result was, that the professors of religion came to look upon the inquirers and investigators of science

as their natural and inveterate enemies: and the professors of science regarded religious people as blind, ignorant believers, who would have respect to nothing but just the written word.

Now this evil exists to a great extent in the present day; and this prejudice, as a prejudice I believe it is, ought to be removed. And I will speak here with great freedom of both parties, having friends, as I have said, on both sides of the question.

First, it may be observed that scientific men have in a measure themselves to blame in this matter—not only because there are undoubtedly amongst them, and ever have been, men who are trying to avail themselves of any physical fact to overturn the evidence of Holy Scripture, but because there are also among them men who profess to be believers in the Word of God, and yet speak unadvisedly with their lips, and who recklessly venture to assert dogmas and establish positions which are enough certainly to terrify any humble believer from the studies which they would recommend. Take, for instance, only one example; and it is a rather remarkable one. There is an Oxford professor who has stated in his publication on “the Unity of Worlds,” that all geological science is in direct opposition to the Word of God. Nay, he goes still further than this, and using a very scientific word,—and sometimes scientific words conceal very evil things—he speaks of the “Mosaic *cosmogony*,” a phrase which means nothing more than the first chapter of Genesis; and he says that the belief in the “Mosaic *cosmogony*,” or the first chapter of Genesis, or in the facts recorded in the first chapter of Genesis, “has died a natural death:” and that any person who has anything like an enlarged knowledge of geology knows that the whole history recorded by Moses is irreconcilable with physical fact. Now, if any one came to me with a science, and told

me at the beginning that his science was in direct hostility to the first chapter in the book on which I pledge my salvation, I should feel much disposed to reject him and his science too. I have further been given to understand, that this professor propounds the doctrine of the progressive creation—creation rising up from inferior animals creators of themselves, till monkeys became men, and so on. If all this be so, one cannot be surprised to find this learned professor presiding on behalf of an anti-sabbatarian movement: having first destroyed Moses' rocks, it is not unnatural that he should wipe out the words that God had written thereon!—But, my friends, let me put this consideration to you:—because, unwise men, or unholy men, or sceptical men, have drawn false doctrine from the written Word of God, would you therefore reject that Word? With equal consistency could you say—'I will not look into or investigate the works of God, and especially the crust of this earth on which I tread, because certain men have discovered something in it which they say is contrary to the Bible.' Commentators err, and philosophers err; but the book on which either of them comment remains true and unchangeable. The works of God in the earth around us, and the words of God in this blessed Book, have one author and one object, and must be and will be proved eternally true, whatever may be the differences of men upon the subject.

Let us, then, assure ourselves that the Christian believer and the profoundest student of natural philosophy may walk hand in hand through God's word and God's world, and find only that which will establish everlasting truth. And before I leave these scientific men, I must say another word in their favour: and remind you that if there be among them sceptical men, if there be among them injudicious or fanciful men, there are also

among them many that are neither the one nor the other. Some of the most ardent students of natural science—poor Hugh Miller himself among the number—have been as devout, and as earnest, and as faithful, and as anxious Christians as any one in this assembly. And still further would I testify, that having enjoyed the advantage of spending one week in the bosom of scientific society, at the meeting of the British Association, when held at Cheltenham, I went from class to class, and from study to study, and I not only never heard a single word dropped from the lips of any of the scientific persons who were there assembled, contrary to religion, but again and again I heard ascriptions of glory and praise to him whose wonderful works they were expounding; and having been myself repeatedly and unexpectedly called to address them on public occasions, I can also affirm that their response to every religious sentiment in connexion with scientific subjects was cordial and deep: in fact, this country owes to the British Association, however much it may have been condemned in some quarters, not only the encouragement of science, and its adaptation to many of the useful works of life, but also the conduct and pursuit of that science upon profoundly religious principles.

But we now turn to consider some of those great facts which God has written upon the earth around us. I walk upon the crust of this world in which God has placed me, and especially in that part of the country where I spent the larger portion of my life—and I could not turn over a piece of stone on the road with my foot—I could not put my hand upon one of the stone-walls which abound there, without perceiving that it was filled with innumerable creatures which once had lived; and I must believe that God, when he upturned the surface of the earth, and revealed to our view the secrets of its deep bosom, and gave

me eyes to see and an understanding to comprehend, intended me to read this Book, to study it, and to see His wisdom and His power, as exhibited therein.

But it is extremely important that we should define what we expect to read in this Book of God. I will not stop to prove that the Book is His—that the earth is His making, and that He has spread it before us for our consideration; but it is important for us to inquire what we may expect to learn from the study of the earth; because if it is a mere amusement, if it is only to pass away a vacant hour, it may be very lawful and very proper, but it does not really become a subject worthy of a grave and religious assembly like this. What, then, I repeat, may we expect to learn in this Book of God's Creation? I will answer in the words of His other Book. St. Paul distinctly declares, that there is enough inscribed upon the rocks, if man would have read it, to make him find out God, if he had not been an apostate from him. He says—"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that the heathen are without excuse." The verse is rendered more simply and more accurately thus: "For His eternal power and Godhead, though they be invisible, yet are seen ever since the world was made, being understood by His works; so that they—" that is, the heathen—"might have no excuse." This is the rendering of it as given by the learned authors of the life of St. Paul, not with any view to the subject before me; but their construing of that verse infers that "the invisible things" of God are "his eternal power and Godhead." Here, then, we have a clear declaration of Scripture. And one more I might refer you to, in the Acts of the Apostles, where St. Paul, reasoning with the enlightened heathens at Athens, declares that there is enough in

creation to discover God to those who had no other revelation, if they would "feel after God, if haply they might find him."

In what respect, then, is God revealed in his works? We do not expect to find salvation there. We do not expect to find there the peculiar revelations which we find in the written word. We do not expect to learn anything of man's moral condition; we do not expect to discover anything about man at all, for these things were all created before man was called into being; and therefore we must only look for that for which God has bid us look, namely, "his eternal power and Godhead;" and I am persuaded that the more we study the everlasting hills, the more we examine and scrutinize the mysteries they contain, the more profound will be our persuasion of the mighty power and wisdom of the God who made them. I can only say for myself, that, when I took up rather hastily the great subject of my lecture to-night, I found that I had imposed upon myself a course of study much wider and deeper than I had anticipated; but I rise from it with this persuasion, that whatever may be the effect upon others, or whatever may be the result upon my audience, I have obtained new, and enlarged, and fuller and more blessed views and expectations of the past and of present, and of that which is to come, than I ever enjoyed before!

But before I give you a brief sketch or general outline of the science of Geology, let me urge you to distinguish between the facts and the science, between the book and its comment. Here is a vast amount of strange, unaccountable facts, of which any man, without any science, may obtain the knowledge for himself. He may take his hammer and his chisel and go and strike into the rock; and he shall have the same answer sent back to him from every part of the world: we speak now for a

few moments of great facts—not of science. For instance, it is fact which cannot be denied, that there are immense masses and thicknesses of rocks of particular kinds, which are found to contain the remains of particular living creatures: some of these are most minute; some are fish, some shell-fish, some swimming-fish, some of the crocodile kind, some of the animal kind. But, as I have said, you will find the same answer given back to you from nature, whenever you question her. Dig, for example, in the old red sandstone, whether it is in England, or in America, or in any other part of the world, wherever that particular formation of rock is thrust up to the surface of the earth; and we can tell you beforehand the living creatures you will find in it. Or go and search into the silurian rocks, as they are called, which are thirty thousand feet thick,—search them where you please, go into what part of the world you like,—(the American Geologist has been exploring in the vast regions in America)—the earth gives back the same answer to the geologist everywhere; you will find the same creatures, and no others. These are facts that you cannot get rid of. Moreover, not only do we discover in the various rocks these different creatures, but we can extract them from the rocks: and though chemistry reveals to us that there is not one single atom of the original creature left—no bone, no muscle, no covering—yet the creature is still so complete, that by cutting it in pieces we can not only ascertain its formation, whether it had lungs, whether it breathed, or whether it saw, but we can actually tell what it eat for its last meal; for in the stomachs of the creatures we take out of the earth we find the fish they had eaten just before they were transfixed into stone. These are facts; and if you have not time and patience to go out, like Hugh Miller, in all weathers, and dig in the different rocks, you citizens of London may

survey them at your leisure in the British Museum. There you may see specimens of every formation, from the very first living thing up to the most perfect formations, distinct one from the other—never intermingled; each a complete creation by itself; and, what is most wonderful, ever arranged in the same order, that is, in layers one above another. You will never find, whenever the strata are upturned to the surface of the earth, one of these layers out of its place; each layer, each flat in this many-storied house, has its own peculiar inhabitants, who, contrary to the false theory of development, sprung from the Creator's hand a complete creation, which lived, flourished, died, and was buried before another creation was called into existence. These are facts. This is not science; it is the book which science reads, and these are the materials which science defines and classifies. I must not, however, detain you by multiplying geological facts. I will give you only one example. Take a piece of chalk one inch square, a solid cubic inch of chalk, and with a microscope you will discover no less than ten millions of living creatures in that fragment of rock. These are facts. They are, with reverence be it spoken, God's facts, not man's; and I entreat Christian people to remember this. They may say, "It is all nothing but the perishable earth, and we will not study it;" but there it is, peopled with millions upon millions of inhabitants, and creatures of the most extraordinary formation; so that the wildest conceptions of the middle ages about flying dragons, and misshapen demons, are surpassed by the creatures which are now being disinterred from the bowels of the earth. There must be something in this. It must, at all events, be a subject worthy of investigation, and not heedlessly to be cast aside by any man who really believes that this is the handiwork of God, and created for some great reason and object

One more general observation, before I briefly exhibit the formations into which these various rocks are divided. It is this: that each one of these succeeding creations and destructions is an advance in the wonderful resources of creation; that is to say, that in the lower rocks we find the first and meanest developments of animal life, creatures half-vegetable and half-animal, that then, immediately above them, you have a layer of the next order of creation, a shell-fish for instance, and so on, one above the other, each creation an entirely new creation possessing faculties and powers and contrivances, mechanical and animal, totally unknown before, until you come to the highest order of all, and arrive at man himself.

These being the facts we have to deal with, let me show you next how geologists deal with them. I shall first glance rapidly at the geological facts, as they are classified by geologists, and then I shall place them beside the successive facts recorded in the book of Genesis, and see whether there is, or is not, a parallelism between them.

But you may ask, "How do you ascertain these things?" I am doubtless speaking to many to-night, to whom this subject is entirely new, and I will promise therefore not to use a hard word, or if I do I will construe it; for indeed the chief difficulty in geology is the hard words that our scientific men have coined; with some little remembrance of my Greek, I am obliged occasionally to go to a dictionary to find out the meaning: how much more those who have had only an English education. I shall, however, avoid such words as much as I can, and keep to observable facts. You may naturally ask then, first of all, "How do you know all about these layers of the earth? because if I stumble over the surface of the ground, I first find a stone with nothing in it, and I then find a stone with something in it, and so on; how am I to know about them?" Now

you must bear with me if I do not prove all things, but assume a good deal; and I think we may assume that all the strata of the earth were once level, and that if they had remained so, we never could have known what was beneath us; but it pleased God, in the wonderful formation of the crust of this earth, as we believe by some mighty volcanic action, to throw to the surface the under and original rocks, and force them up into mountains, so that our hills and mountains for the most part are formed of granite and other primitive rocks, in which there is no living thing, and which ascend from the very foundation of the earth, and thrusting themselves up in this way, have thrown off layers of rock to the right and to the left, and laid them out to our gaze just like the backs of books on a bookshelf. This is certainly a wonderful fact, and though you may question whether it has been accomplished in this manner, most undoubtedly all who have visited mountain regions may satisfy themselves of the truth of it,—that the mountains themselves consist of this original rock, destitute of all appearance of animated nature, and that around them are thrown back the superincumbent layers, so that we are able to perceive their contents, and even to measure their thickness. We are able to say therefore with almost certainty, from many measurements in different parts of the world, that these layers of which I am about to speak, and in which alone living creatures are found, are altogether fifteen miles thick. We have even ventured to calculate the thickness of the entire crust of the earth, and Humboldt arrives at it in a remarkable way, which may satisfy some reflecting minds. It is now admitted by all parties that the centre of the earth is living fire, and that as you dig into the crust, you arrive sensibly at hotter and hotter temperature, so that in some of our lower mines, our miners cannot work on account

of the natural heat of the earth. Now, if we discover, as far as we can go, that there is an arithmetical progression in heat according to the depth we descend, we can calculate to a nicety the depth where we shall arrive at a heat in which the granite rocks themselves would be in a fluid state by fire; and it is by that calculation, that the thickness of the primitive rocks, which cannot otherwise be measured, is ascertained; and they are so estimated to be twenty-two miles in thickness. This, you observe, is a deduction of science. The rocks, however, of which I am about to speak, are not the deductions of science, but just the result of looking with your eyes and feeling with your hands.

We come, then, now to relate to you the classification which scientific men have made of these successive layers of rocks, and the reasons why they have classified them.

First of all, immediately above the granite there is a very dull sort of rock, 26,000 feet in thickness. In this, which is evidently a deposit upon the granite, there are very few, if any, living things, except in the upper part of it; and I beg you to observe this extraordinary fact, with regard to the few living things in this flat of the house, and those which immediately succeed them in the commencement of the next flat, that they are all destitute of sight and hearing. The organs of sight are not introduced until you ascend 15,000 feet higher. A fact of singular interest and importance. I repeat, then, that all the earliest formations of life, which are of the lowest order, such as a sort of sea-snail, first without shell, afterwards with shell, until you arrive some way up the Silurian, which is the next thickness, are totally destitute of the organs of sight, and were manifestly creatures made to live in the dark.

The next formation is the Silurian, which is 30,000 feet thick. Here animated life once existed in most wonderful

fecundity and exuberance. You will readily believe this, when I tell you that we have already disentombed from the earth and classified one hundred species of creatures, not higher than those of the crab-kind (I use unlearned words, you observe), who then lived and died, and have now no existence upon the face of the earth, or anything like them. Still, there were no fish—no swimming fish—no fish with vertebræ—that is, with back-bones formed like those of the fish of our own day, or like the human back. Up to this period, then—first 26,000 feet, and then 30,000 feet—it is manifest that the globe was covered with water, and that all creation, whatever there was, was of a marine kind, and lived below the seas. This also may be important, when you come to compare these facts with the Mosaic History.

We then arrive at Hugh Miller's favourite flat, in which he lived so much—the old red sandstone, and a very interesting flat in the house is this; and the people that lived in it were very curious creatures. They seem to have been fish indeed, and to have had backs with vertebræ; but they had not scales, like our fishes, but instead, an enormously strong coat of armour, from which it was suggested that they were fish intended to swim in hot water. This interesting formation of the old red sandstone, though so teeming with animal life, is only 9,000 feet thick. There is a variation of thickness in the different layers discovered in different places; but the variation is not sufficient to make it important in such vast measurements.

We now come to the most remarkable of our geological formations, that which is called the coal measures—the whole of the immense subterranean platform which was once a superabundant and luxuriant vegetation, but has now been turned into coal and iron, for the use and the convenience of man. This, again, we shall find exactly coinciding with the order of creation in Moses. It is called

the Floral age; not that it appears to have had any very beautiful flowers; they were chiefly succulent plants, but of a very peculiar character. They were principally ferns. Now, there do not exist in our own country, at the present time, more than thirty or forty different kinds of ferns; but we have disinterred from the coal-measures and classified a hundred and thirty different kinds—beautiful plants, stamped clearly and exquisitely on the black rocks on which God has written them. But though the ferns were of gigantic height, as high as our fir-trees now, and the reeds and rushes of equally wonderful size, yet they were all of a soft pulpy character, and are squeezed down perfectly flat upon the rock; not like trees which had been entombed in later formations, whose form marks their thickness and their growth. These plants prove by their structure that they must have grown without sun, in a wet, hot, steamy atmosphere, such as could be produced in a shaded hothouse. This is a remarkable feature in that formation. But the quantity is still more surprising. It has been ascertained that in America alone, if all the vast and boundless forests that now grow upon the surface of that country could be collected and converted into charcoal, they would be as nothing in comparison with the vast subterranean stores that are buried in the earth below them, which would afford fuel for man, if the earth lasted twenty thousands of years. These again are facts; we are classifying them scientifically, but the facts remain the same—they are not less startling. Again, it is singular that we find very few living things in this great flora, and only such as could have lived in that hot steamy atmosphere. The former creations have nearly disappeared, and only a few reptiles of the frog species are discovered in the coal measures. Some curious creatures have recently been brought to light, I believe; but all are of the same character. These coal

measures, though so widely extended over different parts of the earth, are generally only ten thousand feet thick.

We come now to the last series of the first class; that is, the Permean, as it is called, immediately above the coal. Where it should be noticed, that although in some cases we miss one of these strata, which has disappeared, or has not reached that part of the earth which is exposed to view, there is not a single instance of the alteration of the order of the series. The permean, for instance, is never found beneath the coal, nor is there any other disturbance of order. Now, this permean formation only two thousand feet thick, was the beginning of the reptile age; for the first time creeping things appear, and also the tracks of great birds. The birds themselves have never been found entire; whether it is from the perishable nature of the bones of birds, or not, we cannot tell; but the marks of their feet are as plainly stamped on the rocks as a foot-mark on our soft clay, and their strides can be marked and measured with as much nicety: and, as one of our authors says, these impressions prove their existence with as much certainty as the foot-marks which so excited and alarmed Robinson Crusoe, proved to him the presence of a human being.

We now hasten to the second great formation, which is one of much interest. It comprises what is called the Oolite, or the egg-bearing system, and the chalk. The part of the country with which I was first geologically familiar, and where my attention was first directed to this interesting subject—the hills about Cheltenham, and the adjacent range, extending down to Lyme in Dorsetshire—are all of the oolite formation; and so is the valley of Lias that lies beneath. Here, indeed, wonders open upon us: we pass immediately from those inferior beings of which we have spoken to what we call the reptile age; but they were reptiles of the most gigantic and extraordinary kind. For

instance, many frogs have been disintombed—animals in the shape of the frog, and the structure of the frog, and the constitution of the frog, but as large as a good-sized sheep. Now, any one who has travelled abroad knows how exceedingly inconvenient the croaking of the frogs is in the marshes near which we are sometimes obliged to sleep, or rather, to lie awake, on account of them. But what would have been the croaking of a family of frogs of this description? They would have been insupportable. We also find in this formation what are called the Saurians. These were of three kinds. There was the terrestrial, or land saurian—a gigantic animal far larger than any that now exists on the earth; there was the ichthyosaurus, or the fishy monster; there was the winged saurian, which when exhumed and examined appears to be something like a bat—a creature that both walked and flew, but of most gigantic and fearful proportions. These creatures are found in this formation, which is 2,500 feet thick. Of the chalk formation I will say little; it is a minor one, only 1,100 feet thick. It seems to have been cast up from the bottom of the ocean, and is composed entirely of organic matter; that is, of matter which was once living creatures. Patient examination, aided by chemistry, the very sister of geology, has brought to light a singular transformation. It was mentioned at the British Association at Cheltenham: it was proved that all the beautiful flint which runs through the chalk was once sponge, growing at the bottom of the sea; and it was exhibited in its various stages, as a matter of ocular demonstration. It was somewhat humourously observed at one of the friendly meetings of the Association, in allusion to this discovery, that persons might now wash themselves with a flint, and strike a light with a sponge.

We now come, however, to the last or uppermost classification, which is called the Tertian; and here again we enter

on fresh wonders. This is the commencement of the creation of animals. Up to this period they have all been oviparous—that is, born or generated by eggs—but now we advance another great step in creation, and come to the mammalia, as it is termed—that is, to animals who are generated and produced as our animals are now. And here a new creation is developed, monsters of enormous dimensions, but most carefully disinterred, are exhibited to our view. Remarkable specimens of these are to be seen in the British Museum; and I hope that some of my young friends, who have heard or who may read this lecture, will go and prove my statement by a studious walk through that long geological room in that noble institution—a study most interesting alike to the devout Christian and to the natural philosopher.

In this last formation animals approaching in form to those which now exist upon the earth are found; and above this a thin crust of soil, in which there are no living creatures, but which was the soft carpet on which it pleased God to place man, when he created him in the abode of innocence, and caused a newly furnished surface to burst forth for his support and for his consolation. Thus we rise to man himself. Man is immediately connected, as a material being, with the animal world; a humbling but a magnificent conception, when followed out to its legitimate extent. We know that he came from the dust of the earth, and that in the structure of his body he clearly belongs to the class of animals; but God breathed into his body a soul, an immortal, thinking, intelligent, spirit, and so has connected him by a mysterious link with Himself. This is a short and imperfect sketch of geological theory, to which I invite your calm and careful consideration. The facts cannot be questioned—though the deductions may be; the inferences are open to the consideration of all.

And now in turning to the written book of God, we say, "Surely, if these things are so, we shall find some trace of them in that book which professes to be a revelation not only of the creation of man himself, but of the world he lives in." And here we must bear in mind the special object of the written word of God. To apostrophise the supremacy of that word to you would on this occasion be a work of supererogation. I do not need to have it confirmed to myself, and I should feel it an insult to this assembly to suppose for a moment that there were any here to-night who do not acknowledge the profound authority, supremacy, integrity and inspiration of the entire word of God. Along with the most earnest worshippers of the truth of God would I declare, that any scheme, any system, any science, which in the conviction of my judgment was opposed to the word of God, I would at once denounce. But let us here pause for a moment, and remember the special object of that revelation. There are some persons who think that the Bible was not intended to reveal to us physical facts. I cannot agree with that proposition, because the first two chapters of Genesis are a distinct revelation of physical fact. The creation of man out of the dust is a physical fact, and every step and every circumstance recorded in that first chapter of Genesis is a great physical fact. Therefore I must believe, that though in its subsequent pages the language of Scripture is the language of the age in which it was written, and it was evidently not the purpose of God to throw any fresh light upon the science of nature, yet that at the opening of that book there is a manifest intention to reveal to us some knowledge, at least, of the earth on which we live.

Allow me, then, to put the argument in this way; a mode of reasoning which may commend itself to some minds. Suppose that the Divine Being, who made all these things,

and who purposed to reveal himself spiritually, morally and intellectually to man, determined to make known to him as much of the history of his own existence, and of the creation of the world he lives in, as should satisfy a non-investigating and unscientific age; a narrative which should be far more probable in its bare and simple reading, than any of the strange devices of the heathen, or any fabulous story of creation: that it was furthermore in the divine purpose, that an age should arrive when men should “go to and fro, and knowledge should increase”—when he intended to give enlarged knowledge to man, to increase his intellectual powers, to tax his invention, to make vast discoveries to him of physical facts: and that the Divine Author should so write that early story, that while it should satisfy the purpose for which it was written for four thousand years,—yet that when that flood of science had burst upon the world, and made known the secrets of nature, it should be capable of unexpected assimilation and conformity with these new discoveries: suppose this, I say, to be the purpose of God,—and that writing might be the book of Genesis itself! I wish not to dogmatise, because in deep things of this kind, whether in the things of science or in the deeper things of God, it becomes us to speak with profound humility; still it appears to me that the parallelism produced by Hugh Miller, and that still more strikingly produced by Dominick M'Causland, Esq., in his “Sermons on Stones,” present to us such a singular agreement, that it is hard to conceive that it can be otherwise than the true one.

Turning then to the book of Genesis we observe that the Divine Author professes to give us two things; first, the order of creation, and secondly, the time occupied in creation. This will be generally admitted.

Let us confine ourselves first, to the order of creation. Now, would it not be very extraordinary if we could dis-

cover by accurately following the very words of Moses, without wresting them in any way by translations, or by any other process, that between the system of geologists,—some of them sceptics, many of them totally indifferent to Moses, and disregarding the written word of God,—an exact parallelism should exist with his history? Surely a corroboration of the Divine authority and inspiration of this book would be thus afforded, such as we never had before. It is my deliberate conviction, that ultimately, the wonders of the earth beneath no less than the wonders of the heavens above, will yield us an amount of evidence for the truth and inspiration of the revealed word of God, new, forcible, and convincing, and well calculated to overthrow all the speculations of infidels. At the great missionary meeting of this morning, it was proved that the teachings of true science necessarily overthrew all the absurdities of heathen mythology, which is based upon false science and false philosophy; so I think the stripping off of the surface of the earth, and laying bare its wonders, will give us a view of God's purpose in the creation of man, and a presumptive argument even for his redemption and final glorification, corroborative of the truth of Holy Scripture; so that instead of Geology being our enemy, it will be found to be our friend, affording us fresh evidences of the fidelity of God, who has written the Holy Scriptures for our salvation.

Some scientific persons have discovered flaws in Hugh Miller's system, and think that he has not got over the difficulty, that there existed a vast multitude of created beings, though very inferior in their kind, before the commencement of his geological scale. While considering this objection, a little book, the "Sermons on Stones," was unexpectedly thrown in my way, where I found Hugh Miller's idea expanded and enlarged. The author directs our attention to a fact recorded in the Book of Genesis, which, if it be rightly

interpreted, removes the difficulty to which I have referred. Geology and the Bible both prove that in the beginning God created all things. They both prove that a state of what we call chaos followed. The particular form of this chaos I will not now enter into; but it is similarly described by geologists and by Moses. But what then? Geology shows us that there existed a multitude of living creatures of an inferior order at a time anterior to that in which the other parts of creation were called into being; but all these were fishy, all without eyes, without hearing, and all formed to live at the bottom of the sea, and in the dark. Now it is said, "The Spirit of God *moved* upon the face of the waters." The whole earth was covered with water, and "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." What does that mean? Mr. M'Causland asks—I confess I never saw a satisfactory interpretation of this expression offered till now. What is the import of the word itself? It is a Hebrew word denoting *incubation*—the Creator Spirit hovering as a bird, brooding over the face of the waters—calling into life the first animals that existed! If this view be correct, what honour is reflected here upon God the Holy Ghost! showing that he was not only present in his Divine power, hovering over this waste of waters, but present there as Creator, calling into being the ten thousand times ten thousand and millions of inferior creatures which we find now imbedded in the lowest order of rocks, and which were always hidden under the waters. But let us read a brief passage from Mr. M'Causland himself; as I think you will now be fully prepared to enter into it. He here sums up the evidence on both sides—the evidence of Geology, which I have laid before you, and the evidence of Scripture. At present I do not touch upon the question of the days; I am only speaking of the order of time; because if it should appear that there is an accurate agreement in the order and

succession of creation, the time it might occupy would cause very little difficulty.

"From Scripture we learn, that 'in the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth, and that the Earth was without form and void (invisible and unfurnished), and darkness was upon the face of the deep.' From Geology we know, that there was a period in the ceaseless flow of time, when the Earth, which is now clothed with verdure and throbs with animated nature, was a watery waste, devoid of physical life, and enveloped with muddy vapours which shut out the rays of light from its surface.

"From Scripture we learn, that while darkness was yet on the face of the deep, the creative Spirit of God brooded on the waters, and life preceded light. By Geology we are taught, that the Spirit of the Creator terminated the lifeless state of our planet in the next succeeding period of time, by pouring submarine life into the expanse of the primeval ocean; and that the earliest created specimens of physical life"—here follow creatures with hard names, which I will not read to you; but their peculiarity was, "that they were devoid of organs adapted to the perception of light; thus leading to the conclusion, that, according to the Mosaic narrative, light did not dawn upon the globe when life first stirred in the waters." Remarkable coincidence, to say the least!

"From Scripture we learn, that on the second day the Atmosphere was formed, and that a canopy of clouds was suspended above the firmament, veiling the heavenly host of Sun, Moon, and Stars, from the face of the Globe; that afterwards, on the third day, dry land and land vegetation appeared; and finally, on the fourth day, the canopy of clouds being dissolved, the heavenly bodies were for the first time disclosed, to be from thenceforth 'for signs and for seasons, and for days, and for years.' From Geology

we know, that at the close of the Silurian submarine creation vast mountains were upheaved by volcanic forces from the deep, and land vegetation made its first appearance, attesting the previous existence of an atmosphere; and from the same source, disclosing to us the mineral contents of the great coal measures, we know that the nature, quantity, and quality of the vegetation which then sprang up, were such as demonstrate the growth to have taken place under circumstances indicative of *long-continued shade*, which must at last have been dispelled by the dispersion of the superincumbent clouds, and the admission of the direct rays of the Sun to the Earth's surface. Thus, both of our Records concur in testifying that the order of Creation was—a clouded atmosphere, dry land and its vegetation, succeeded by the direct and unimpeded radiance of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.

“From Scripture we learn, that the next display of creative power was an abundance of great sea-monsters”—(Now it is remarkable, that in the margin of your Bibles the word translated “whales” is “sea-monsters.” I believe there is no Hebrew word for a whale; probably they were not acquainted with that animal)—“great sea-monsters, terrestrial reptiles, and winged creatures; and Geology exposes to our view, in the next succeeding strata, the organic remains of the then existing tenants of the ocean, the land, and the air; and we behold profuse swarms of the gigantic Saurians which peopled the earth in ‘the age of Reptiles’—Elaniosauria, tyrants of the deep; Dinosauria, tenants of the land; and Pterodactyles and feathered birds, the flying of wing through the firmament above the earth.

“From Scripture we learn, that the next step was the creation of cattle and creeping things, and beasts of the Earth (the Mammalia). From Geology we know, that the race of quadruped Mammals did not come into existence

until after the age of Reptiles; that the Saurian monsters, with the other oviparous Reptiles and Birds, had been tenants of our globe for ages before we find the traces of a quadruped Mammal.

"Lastly, from Scripture we learn, that the closing and completing work of the Creation was Man; and Geology triumphantly confirms the revealed fact, that submarine animals, land vegetation, Reptiles, Birds, and quadruped Mammals, were all of them in existence, successively and collectively, ages before the first of the human race.

"Thus the Record of Moses and Nature's Record are found to be consistent in every particular; and, so far from exhibiting contradictions, or even discrepancies, they sound the same note, and harmonise in every line of their wondrous hymn of glory and praise to the great Creator and Lord of all." *

But then it may be said, "How of the days? If the order of succession is correct, how do you meet the difficulty of the days?" There is a great alarm in the minds of some Christian people, lest we should be trifling with the word of God, by asserting at once that these days were periods of very great length. Yet there is a large class of pious students of the word of God, who feel no difficulty on such a point. Our prophetic interpreters cannot object to a long day, for they make days into years, and very long years too: and there is no doubt whatever, that in the prophetic Scriptures we have days for years, and years for ages; and it is a fact worthy of notice, that the selfsame word is used in a wider sense in the second chapter of Genesis, where it is said, "In the same DAY on which God created the heavens and the earth." So that, at all events, that day comprises six days. It is also important to observe, that long before the science of geology was pursued, or the crust of the

earth explored, there were eminent writers on both sides of this question; Josephus, and other Jewish authors, and some early Christian commentators, from other considerations than those which are before us now, have interpreted these days as periods of very great length; and to me it appears after no little research and thought, that if these days should prove to be thousands of years, there is nothing contrary to such a view in the written word of God.

I exceedingly regret that our friend Hugh Miller has, under this head, in a splendid chapter in which he treats on this subject, indulged in some very mythical imaginations. Beautiful and poetical as his writing is, I am sorry he has thrown so poetic a mantle over a grand argument as at once to create an obstacle in practical and unimaginative minds. Here I may mention an anecdote which my friend Professor Sedgwick told me about Wordsworth the poet. The professor was staying with Wordsworth, pursuing his geological studies, and he could not persuade the poet to be at all interested in geology. At last he induced him to go and explore with him, and after showing him various things, and explaining them to him, Wordsworth said, "O professor, I begin to like your geological pursuits very much: there is so much *imagination* in them." This was not quite the sort of compliment the professor wished to receive, but he was willing to have him as a disciple on any terms. So I will venture to say, that while there is no science which has at its foundation such stupendous and indestructible facts, there is no subject so suggestive of magnificent and splendid imaginations.

Sufficient, however, to say, without entering further into the argument in favour of this division of time, that after reading the two records together, this seems to be the best way of reconciling them; and that not only are they in this way reconciled but that when thus placed side

by side their conformity is like a union of the nicest piece of manufacture. Considering the obscurity of the subject, the antiquity of the inscriptions, the difficulty of deciphering them, and the limit of our experience, I am only amazed that in the fifty years, or little more, in which this science has been studied, we should have disentombed from the earth such a splendid theory, so corroborative of the theory of Holy Scripture.

But, if any of you have studied this beautiful book of Hugh Miller, his "Testimony of the Rocks," you have not overlooked the climax of his argument. I must confess that I was myself at first much prejudiced against it. About a year ago, when I was staying at Edinburgh, with Professor Balfour, a devoutly Christian philosopher, this volume was put into my hands; and when the Professor told me that the writer altered or gave a new interpretation to Moses' days, I said, "Then I shall have nothing to do with him;" but, at length I was brought to the conviction, that to believe this, was not simply an innocent and harmless speculation, but a truth destined to suggest new evidences on the subject of revelation. I was, indeed, startled when I came to one observation of Hugh Miller upon this part of the chapter; just as you are startled, if in one of your most familiar walks you suddenly discover an object which you have passed a hundred times, and never have noticed before. The observation was this: That while we find recorded, at the end of each of these "days," be they what they may, that "the evening and the morning were the first day," and "the evening and the morning were the second day," and so on to the sixth, it is added that "God rested upon the seventh day," but it is not said, "and the evening and the morning were the seventh day." What is the natural conclusion, but that that "day" is not yet ended—that that "day" still continues? And hence the sublime suggestion of Hugh

Miller, which I believe to be quite original, and one which will commend itself to many a Christian heart, viz.: that God, having made man, rested on the seventh day from His material creation, and that this is now God's Sabbath-day, in which He is carrying on the redemption of man, the transformation of man, the salvation of man, and eventually, the glorification of man. The several creations rise sublimely one above another; and now man, superior to all those that have gone before, though fallen more deeply than any of them, and defiled with sin, is being created anew! How? By the advent of God taking the nature of man: and then, both geological analogy, and the direct testimony of Scripture, lead us to look forward to another and final creation—a new heaven and a new earth, wherein God will take man in to himself; and saved and glorified man will live with Him for ever and ever. Let Miller give this in his own beautiful language: “The dynasty of the future is to have glorified man for its inhabitant; but it is to be the dynasty—‘the *kingdom*’—not of glorified man made in the image of God, but of God himself in the form of man. In the doctrine of the two conjoined natures, human and Divine, and in the farther doctrine that the terminal dynasty is to be peculiarly the dynasty of HIM in whom the natures are united, we find that required progression beyond which progress cannot go. We find the point of elevation never to be exceeded meetly coincident with the final period never to be terminated,—the infinite in height harmoniously associated with the eternal in duration. Creation and the Creator meet at one point, and in one person. The long ascending line from dead matter to man has been a progress Godwards,—not an asymptotical* progress, but destined from the beginning to furnish a point of union; and occupying that point as true

* Parallel.

God and true man,—as Creator and created,—we recognise the adorable Monarch of all the future!" A fine statement of spiritual truth, rising out of matter into mind, out of mind into spirit, and out of man into God; setting forth the divinity and the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and filling us with conceptions of the resurrection and the world to come, which suggest to the mind imaginations which I hope are neither dangerous, rash, nor unholy.

And now a word or two about Hugh Miller himself. It has been often said, that this is an age of hero-worship; and, perhaps, a little too much has been made of our friend Hugh Miller; though no one is prepared to admire his works, or to give them their just meed of praise, more cordially than myself. But if you have read all his books, from his very interesting work, his "Schools and Schoolmasters," down to his last,—this greatest effort of his genius,—which just strained the finely-strung fibres of his mind a little too far, and they burst in insanity,—if you have followed him, as I have done, you will I think agree with me that he teaches lessons, practical lessons, to our working classes, our mechanics, and our young men, which have not yet been prominently set forth. He has been held up and almost deified as an instance of a working man raising himself to distinction in the scientific world, and to a high position in society, and it is well; but we learn from his "Schools and Schoolmasters" that he was a very idle boy—that to a great degree he wasted his boyhood, and that his mind lay fallow for a long time; and that afterwards, in the intervals of hard work, he devoted himself entirely to the study of English literature; which accounts for the great purity of his style. But while all this is very interesting, and is a remarkable instance of self-instruction and indomitable toil, I think if Hugh Miller had been a more studious boy and had been better taught under a good master, he

would have been a better and clearer reasoner. For example, I think you will find that this little book of M'Causland's brings the same matter before you in a smaller space and more logically than the beautiful ornate pages that lie before you in Hugh Miller. Let, then, our young friends learn from this not to despise early education; for although the genius and talent of Hugh Miller surmounted all his difficulties, let it not be thought that idleness in boyhood, or want of education, will fit us to be Editors of the *Witness* newspaper, or leaders and teachers in geology.

With regard to the deplorable termination of his life, from all that can be ascertained, it appears to have been the consequence of a mind wrought beyond its strength. So long as he was kept to mechanical labour for twelve hours a-day, he did well; but when he was taken away from manual labour, and devoted exclusively to pursuits of an intellectual character, his previous education had not prepared him for it, and the structure of his mind broke down under it. It was a melancholy end; and though we can have no doubt of his insanity, or that that advocate of truth, and that man of consistent walking in every respect, is now at peace, in the bosom of his God; yet, I think, if we may venture to think at all on such a subject, that God permitted this frightful act just to save us from hero-worship, from putting man, his talents, his genius, and his wisdom in the place of God. It is an event calculated to awaken profound humility; inculcating a practical lesson, as to the importance of well-regulated and proportioned studies; while his whole life affords a thrilling instance of the great results of superior talent.

In conclusion I observe, that I have placed before you this night two books, both of them alike written with the finger of God. The hand that wrote the Bible is the hand that made the world, and inscribed all its wonders upon it;

and that same God exhibits these two books for our edification, our instruction, and our improvement in our probationary state here below. Yet the two books must be read in a different way, and studied by a different process. The book of nature can be explored only by the aid of natural science—its secrets can be discovered only by patient investigation and actual experiment. It must be approached with care, with hesitation, even with suspicion, avoiding all hasty conclusions; not because we have any doubt of the wisdom of the Divine Artificer, but of the feebleness of our own organs and powers of discernment; ever exercising a holy fear lest we should come to some unhealthy or erroneous conclusion contrary to the Bible, *that* blessed Book which was written by God himself, for the express purpose of leading us through earth to heaven. That book must not be read as the other may be: it must be read, not scientifically, not in the spirit of the searching scholar, or in the strength and pride of human reason, but with the deepest and most profound humility, with a child-like spirit, casting ourselves on the divine teaching of the Lord the Spirit, and believing that all who search and study that book with earnest prayer, shall be guided into all truth, and shall find that which shall give abiding peace and comfort in this world, and glory in the world to come. But, we will not cast away the former book. We will not forget that God himself in his written book points us continually to his great creation, to learn his wonderful works. There it is declared, that "the heavens are telling the glory of God;" that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein:" and that even as science suggests,—*"He hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods."* It seems as if there were sometimes in the Bible a sudden gleam of light which flashes upon the inspired mind, directing it unconsciously to write

that which, though then a mystery, should in after times be understood. Why should it not be so with physical things? We know it was so with spiritual. We know that prophets sometimes wrote that which they could not understand, though they wished to do so: they longed to discover it; but it was hid from them to be revealed to us. And so, there may be gleams of scientific light scattered through these sacred pages which for ages remained obscure, but which in these last days may become intelligible and plain. Well may we exclaim with the pious Psalmist: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world." How better can I conclude a lecture like this, wherein I have endeavoured to lead you through the works of God up to the glory of God, than in that magnificent portion of Scripture, the 148th Psalm.

"PRAISE YE THE LORD. Praise ye the LORD from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Let them praise the name of the LORD: for he commanded, and they were created. He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass. Praise the LORD from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps: fire, and hail; snow, and vapours; stormy wind fulfilling his word: mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars: beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl: kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth: both young men, and maidens; old

men, and children : let them praise the name of the LORD : for his name alone is excellent ; his glory is above the earth and heaven. He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints ; even of the children of Israel, a people near unto him. PRAISE YE THE LORD."

The Church;

ITS INFLUENCE, DUTIES, AND HOPES IN THIS AGE

A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. SAMUEL COLEY.

THE CHURCH;

ITS INFLUENCE, DUTIES, AND HOPES IN THIS AGE.

PERHAPS nowhere has the course of the Church been more eventful than in our own country during the last three centuries. The history of these bygone times cannot be written either fairly or completely in any register of merely political action and change. A calm review of historic fact will show that the perils, deliverances, and progressions of our nation have invariably been parallel with similar aspects of the course of its faith.

The assertion and achievement of our world-famed liberties,—the increase of our weight and influence among the peoples,—the growth of our trade and commercial greatness,—the development of our national resources,—the diminution of our social grievances,—the progress of beneficent institutions,—the advance of popular education,—the absence of the murderous fury of revolution,—the tranquil settlement of public questions,—and the comparatively elevated moral tone of English society and opinion,—have arisen in this land mainly from its religion, and have occurred in chronological coincidence with the greater prevalence of Christian truth.

The influence of the Church on the present can only be

seen by a review of the deeds of the Church in the past. We may not carry you back too far, lest we incur a rebuke similar to that which a certain barrister, well known for his habit of dragging the court into antiquarian researches, once received from a Scottish judge:—"Ye needna gang back till the Paradise; suppose ye began somewhere aboot the time of Noah's flood, it might be satisfactory."

We choose for our startpoint the sixteenth century. That was an age remarkable for the marvellous increase of godliness, and the obvious advancement of human weal which took place within it. At that period the light of liberty, religion, and truth, seemed to shine over Europe with a radiance at once widespread and irresistible. The day that then broke over the nations was one of the brightest and most auspicious that ever dawned upon men. From whatever point of view you contemplate that epoch, whether you have regard to matters political, ecclesiastical, philosophical, or literary, you will find it to be the most pregnant of all the centuries. It was an era of great men and of great things: but, of all the varied, multitudinous and important events of that age, the religious revolution was the greatest of all. That was the central, dominant, all-controlling fact of the time. Wherever the Reformation penetrated its invariable results were an efflux of thought, an emancipation of the understanding, and a prodigious advancement of activity and liberty. There is abundant evidence both in the form of proof and counterproof that these things were the offspring of the newborn Protestantism;—that they were results and not mere coincidences. Where Protestantism reached they followed: where, as in Italy, Spain, and some other countries, it either never entered, or was stifled in its birth,—there the fetters and darkness and apathy still remain. Nor were these blessed effects largely limited by circumstances, or dependant upon the presence and aid of

any particular form of earthly polity. They alike occurred under the feudal despotisms of Germany, the absolute monarchy of Denmark, the republican institutes of Holland, and the constitutional monarchy of England.

The economical advantage of the Reformation to England is incalculable. It set us free from all manner of Romish mulcts and charges. It unclenched the thievish grip with which so called "spiritual men," had managed to clutch nearly all the temporals of the kingdom. It dismissed the nuns to their proper places in the homes of the land. It dispersed the army of cowed caterpillars, and closed the monastic beggar and pauper manufactories. By restoring wealth to circulation, and by compelling drones to work, it gave an impetus to the industrial character and pursuits of our people that has issued in making England, what she is to-day, the workshop and the bank of the world.

The intellectual results of the Reformation in England cannot easily be overrated. Through the protracted night of Popery, the Bible had been a rare or unknown book. A native of this land in the thirteenth century could not have obtained a Bible at all in his own tongue, and the price of it in Latin was thirty pounds while labour was rewarded at twopence a-day. Well might our ancestors welcome with rapture the translation of the Word of God. The study of the Scriptures by scholars in the original, and by a more numerous circle in the vernacular, opened the way to unwonted investigations in philology, history, jurisprudence, geography, and archæology. Here was the birth of English literature. Nor must you suppose that theological learning only has profited. That same Protestantism which cast off the olden incubus of Antichrist, also emancipated mind from its universal thralldom to mere antiquity, and sent it forth for ever unfettered and free to inquire after truth. It was amid the impulses of that age, and in the spirit of those

principles that science set forth on her career of grand discoveries, and that authorship made incipient advances towards the influence and supremacy which it enjoys in these days in which the Press has become a fourth estate of the realm,—the thunder of “The Times” is potent as the artillery of kings,—and Captain Sword is strangely jostled and criticised by Captain Pen.

Before the Reformation religion was an affair of the clergy. The ecclesiastical order alone might enunciate its principles and dispense its consolations. By the affirmation of the right of private judgment the field of faith was reopened to the world of the faithful. The effect of this was at once invigorating and hallowing. Doctrines received after free inquiry, conducted under a sense of personal responsibility, and issuing in deep conviction, naturally exerted an energy operative and elevating. The scene in this country was like the breaking up of icebound seas and the rescue of polar regions from the frost by the beams of the returning sun. The owls and bats of superstition retreated before the brightening dawn ; while evangelism in its new apostles flew like a swift-winged seraph through the land, breaking its slumbers, purging its altars, and calling forth its heart to spiritual worship.

The Reformation was the germ of England’s greatness. True greatness, whether national or individual, must be based upon principle. Military power and commercial wealth, when the sword is broken and the merchants are outbidden, leave no trace. Time remorselessly expunges from his tablets the ignoble names of men of mere fights and barter. The Jew, the Greek, the Roman, wielded a power more than imperial, and have left a name immortal, because they each had a vocation for human good ;—each embodied, impressed and transmitted influences sacred or ameliorative which will never die. The Reformation linked England with

a principle, and in doing so, did more for her than gold could purchase or industry win. It invested her with an immediate grandeur. It gave her political status as first of the Protestant powers, and proclaimed her in a sense the Pope never meant, "Defender of the Faith." It initiated England's mission. It baptized the Anglo-Saxon race for its great work. It inducted the nation to the path in which its manifest destiny is to be achieved. It placed our land in the van of evangelism, and consecrated her as the lamp-holder of the world.

After the Reformation, the next great ecclesiastical influence is that of Puritanism. Revolt from the authority of Rome was, in England, first publicly proclaimed from the throne. The guidance of the movement, therefore, naturally fell into the hands of its occupant. Government reforms are proverbially cautious in speed, and as small as may be in amount. Impeded by royal caprice, and trammelled with difficulties of state, the reformation in the Anglican Establishment moved too slowly and halted too soon for its Puritan members. It was too reverent of ancient usage, and too conservative of ancient forms, to please them. Earl Strafford's motto, "Thorough," though in a different cause, was theirs.

Rejecting the Pope, they bowed not to the prelate. Hating the Missal, they scrupled the Prayer-book. Detesting the robes of the priest, they could not brook the vestments of the clergy. Despising as mummeries the gorgeous rites of the Church of Rome, they looked with dislike and jealousy upon the ceremonies of the Church of England.

Of course, conduct springing from principles so intense and extreme brought them into frequent and painful collision with the magnates and authorities of their time. We cannot attempt to trace all the vicissitudes of Puritan history,—the complaints they made, the sufferings they

endured, the work they did. Suffice it to say that, like the race of Israel under the ban of Pharaoh, Puritanism multiplied, despite of persecution, proscription, exile, and death.

Uniting themselves with the opponents of royal absolutism they triumphed in the civil wars, and in the person of Cromwell attained unto political supremacy in the Commonwealth. Some of their doings in the day of their power have won for them no favour in the eyes of men of taste. Unappalled by the censures of virtuosi, they mutilated images, broke storied windows, uprooted altars, whitewashed frescoes, and contemptuously treated the things which in the times of olden darkness had been unduly revered. Doubtless this must seem horribly wild and rough work to modern *dilettanti*, and Mr. Verdant Green and the company of dapper exquisites in whom æsthetics takes precedence of faith, will give against them a verdict of guilty without retiring from the jury box. Yet, after all, some may think it conduct very much on the model of that old Hebrew iconoclast, Hezekiah, who, when he saw that the people adored the serpent of brass, called it "Nehushtan," and brake it. Nor is it unlike the heaven-sanctioned ways of Josiah, who, not content with repressing the worship of Baal, burned the very bones and relics of its defunct priesthood. The Scotch, when they ejected the monks, warily finished their work by destroying the monasteries, saying—"Come, let us burn the nests, then the crows cannot come back again." The Puritans were of the same mind, and determined, having cast off the fetters of the Papacy, to erase every monument of their former subjection, and to erect such barriers as should render resumption of power in this realm for ever impossible to Rome. Never has the world known Protestantism so intense, or hatred of Popery so deep, fervent, and all-pervading as theirs.

The rule of Puritanism was brief: when the strong gauntleted hand of that king without a crown let fall the reins, they lost them for ever. The Puritans failed either to win the masses to their side, or to mould the Anglican Establishment to their type; but they accomplished what has been more for the general good. They maintained and amplified national rights against tyranny of every kind; they thoroughly pervaded the popular heart with principles of civil and religious freedom; they planted the tree of liberty beneath whose vast shadow we repose, and of whose fruit we so plentifully partake.

Quaint, and queer, and trim, and even sour withal, as some of their ways were, yet they were strong men and true; stern in integrity and immutable in purpose. To their manly protests against wrong—their patient endurance of prisons, and pillories, and fines—their valour on numerous fields of fight, we owe our emancipation from many a shackle and our possession of many an inestimable good. England is indebted to the Puritans for all her freedom, not a little of her choicest learning, and much of her evangelical light and fervour. Puritan was a word of scorn: who uses it so now? Like the good boy in the fairy tale, on whose head the fool's cap, placed by his scoffing brothers, turned to a crown, the virtues of these heroes have transmuted jeers into praise, and made their very nickname glorious. They have carved their deeds upon the pillars of our national history, and bequeathed to us a literature fragrant of Christ as the spikenard is of perfume, refreshing as the clusters of Eshcol, more precious than the treasures of Cræsus, and lasting as the pyramids of Egypt.

The godly life of the sixteenth century strangely died away in the seventeenth. The breath and pulse of the once giant race of English religionists well nigh ceased in the frames of their dwindled posterity. Dr. Hamilton has truly

said, "Never has century risen on Christian England so void of soul and faith as that which opened with Queen Anne, and reached its misty noon under the second George. It was an interim. The mad revel of Restoration buffoonery was over, but the epoch of faith and earnestness had not commenced. It was unquestionably the most unevangelical period which has ever occurred in this country since the Reformation. During its first forty years the eye that seeks for spiritual life can scarcely find it; and least of all that hopeful and diffusive life which is the harbinger of more. Doubtless God had witnesses even then; such were Beveridge, and Doddridge, and Watts—men of saintly piety, profound devotion, and exceeding anxiety to do good: but they held not the key of the popular heart, they won no national influence. Their appearance was no presage—they were not the Ararats of an emerging economy. The zone of piety grew no wider; they saw no symptoms of a new world appearing; but, like the dwindling peaks of an older dispensation, they beheld the waters rise, and felt the deluge deepening round them."

Never had the standard of Protestant clerical character sunk, as a whole, so low. Men uncalled, ungifted, unsaved, shamelessly intruded into the priest's office for a morsei of bread. Multitudes ordained as teachers were alike wretchedly dull, disgracefully ignorant, and grossly immoral. The divines of more respectable class and conduct—the rulers of the age's thought—the mighty in intellect and profound in learning—the very masters in Israel, were dark as ever was Nicodemus touching the mysteries of the kingdom. Their misguided labours were of very doubtful value; some of them were so equivocally employed as to be, with equal earnestness, resisting Popery and propagating Arianism; defending the verity of the Holy Trinity, and teaching Pelagian error; setting forth the evidences of

Christianity, and ridiculing the spiritualities of religion at one and the same time.

A wintry frost had fallen on the pulpits of the land. No Latimer thundered in the Church; no Baxter pleaded in the meeting-house. An arctic theology, wrapped in the mists of metaphysics, lay chill and shivering in the shimmering moonshine of the light of nature. The preachers were apes of Epictetus; Seneca was cited as much as Paul. Volumes of sermons without an answer in them to the question "What must I do to be saved?" still remain from that age, gathering dust on our library shelves. The rude but vigorous home thrusts of the earlier English preachers found little favour, and no following, among a silky, puny race, who, emulous of Addison, were more anxious about the style of their sentences than the souls of their hearers,—to whom, to avoid a solecism, was more important than to effect a conversion, and who would rather let a man perish than save him roughly.

The national establishment was decrepit—though gorgeously appalled and richly endowed, grey hairs were upon her. Her tongue, once fiery as those of Pentecost, could only whisper creeds and formulas to congregations, scanty, heedless, and nodding. Her glory had faded; she lived on the fame of her past; she pointed not to her living family with delight, but pored over the timeworn tombstones of her first-born. The manly piety and death-daring courage of Marian confessors and martyrs was nowhere extant. The zeal of her youth had subsided—her banners were furled—her sword undrawn—her hosts unmarshalled—her duties undone. Unfaithfulness to truth, worldly repletion, false security, indolence, ignorance, and practical infidelity had frightfully perverted her way.

In the Churches of Nonconformity the holy fires which kindled in the Puritan fathers had gone clean out; in the

Establishment and out of it religion had shrivelled up into opinions and observances. Emotion was counted vulgar, and all talk of experience set down as cant. Faith was divorced from the heart, and the Church visible lay in a sleep, hushed, breathless, cold, and insensible as that of the stony city of Arabian legend.

The Church thus gloomy, do you wonder that the land was in darkness? or that the age was remarkable for general ungodliness and profligacy? The higher ranks laughed at religion—the lower orders wallowed in sin. With reference alike to faith and morals the nation was on the brink of ruin.

Three things during this dismal era of declension call for especial gratitude: first—That the Establishment continued faithful to its protest against Rome; still maintained pure and impressive forms of worship; still held forth the word, and still clung to those ancient and invaluable utterances of saving truth, which, in the shape of creeds and homilies, it had inherited from better times, and which furnished bases and defences which might not be disputed for the evangelical operations of the subsequent revival. Second—That the different varieties of Nonconformity kept in operation that liberty of worship and teaching without which the progress of that revival must have been slow, and achieved only by martyr-suffering. Third—That during that ominous ebb of spiritual life, Providence permitted not the various and intense antagonisms of more recent date to assail the Church. “Had such storms swept over the autumnal foliage of that period they would have carried every vestige of it away. But the winds were holden; they were not permitted until another spring had refreshed the Church, in the renovated vitality, elasticity, and vigour of which, each branch has bowed itself beneath the blast without being broken, and shall yet wave triumphantly in the breeze

and the sunbeam when the tempest hath sunk for ever to rest."

In the men raised up at that time how obvious the favour of God towards our land. What would have been the England of to-day, if, instead of an apostolic minister like Wesley, she had had a scoffer like Voltaire; instead of an evangelist like Whitefield, an orator like Mirabeau; instead of a saint like Fletcher, a profligate like Rousseau; instead of a psalmist like Charles Wesley, a writer of atheistic song, like the bards of the Revolution.

An acute and no way partial judge has recently expressed his strong belief that England owes much of her high moral tone and national quiet to her hymnology, early taught to thousands, and sweetly blending the genial feelings of home with thoughts of sacredness. "Look," he says, "to the streets of Paris at the dawn of the Reign of Terror. See that strange procession of armed men and frenzied women, marching towards the palace of their king, keeping step, as they go, to a martial air, so grave, yet so enkindling, that it might have been composed for Godfrey and his crusading warriors to tramp their way to Jerusalem to its tune beneath the red-cross banner. But look—what thirst for blood gleams from those fierce eyes!—Listen, and you will learn that no call to Christian chivalry rings out in that music. It is the hymn of Marseilles.

"Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!"

True utterance of that nation's heart. An earthly phantom, not an immortal crown, inspires it. That mad idolatry of bubble glory hath been her curse. Now turn to some almost contemporary scene in England. See that vast multitude met upon heath, hillside, or shore. The Gospel is proclaimed to them with burning earnestness. They bow

beneath the word as waving corn before the wind. The sermon is ended: and now there rises at first from a few voices—but it swells with increasing volume, as man after man that great company join in with it—a strain so brave, and yet so reverent, that Michael the Archangel might suitably have sent it down to rally to their allegiance, with its exhilarating notes, the battalions of the militant church. Its theme is not earthly glory, but Christian duty and heavenly hope:—

“‘A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify.’

That is the Marseilles hymn of Christian England. That hymn, and others like unto it, have played no unimportant part in keeping alive among the peasantry of our land that deep sense of religion upon which has reposed the stability of our state, and which has shielded them from the revolutionary fury which has periodically crazed the people of France.”

The rise of Methodism was the great event of the eighteenth century.

The awakening which ensued upon the ministry of those self-denying evangelists, who, strengthened from above, went forth sounding the trumpet of the Gospel everywhere through the land, was so considerable and wide-spread as to become a fact inconcealable in the national history. The movement then initiated has given, directly and indirectly, such impulses to Christian feeling and profession, on all sides, as fairly entitle it unto the honour of being considered the startpoint whence the epoch of religious earnestness now current must date its commencement.

Methodism originated neither in political commotion nor ecclesiastical disruption. It was more a revival than a reformation. It set itself not to alter the order of churches,

but, to multiply the number of Christians. Its aim was not polemic. It sought rather to vitalise and diffuse truth than to explode error. It was the product of a dispensation of the Spirit, and, as such, was catholic in its beneficent effects. The exuberant life of that modern season of Pentecost could no more be confined to a sect than dew, or air, or light could be hemmed in by the fences of a particular field. Church and Dissent—Calvinist and Arminian—have been refreshed alike. It was an outburst of saving religion which gave breath, pulsation, and heart-throb to dormant creeds. It was an efflux of holy power which quickened into fruitfulness the formulas of doctrines, which, however precious in themselves, had been held by the palsied and unfaithful Church, harvestless as the seed of corn grasped in the mummied hand of the Egyptian dead. Blessed of heaven, and broadcast with no niggard throw, the seed took root, and covered the land with results as cheering and almost as rapid as the simultaneous efflorescence of beauty which marks the advent of spring.

The early Methodists were a vigorous race, noble specimens of the best type of Englishmen, dogged in resolution, indomitable in industry, of sense strong, sound, and practical. Some have denied them the possession of genius—but all must admit that they were characterized by that depth of conviction, firm grasp of faith, pureness of mind, simple childhood of spirit, and entire godliness of aim, which confer a hallowed greatness and majesty, in presence of which all earthly genius is utterly eclipsed. Their work was snatching souls out of the fire, and faithfully did they keep to it. To that task fully devoted, they might truthfully have said, "This one thing we do." Rising to stem the torrent of a nation's vice—they braved its scorn, endured its opposition, and in the name of God joined battle, won victories, and gathered spoils upon a field whence every

other arm but that of faith must inevitably have returned foiled. Their success was marvellous—no such number of conversions is recorded as following any ministry since Peter preached, and Paul reasoned.

The annals of Methodism furnish glorious illustration of the might of the Gospel. Every weapon of enmity, every device of policy, every tongue of calumny has been tried against it, but in vain. It arose without noble patronage to shine upon it, secular power to defend it, or earthly wealth to diffuse it. It was born in poverty, has lived amid reproach, and advanced in the teeth of opposition. Its own energies have created its resources, its own sons done its work. It has asked nothing from earth, and lacked nothing from heaven. With the pockets of the poor for its treasury—the prayers of its children for its benison, and the blessing of the Lord for its trust, Methodism has gone forth and triumphed in her mission of mercy to the world.

Methodism, if all her outgrowths be considered, has a collective membership not far short of two millions—a ministerial staff of nearly six thousand, and a literal army of Sabbath-school teachers, and other busy official workers. For four generations she has been winning men unto Christ, and myriads by her instrumentality are now before the throne. It is impossible to calculate the awful amount of misery prevented, or the immense aggregate of good, temporal and spiritual, accomplished. In membership enrolled, agencies set in motion, institutions established, and territory won, Methodism has achieved what will stand no mean comparison with the deeds of the Church when triumphantly she marched in the strength of her prime. It is the largest form of voluntarism extant. It is the greatest Christian fact of modern times, and one of the most successful evangelical experiments of all time.

The universal propagation of the true religion was a

glory reserved for Messiah's reign. Hence, although it was longed for by Jewish piety, foretold by Jewish seers, and expected by Jewish saints, it was not laboured after by the Jewish system.

The preservation, rather than the diffusion, of truth, was the normal idea of the Hebrew polity.

In that day, when the truth was only dawning—when the worshippers of the true God, themselves too prone to idolatry, were surrounded by forms of it splendid and alluring, any chance of the permanent purity of the chosen people could only be obtained by making them dwell alone—by stamping them with repellent peculiarities—by drawing around them many visible lines of separation from the heathen. The whole history of the Children of Israel proves that this caution was not unnecessary.

But Judaism, although not missionary in its aim, was widely and beneficially felt in its influence. The beams, so full, and clear, and bright, which fell upon Zion, radiated over many lands. Although the Jew sent forth no teachers of his own faith, yet his protest against all misbelief was heard far off among the nations. Chiefly intended, indeed, to present a front of defiance and rebuke unto the prevalent false religions, yet the law itself contained regulations that looked mercifully towards their erring victims; while it denounced the filthy and guilty rites of Paganism, it yet held words of love to such as penitently turned from them. It welcomed the proselyte, though it frowned on the idolater. It kept open the door of its fold, though it sent out no shepherd to recover the lost.

To say that the master principle of the synagogue was conservative, and that of the Church is expansive, no way supposes any clashing of the economies. New divine dispensations never contradict, however they may transcend, such as preceded them. Known unto God are all his works

from the beginning, and He exhibits this ineffable foresight by enfolded within the very first manifestations of heavenly purpose principles which, although then unnoticed by other eyes than his own, are predictive, and do really, though rudimentally, contain the glorious fulness which the providence of after centuries developes. Thus, both the earlier theologies, Patriarchal and Mosaic, included teachings of God's universal love and world-wide purposes of blessing. But although existent, these truths were not prominent; they lay like germs waiting for the heat of a brighter day to quicken them into life. In Christianity the long-hidden mystery, that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, has been unveiled. The idea latent for ages has become pervasive, dominant, characteristic.

Heathenism had neither creed nor principle that could make it propagandist. Each tribe and nation worshipped its own deities, but cared not to interfere with the worship of others. Rome collected within her walls representatives of every faith: gave to all gods a place in her Pantheon. All were considered by the people as equally true; by the philosophers, as equally false; by the magistrates, as equally useful. On the banks of the Tiber the Greek saw temples sacred to his own Minerva and Apollo. There too the Egyptian found priests of Isis and emblems of Apis, Horus, and Anubis. Rome had in it followers of the Babylonian Mylitta, and the obsequious senate gathered reverently round Elagabalus, while with Syrian rites he worshipped the sun.

On these terms of fraternity Christianity, too, might have found a place. Nobody would particularly have objected to Jesus having a niche in the Pantheon. But Christianity did not humbly sue for a quiet place among existing systems. Its disciples declared that their Lord, the true and only Potentate, could receive no divided

allegiance: that the Gospel must not only stand, but stand alone. The religion of Jesus sent forth its followers to a war of extermination against ritualism, philosophy, and idolatry.

Then commenced the strangest contest earth ever saw.

On the one side were the Jews, with their antiquity, their priesthood, their temple, their prestige. The Greeks, with their mythology, a chaos of mingled beauty and folly. The Romans, with their policy, and power, and pride. The philosophers, with their wonderful amalgam of shrewdness and blindness, sublimity and absurdity. The barbarians,¹ with their uncouth languages, distant homes and bloody rites. The world, with all that it could summon to its aid, from the pride of intellect or the passions of perverted nature.

On the other side were a few men, poor and ignorant, and ignoble and weak.

But you all know the issue. Judaism burnt out in the fires of its own temple; idolatry fell like a smitten dagon; philosophy, heathen and sceptic, became lifeless, and lies entombed in the death of the language in which principally it was uttered; the barbarous people were evangelised; Spain heard the Gospel voice; far off Britain, and "those northward and inclement Scandinavian shores, which the lordly Roman shivered when he named," listened to its call; Egypt, Ethiopia, and North Africa had apostolic missionaries; Gaul bowed to the cross; the inhuman superstitions of the Druids faded before its gentle lessons; the bloody war-gods of the Goths were given up for the rule of the Prince of Peace; wild Arab tribes and fierce men of Parthia and Bactria were among the converts; India was not so distant, but some gleams of that primitive light reached her coral strand; many a strange tongue swelled the Church's anthems; the noble army of martyrs bore the blood-sprinkled

banner further than imperial legions had ever carried the victorious standards of Rome.

How complete the victory! The false religions were not only rebuked, but destroyed; not only crushed, but annihilated. The idolatries—classic, Druidic, Scandinavian, Egyptian—are clean gone from the face of the earth, and their gods are perished from under these heavens. The artifice of priests—the might of the strong—the reverence of forms cherished for a thousand years—the armies of purple kings—all were impotent against the power of the truth and the plenitude of the Spirit. Every opposer was brought to the confession of the dying Julian—"Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" A few more centuries like those early ones, and the world had been won. But, alas! the work so nobly commenced was soon relinquished, and for long ages seemed to be entirely forgotten.

At length, however, the apostolic enterprise has been most hopefully resumed. The high and beneficent designs of God towards humanity—miserable and fallen—are again clear to the view of the Church beyond the possibility of eclipse, and, accordingly, she has set forth on her errand of catholic mercy, and pledged herself to rest no more until the world is leavened with truth and won for Christ. The breadth of the modern missionary movement marked the divinity of the impulse which originated it. It stirred the heart of Moravian and Baptist, Prelatist and Presbyterian, Independent and Wesleyan alike. The progress of maritime discovery, and the increased intercourse with remote parts of the world, were secular preparations, unintentional on the part of their promoters, but, on the part of God arrangements preparative, marking his providential foresight and sanction of missions.

The French Revolution broke upon Europe like the outburst of a new volcano. Its molten torrent flowed over the

whole continent; and though our happy land escaped the devastation of its lava streams, yet its sulphury vapours, showers of hot ashes, and heavings of earthquake, reached even unto us.

When the Royal George went gurgling down, the vast maelstrom of its descent sucked in the smaller craft, and made every timber of its mightiest companion quiver. So, the continental neighbour lands of France went down with her to the whirling deeps of anarchy; and even England, though happily she descended not the gulf, yet vibrates to this hour with waves which that event set rolling.

Go back to those times,—see England aghast,—her heart palpitating with horror of the bloody doings of the demon of infidelity during the Reign of Terror; see the nation disturbed by the pressure of taxation—the scarcity of food—the strife of factions and the stirrings of revolt; see the land transformed into a camp, and its quiet citizens enrolled and armed, to repel threatened invasion; see all Christendom tossing in the throes of the wildest political convulsions ever known. Who that had not learned of Christ would, at such a time, have had thoughts of kindness to spare for distant people? Who unless baptized from heaven, would have had faith enough to send forth amid such a hurly-burly of the nations, messages of peace and goodwill to them all?

Young men, do you sometimes tremble for the ark of God amid the fierce contests of this age? Let the noble daring and God-honouring faith of your fathers encourage you. Those were not halcyon days in which they pledged their fealty to this glorious cause! No! tempest and thunder filled the air, and fiery were the stars that gleamed in the horoscope of the birth hour of modern missions, and they were cradled for conquest and empire amid storms.

But have modern missions accomplished anything?

Missions have furnished this age with its most touching illustrations of the value of Christian principles ; they have enlarged the circle of Christian fellowship and prayer ; they have made the Church at home more beautiful, by exercising her charities, and stronger, by creating for her foreign alliances, and winning for her filial love from far-off lands.

Missions have followed the track of the navigator, anticipated the researches of the traveller, outstripped the enterprises of commerce, kindled the Gospel lamp in the emigrant's home, and preached salvation to the perishing pagan. Missions have rendered theology more practical and less polemic ; have made good men more inclined to weep and work for a world than to contend for a word.

Missions have blessed the world. As Peter walked at eventime, his lengthened shadow as it fell on the gathered sick in the streets of Jerusalem, healed as it swept over them ; even so is Christianity going through the earth like a spirit of health, and the nations miserable and fallen start up and live as she passes.

Missions have already ground many a grim Moloch into dust ; they have quenched the fires of Suttee, broken the fetters of the slave, gathered wanderers into towns, given elevation, strength, purity, and permanence to languages, originated literatures, conferred constitutions, created markets for trade, and laid the foundations of empires ; they are leavening the countless populations of Asia, and have given the hand of rescue to sinking races, as did Jesus to the drowning apostle.

We now proceed to notice the influence of the Church upon the nation with respect to matters educational, sanitary, and philanthropic.

It is a frequent but unfair taunt, "See how these discordant sects have prevented national education." Why, but for the action of those much-slandered sects the noisy

vituperators of them would have been fast asleep on the subject. Every man acquainted with the history of the last sixty years—and that is not as dull as an oyster, and as blind as a mole, knows that the national desire for education was born in the Sunday-school—that the cry for education has been made influential by Church action, and by God-fearing men. When the advocates of merely secular learning were scouting the masses as a vulgar herd, among whom learning would be the prelude of revolt, and dangerous as a naked candle in a coal-pit, servants of Jesus were toiling for them; while they, and the like of them, were nowhere in the work, the churches they now so impudently and ridiculously revile, were spending hundreds of thousands of pounds, and giving thought, and care, and toil inestimable to the subject. The day-school for the people is the outgrowth of the Sunday-school; and it behoves the churches to see to it, that the godly and Christian type of the original institution be perpetuated in whatever system may become national. The churches having set the chariot of progress in motion, many who would never have faced the difficulties, or endured the fag of starting it—have, like the fly in the fable, alighted upon its wheel, and as if they had anything to do with its swift rotation, cry, “Bless me, what a dust we make!” They did not originate the movement—no, nor smile on it either until the churches had made it respectable to do so; but now they would like well enough to ride it, and reach the goal of popularity upon it.

What is the Church doing for the bodies of men? Why directly or indirectly nearly all that is being done. She might truthfully adopt as her motto the sentence graven on the front of one of the beacons of our coast, “To give light, and to save life.” Ingenuity itself can scarcely devise a new form of charity. We have institutions for the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the lame, the maimed, the fevered, the

consumptive, the widow, the orphan, the foundling, the insane, the ignorant, the unfortunate, and the criminal. It is the religion of our country which has pervaded it with the spirit of beneficence, and gemmed it from end to end with monuments of kindness. Two-thirds of these charities have started into existence since the last era of religious earnestness commenced ; and the past history and current reports would show that they were for the most part originated, worked, and sustained by god-fearing men. It was at the feet of Jesus that Howard, and Wilberforce, and Elizabeth Fry, and Florence Nightingale learned to remember the forgotten, to succour the miserable, and to care for those for whom none else did care. Hear the witness of Lamar-tine after a visit to England : "It was impossible for me not to be dazzled by the immense progress made by England in population, in industry, and in wealth. The sanitary improvement, vast growth, and embellishment of its metropolis are marvellous. But especially deserving of notice are the ever multiplying charitable institutions, the many associations of real, religious, conservative, and fraternal socialism between the different classes. These prevent explosions by evaporating the causes which produce them,—these stifle murmurs from below by conferring benefits from above,—these close the mouths of the people, not by the brutalities of police, but by the arm of public virtue. The source of that public virtue is the religious feeling with which the English people is endowed more than many others."

Whoever stands on a lofty mountain to watch the brightening beauties of opening day should not merely look at the gold which the morning sun pours on the grass and flowers at his feet ; he should also look behind him into the deep valley where the night fogs still hang, and the shadows still rest.

Look thus from England over the broad earth; where can you find a Pagan, Mahometan, or anti-Christian country where the poor are cared for, and the millions are free? The Church seldom gets the credit it deserves for the value of its influence upon the present and material comforts of men. The information acquired by ministers in the labours of their pastoral function, the diaries of town and city missionaries, and the thrilling reports of numberless Christian visitors of the sick, first revealed to the upper classes of society the frequent wretchedness of the poor man's home. They furnished the data of which modern sanitary movements are the result. Christian men, in their efforts to rescue low-sunk brothers from darkness, misery, and sin, were the first to thread the dingy alleys, where in feculent abodes crime skulks, and poverty hides. Since then writers of fiction have gone to take sketches, newspaper correspondents to collect facts, and wearied fashionables to find excitement. Of real workers, the missionary was first, and the physician next; then followed your numerous Boards of Health, and almost national crusade against filth and fever. A good thing for our land, which we hold to be the indubitable outgrowth of the increased Christian domiciliary visitation which has been characteristic of the last five-and-twenty years.

The toiling millions ought strongly and widely to be told that the much-slandered religion of Christ is the Life-tree which alone bears leaves of healing for the nations:—that the only remedy for their degradation, want, and woe, lies in the regeneration of their character: that then, and only then, will ours be merry England, when virtue sits at every hearthfire, and the sons of the soil have become children of God.

Stout-hearted Latimer said, "Play the man, Brother Ridley, for we shall this day light a candle in England which

can never be put out." In our free Bible and national Protestantism that candle still shines.

Andrew Fuller, with a deputation of ministers, once waited upon an eminent statesman. "It is only right," said that statesman, "that everybody should be free to think." The answer of Fuller, substantially, was, "Thank you for nothing. That is a liberty the Czar could not take from the serf. We came not seeking liberty to think ; what we want is, liberty to propagate our thoughts." Now, this liberty of speech and worship which the Puritans accomplished, and which their Nonconformist children have always steadily and strongly maintained, is one of the glories of our land this day.

Dean Milner, estimating, as I think, the intellectual character of Methodism too low, recognised, though oddly yet truly, one of its divine vocations, when he said, "It is God Almighty's wooden spoon with which he stirs the churches about." The movements it generated are still stirring ; nor can the churches spare it yet.

Missions encircle the brows of England with her most regal diadem. You see your nation in her grandest attitude, not when, defying hostile legions, Britannia grasps her spear and the lion couches at her feet ; but when you behold her the almoner of heaven's best blessings, holding forth the water of life to the thirsting nations.

The active, practical benevolences, in the doing of which the Church comes to resemble her great Master, "who went about doing good," are especially the movements of the current day.

Thus you will see that in this cursory review of the Reformation, the Puritan age, the revival of the last century, the advent of modern missions, and the course of Christian movements, we have not been raising the ghosts of events that are utterly dead and done with, but have been dealing

with things the influence of which is living and potent in the work of to-day.

Having tracked the Church's influence in this realm until we are fairly abreast of the current times, it behoves us to pause and to ask, what are the characteristics, tendencies, and exigencies of them? The painter to whom Garrick sat for his portrait was so perplexed by the freakish player perpetually changing the expression of his face from grave to gay—from sunshine to anxiety, that he flung his pencil away, declaring that Proteus and not a man had come for a picture. Who can paint these changing times? It requires alike the quickness and the delicacy of the photograph. Never was it more palpably true that "the fashion of this world passeth away." The past is no basis; to-morrow is no longer the child of to-day; the engine of society is puffing away at its highest pressure; events which used to occupy a century are crowded into a year; everything seems transitive; the spirit of change is upon the wing; even stereotyped China is beginning a new act; our annals are panoramic, every look discovers a new picture.

This is an age of fast men. Express trains are grumbled at as too slow: could these lovers of rapid motion reach so high they would, in sheer love of nimbleness, unloose the planets from the laws which bind them,—such slow ideas as that of balance of force would be rejected,—such steady-going rules as equal areas in equal times be voted obsolete; and soon Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, forsaking their orbits, would rush outward to be lost in the darkness of space, or headlong to the centre to be shivered in one splendid and ruinous crash.

These go-a-heads resemble the man who had no objections to the clock—he liked the weights, they were the moving power; he liked the hands, they were the signs of the times; but he had an unconquerable aversion to the

pendulum; "there," said he, "it goes wag, wag,—ever slow—wag, wag, ever the same." Emancipated from that, how freely all the wheels would run:—away with it. So say these: away with all creeds from the Church, the circles in which the millhorses of orthodoxy tramp their weary round. Away with them!

Multitudes are possessed with an insane horror of agreeing with their grandfathers—they flee from the past wildly, as Tam O'Shanter from the witches; and I fear that there is no "keystane o' the brig" beyond which they will slacken their pace. Plagued with the curse of the cast-out fiend, wandering, they seek rest, but find it not. They stop their ears to the voices of experience—they tear up all prescriptions; all with them is uncertainty and chaos—their anchors are weighed—their vessels adrift without a pilot and without a chart; and where these rovers with the wind will moor again, and when,—who can tell?

An alarming characteristic of the times is the wide diffusion of, and eager appetite for, a noxious literature. For one who opened a book thirty years ago, fifty read them now. What do they read? How important the question! How lamentable, in many instances, the reply! What should we aim at in reading? They who have no idea beyond either the cultivation or the pleasing of the intellect, halt midway. Recreation is only valuable as it recruits and accumulates energy for work; skill is precious only in its relation to doing, and only just so far as it implies capacity to do some worthy thing. How worthless the skill of the Athenian who boasted that he could stand on one leg longer than any man in Attica! A caustic Spartan laconically replied, "I have observed a certain antiquated hen that can do the very same." Alexander, most fittingly, at once rewarded and rebuked one who, after years of practising, had attained

to spit peas at a mark more accurately than anybody else in all the world could do, by giving him a bushel of them to spit. Set a noble end before you; let every mental exercise tend to moral advancement; then are we really profited when we are made holier in heart and stronger in principle. In the moral character lies the only cardinal difference between a devil and an angel.

“Young men exhort to be sober-minded.” You may take too much “Punch” in more senses than one. The light literature of the day is emasculating the intellectual strength of thousands. A habit of novel reading is a sort of mental gin-drinking; fiction is the alcohol of the mind. The immense popularity of trashy books implies a woeful and wide-spread lack of moral tone, meditative habit, and logical power. “But we get something even out of these books.” No: a man who gets a shilling when he might have got a sovereign, has really lost nineteen shillings. Do not count the few grains of truth you have found in the heaps of chaff as gain; but set down the difference between what you have, and what, with time well spent, you might have had, and that difference is the sum of your loss.

What a pity that so many books of science should be so perfectly godless! It surely is not true philosophy to seek for every cause but the first, and to inquire after every being but the best. To the reverent inquirer nature is glorious with the light of God. Materialist professors only read facts as Milton’s daughters read Hebrew—correctly calling and arranging the words, but utterly ignorant of the meaning. For, was not Baxter right when he said, “All things of which the universe consists, when rightly put together, do spell the being, wisdom, and rule of God?” Philosophy fills not her office if she bear not incense as well as light. All sciences, like the Magi, should bring worship and offerings.

But the most dismal fact of all is the prevalence of a tainted and polluting literature. Never read impure books ; do not be allured by the flash of genius. Would you walk with a harlot because she is beautiful ? Labour to get and to keep a clean heart. Of many of the cheap serials which leave London weekly by the ton, the chosen themes are seduction, murder, and abominable mysteries of iniquity. This is a matter to be looked to ; the Churches teach the people to read, and the devil is finding the books.

A spirit of haphazard and daring speculation is rife in these times ; men who profess to receive the Bible yet lay it on the Procrustes bed of their own understanding, and remorselessly lop off every limb of it, the stature of which exceeds their own inches. Many think themselves "rational," just in proportion as they are defiant and irreverent : they pull out their watches to correct the sun ; they go to the sacred page, not to find a meaning, but to make one ; they deal with Scripture as Popish torturers did with Protestant martyrs, when they put them into the prison called "Little Ease," and squeezed all beauty and symmetry out of them ; they put the word in the alembic, and heap around it the hottest fires of criticism, hoping to get all the divine out of it.

Then we have an avowedly sceptical school. A great Rabbi of this sect has defined sceptic to be, not one who scoffs, not one who denies, but one who considers. If this be their case, if they be mere considerers, if their own minds be not made up, then, in the name of all consistency, let them keep silence, and search and think. A man who has no certitude that he is right is guilty of a heinous crime if he come forward to unsettle the views of others so perilously, and for all he can tell, so fatally, in matters of such high moment. But sceptic, with such a definition, is no fair label of the party. Their minds are made up, and it is more manly and more truthful to say so.

There was a certain vigour and directness about the old English Deists—rough, clumsy, and blasphemous, their productions had a robust hardihood of plain speaking. You could struggle with them, for, at all events, you knew what they meant. They said, “We don’t believe the Bible, and we will tell you why.” But the modern plan is, to administer doubt in infinitesimal doses, which poison without alarming; to give sideways thrusts at holy things, and quietly to assume that Christianity is untrue. This of course saves a deal of trouble; but will any sensible man think it satisfactory?

In modern sceptical writings you feel yourself in no small danger of being victimised by etymological juggleries. Everything is obscure; the atmosphere is dim with the haze of a vapoury verbiage; you are in the land of the shades; ideas loom in the distance, or flit by you like intangible spirits—nothing is clear, distinct, defined. Here lies the difficulty of reply. You cannot wrestle with mist and moonshine; you cannot answer what is unintelligible. Achilles could drive back Trojan foemen, and Hercules could slay the Nemean lion; but the spear of Achilles could not draw blood from a shadow, nor the club of Hercules brain a brainless ghost. Stripped of their high-flown poetical disguises, and their formidable words rendered into plain English, you find their profundities turn out to be dark, not deep; and the huge performance like an owl’s head plucked of its feathers, proves to be but a very little thing.

What hope can the world have from these ambiguous oracles? Hegel, dying, said, “But one man has understood me, and he not perfectly.” A worse punishment could not be inflicted upon the would-be “seers” of our age, than just to make them tell in simple Saxon what they mean, and by what process they maintain their assertions.

A young American, smitten with the love of transcen-

dentalism, after endeavouring, in vain, upon his own continent to obtain any clear statement of its principles and proofs, crossed ocean, and put himself at the feet of one of its greatest German Gamaliels. From him he requested a succinct, perspicuous narration of the bases, laws, and logical developments of the philosophy. The learned Doctor began to expatiate upon the good, the true, the beautiful, the eternal, the infinite, and the absolute. At almost the first sentence, the anxious pupil cried—"Stop, what does that mean?" The tutor paused a moment, then recommenced abstract, general, dreamlike, as before. Not to be done, the keen Yankee kept plying him with questions until at length, wearied with vain attempts to give body to non-entity and definition to things without form, he lifted up his hands and cried, "Heaven forgive Columbus for having discovered America."

A while ago Infidelity appeared, and became somewhat popular under the self-assumed name of Socialism—a thing which when its very thin coat of varnish was worn through, turned out to be downright brutalism. This system, which would have rent asunder domestic ties and crushed the moral feelings, was too gross for this country, and died of its own leprosy. Some of its teachers have tried recently to revivify its dust; like a bankrupt concern, they seek to avoid unpleasant reminiscences, and steal into fresh confidences by coming out as a new firm, and sticking a new name at the front. Among our labouring poor, too well prepared for them by ignorance and vice, apostles of unbelief go forth with a zeal which ought to strike shame into the lethargic hearts of nominal Christian men. They teach that conscience is a weakness; hell, a bugbear; heaven, a delusion; God, a myth; the Bible, a lie; prayer, a folly; and providence, a dream. Young men, beware of men adroit in unsettling, and impotent in constructing. Men without

faith are weak, their power is palsied, they can achieve nothing grand; they stagger in their goings like men walking on a storm-shaken deck; their course is uncertain as that of a traveller who should direct his feet by the glimmer of a will-o'-the-wisp instead of the polestar.

But while many are rushing into wild theory, and drifting down the current of reckless conjecture, others are borne along by the flow of a tide which has set in towards the abyss of superstition and priestcraft. Nor is this strange. Extremes beget each other. Avoiding Charybdis, men dash upon Scylla. To escape the icy grasp of unbelief, multitudes yield themselves to the iron clutch of infallibility.

Rome and Romanisers have worked with a persistent energy and success which ought to make slumbrous evangelicals rub their eyes and awake. In England, priests annually multiply,—immigration and perversion daily swell the number of devotees,—nunneries, convents, oratories, and cathedrals quietly grow up around us. In Scotland, Episcopalians abjure the name of Protestant—preach *quasi* transubstantiation, and nurse up duchesses for Rome. In Ireland, the Papacy looks, and longs, and hopes for national endowment. In Europe, the shadow of the Man of Sin darkens a greater breadth than it did in the post-Lutheran age. In America he works, and plots, and bides his time. In the wide world he confronts our missionaries in every continent and isle. Popery is too vast to be ignored; too mighty to be despised; and too treacherous to be trusted. It must be watched, confuted, outworked.

Never was there more need than now to bear in mind the warning uttered from the stake by the godly martyr Bradford:—"Oh, England, England, beware of false Antichrist—take heed that he do not deceive thee!"

The Papal triumphs of the last twenty years have been

won chiefly by guile and artifice, and more by traitors in another church than champions in her own. Emissaries, sly and insinuating, have laboured subtilely and in disguise; like the Tempter in the bowers of Eden, they have been found where least of all you might have expected them. We respect the consistency, while we pity the errors, of conscientious Romanists; but we loathe the tactics which have made Jesuitry the synonym of dishonesty; we despise the conduct of those touters for Rome, who wear the livery of the Church of England. Like the mutinous Sepoys, such men are false to their colours and their salt: they take the cash of one party, and preach the creed of another. It is an offence against common heathen morality,—a thing to be stamped with the contempt of all honourable hearts, that a man really holding and secretly teaching all the beliefs of a priest, should yet don the garb of a clergyman. This has been done by many unscrupulously and glibly as ever Lucifer glided into the skin of the serpent, and with the very same reason for doing it, namely, that they might seduce the more effectually.

A French wit once said, “English society is like a barrel of its own beer: the top is froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent.” Mercifully, Popery has achieved no appreciable success in the middle class of the land: striding over it, it has planted one foot among the darkest of our populace, and the other amid the flimsiest of our aristocracy. The strong Protestant heart of the country is still healthy. I might as well take time to show that fire-damp kills, or that fever is infectious, as delay to prove that Rome has been a cruel and deadly persecutor. But, is she not improving? No, she hath never repudiated her persecuting edicts. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*, is her motto. Infallibility may not retract, and hath no place for repentance.

Popery continues to be what it ever has been, a per-

manent, organized, terrible conspiracy against the civil and religious weal of the world.

Romish writers craftily calculate their sayings on liberty of worship, punishment of heresy, and cognate subjects, just as astronomers do their almanacks to the meridian of the place and people for whom they are published. Milner, writing for English Protestants, differs from Dens writing for Romish priests; Wiseman cooing liberality for the ear of the British public has often uttered the very same sentiments of charity which popes *ex cathedrâ* have denounced as pestilent; agitators pressing popish claims have descanted most edifyingly on Christian liberty; but the united episcopate of Belgium, when that liberty was guaranteed by the constitution, protested that the very thought of such a thing filled their hearts with consternation.

Do not be deluded by soft dalliance; do not be cajoled by caresses. Puss touches me with velvet paw, but I have seen her pounce upon a mouse; and I would rather be pussy's master than pussy's mouse. Rome can purr, and she can play; but remember she can bite. Crossing Falmouth Harbour one dark night, much did I admire the fair phosphoric gleams that played over the waves as they rippled beneath the keel. Wonderful and beautiful was the glow as of fire which flashed on the face of the waters. Ah, it was all outward gloss! Beneath that fantastic semblance of light and heat, cold gulfs of death were yearning. True type of Rome's specious charities, and inward heart.

There is much that is imposing in the hoar of her antiquity—the order of her hierarchy, the splendour of her rituals, and the authority of her tone; but, if you stood upon the lava-slopes of Vesuvius, with cities whelmed beneath your feet, and the smoke of the furnace, which sent forth the ruinous fiery flood, still going up and darkening the heavens above you, would the verdure of olive and vine,

almost fringing the crater, beguile you into forgetfulness of the destructive forces that hide within? You would feel dread, not only because Pompeii was devastated, or Pliny fell, but because within the flaming womb of that mysterious mountain desolating energies still struggle ; because in that dark laboratory the elements of future eruptions are even now preparing : so it is not because Huss burned at a stake, Galileo wasted in a dungeon, or Vaudois were hunted to the death, but, because Rome still holds, and, bound by her proud "*semper eadem*," ever must hold, the principles from whence these evils sprang. Our charges against her are not merely accusations of history ; we denounce the doctrines she still teaches, the deeds she still does, as Madeira, and Tuscany, and Tahiti bear witness.

Young men, never forget the pregnant fact ; that the palmy age of Popery was the dark age of the world. Popery, like ivy, grows best on a ruin. It is the fetter of intellect, the bar of progress, the leprosy of nations. It is the curse of Ireland, the mildew of Spain, the cause of France's infidelity, the clog of Austria, the chain of Italy, and the plague of every land that has it.

Another thing of evil omen is the isolation of classes prevalent in English society. Equality is a madman's dream ; but neighbourhood and brotherhood are Christian truths and duties. On this subject we cannot do better than quote the words so mournfully bequeathed to perpetual memory by the dying lips of Mr. Justice Talfourd :—

"I cannot help thinking that the peculiar aspect of crime in the cases before us is, in no small degree, attributable to that separation between class and class which is the great curse of British society, and for which we are all, more or less, in our respective spheres, in some degree responsible. We keep too much aloof from those beneath us ; hence their somewhat natural prejudices are left unmitigated, and we

become objects only of their suspicion and dislike. Even towards our domestic servants we are too apt to think our whole duty fulfilled when the contract between us is performed—when we have paid them their wages, and especially if, further, we have curbed our temper and used no violent expressions towards them, but ever treated them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings. How painful is the thought that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities—continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were inhabitants of some other sphere! This reserve, peculiar to the English character, greatly tends to prevent that reciprocation of kind words, gracious admonitions, friendly inquiries, and gentle affections, which, more than any book education, culture the heart, while they refine and elevate the character of those to whom they are addressed. If I were to be asked, what is the great want of English society to mingle class with class? I should reply in one word—Sympathy!"

I regret the gulfs which divide, and the prejudices which estrange, men from their fellows. God intended society to be one. The wealthy and the working have each lessons to teach the other. If men of rank and good position would but put themselves in frequent, genial, beneficial contact with the toiling poor, adventurers and demagogues would be soon at a discount. Whoever thus tries to do good, must, however, make up his mind to bear occasional insult; to be frequently misunderstood, misrepresented, and harshly judged; but he will be rewarded by not infrequently seeing that he has succeeded in elevating degraded minds, in fostering virtue, and in rescuing youth from ruin. He will be gladdened by finding that hands hardened by toil, faces darkened by daily dust, and sweat,

and smoke, yea, and information bounded by a very limited horizon, may be united with truest gentleness, integrity, and piety.

I could tell you of acts of heroism, labours of love, sparklings of genius, and examples of purest religion among the poor. There is a picture of St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar ; there is a poem narrating Alfred's gift of his last loaf to a hungry man. Why, not a day passes but those charities are matched by deeds of the poor, which no painter pictures, and no poet sings. I have known the fire let out on the widow's hearth, that its fuel might brighten the gloom of a neighbour's sick chamber. I have known women, after toiling all day in the mill, keep vigil all night by the death-bed of a stranger who could never repay them. I have known a father, whose family was already large enough to press him hard to find them bread, yet receive a helpless orphan into the circle, and say, when questioned about ways and means, "The Lord will provide." I have visited sufferers struggling with the last enemy in chambers utterly comfortless, and when I have suggested, "Your lot has been hard," they have replied, "God has been very good to me."

What are the present requirements of the Church ? At what is it her duty to aim ? We want more catholic love—more Christian kindliness. Charity is the Church's girdle, without which, like a wheatsheaf, with its band undone, she falls asunder. The charity we want is something more than mere platform politeness. I have not much confidence in that Christian affection which, like the blood of St. Januarius, only melts and flows once a year, and then always in presence of a crowd. We must translate our love from the dead language of courteous formula into the current, living speech of mutual help and comfort. We must love, not in word only, but in deed and in truth.

I see no objection, under present circumstances, to the

use of separate denominations: while our views continue to vary, it is both truthful and useful to label the varieties; while differences of opinion remain, nominal distinctions must exist. Charity does not require you to deny your convictions. Keep your principles, but abandon your prejudices. The mischief does not come from thinking differently, but from quarrelling about it. He who only loves those who agree with him, only loves himself in a glass. It is surely possible to prefer a particular church without denouncing the church catholic. In fundamentals we are one—only in smaller matters do we divide. Let us look more at our mighty agreements than at our minute diversities. Let us use the telescope of faith more, and the microscope of the sect less.

The forces of darkness are marshalling—shall not the armies of light converge? Nor let the various regiments of the army of Christ quarrel because their facings differ. How should we get on in India if Dragoons battled with Highlanders because of their kilts?

There was strong sense in the address of the Quaker to Whitefield—"Friend George, I am as thou art. I am for bringing all unto the life and power of the everlasting God; therefore, if thou wilt not contend with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown; give me thy hand." God hath divided gifts unto sects as unto men. All excellence is not in one. We admire the Episcopal decorum; the Presbyterian discipline; the Congregational freedom of action; the Methodist life. When the hues of the rainbow fell into strife, a well-tempered, well-spoken cloud thus rebuked their folly—"Fair colours, know ye, the blending makes the beauty, and one sun is parent of ye all?"

An Irishman entering the fair at Ballinagone, saw the well-defined form of a large round head bulging out the

canvas of a tent. The temptation was irresistible; up went his shilelagh—down went the man. Forth rushed from the tent a host of angry fellows to avenge the onslaught. Judge of their astonishment when they found the assailant to be one of their own faction. “Och! Nicholas,” said they; “and did ye not know it was Brady O’Brien ye hit?” “Truth, did I not,” says he; “bad luck to me for that same! but sure if my own father had been there, and his head looking so nice and convaniant, I could not have helped myself.” Poor Paddy! true type of some controversial spirits; it is not in them to let the chance of a blow go by. They are of the brood of the vulture, not of the dove. “They scent the battle from afar.” And many of the moot points for which they have done fierce fight are so infinitesimally small, that I would not give the turn of a button-shank to get them infallibly decided.

Many contentions arise out of sheer misunderstanding. Disputants often become metaphysical, according to the explanation given of metaphysics by the Scotchman, who said, “Why, ye see, metaphysics is when twa men are talking thegither, and the ane of them dinna ken what he is talking aboot, and the ither canna understand him.” Drs. Chalmers and Stuart must have been a “wee bit” metaphysical that day they got into a controversy about the nature of faith. Chalmers, compelled at length to leave his friend, said, “I have time to say no more; but you will find my views fully and well put in a recent tract called ‘Difficulties in the Way of Believing.’” “Why,” exclaimed the astonished Dr. Stuart, “that is my own tract; I published it myself!” That man was surely wise who prefaced every debate with—“Gentlemen, define your terms.” During the Peninsular war, an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Duke rode up,

after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way, "Well aimed, Captain; but no more; they are our own 39th!" This blunder has been repeated sadly too often in the armies of Jesus. With what fatal frequency have great guns of the Church, which might have battered down citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren! There are surely devilries enough in this world to shoot at, without firing into each other.

We want a heaven-moved, heaven-blessed ministry; men abreast of the times in knowledge, and ahead of the Church in faith; men who know the heart and know the age; men brave yet tender; men of deep convictions and practical aims; men with souls of fire and words like cannon-shot.

In certain Sabbath gatherings held just now in our land, and intended for the religious benefit of the working classes, texts are taken, not from the Scriptures, but from plays, songs, and slang of the street; and in too many instances these meetings are held without prayer. I greatly fear this banishment of prayer and dethroning of the Word. If Satan can get from us our old Gospel Lamp, he cares not what new one of popular form and glittering polish we may kindle, for he well enough knows that in the end the new one, like that in the story of Aladdin, will be found to lack the wonder-working power of the old.

None need flee to earthly themes to find a magnet or a lever to win or move the masses. The great questions, Whence? What? Whither?—the scriptural answers to the askings of the troubled conscience—can never lose their power, or be equalled in power. An earnest man makes earnest men. A tongue of fire will not long lack auditors.

Ministers ought, as John Bunyan did, "to pick and pack" their words, with an eye to usefulness; but they need tease

themselves with no petty anxieties about verbal niceties. Thoughts, like rivers, cut their own channels. A man who thinks strongly, clearly, and consecutively may dare to leave style to itself. It will come, and it will fit. If men would cultivate each their own gift, and let their own nature and God's grace in them have fair play, we should soon get a race of preachers whose sermons would be idiomatic as the Homilies, plain as the English Bible, pithy as the proverbs, picturesque as the parables, and fresh as the morning breeze. "Give me," said Wesley, "a hundred men who hate nothing but sin, fear none but God, and will know nothing among men save Jesus and him crucified, and I will turn the world upside down."

We want a more undeniable holiness of professing men. A Liverpool captain, returning some years ago from South America, saw an armed ship in his wake, bearing the ensign of Britain; but as she drew nearer, down came the English flag, and up went that of the Chilian Republic. "Aye, aye, lads," said the captain, "that will never do; I don't like fellows that carry double colours at their masthead. That is a pirate." So it proved. Escape was no easy task; they had to clear the deck, and only kept their liberty by a fight. Double colours are always suspicious; do you like men that carry them? Know your own banner, and keep under it. We did not fight the Russians on the Alma, and then fraternise with them at Sebastopol; nor must Christians alternately reprove and coquette. Many live as if a truce had been proclaimed between the church and the world. At a song of Zion or one of folly, at a prayer or a dance, they are equally *au fait*. The unconverted look on, and for the life of them cannot make out much difference between themselves and such professors. Yes, and people wiser and better are puzzled too. Good William Jay once told his congregation, "If I saw the devil running away with some

of you, I dare not cry 'Stop thief,' for really I am not quite sure that you are not his property."

We are responsible for wealth; we want a deeper sense of individual responsibility. There is much in the current excitement of business to increase the covetousness which is so fearfully natural to man. Mammon is a hungry demon, which neither prosperity can satiate nor adversity destroy; when he steals into the heart, he usurps the throne of God and lords it over the Cross. Wealth has its duties as well as its rights. "Worthy is the Lamb to receive praise;" how many give it?—it is cheap. "Worthy is the Lamb to receive riches;" how few surrender them at his feet!

We are responsible for gifts. The man must not be merged in the corporation; individuality must assert its powers and do its deeds. Every man has a "can do" in him—a possibility of which nobody else has the key. If he do not that thing, perhaps nobody else can do it at all, and certainly nobody else can do it so well.

We are responsible for influence. Influence is a power mysterious and almost pervasive as the laws which hold and bind the universe. It flows from character constantly as the emanation of fragrance from flowers; it penetrates where ministries and institutions can never reach. Influence is a catholic endowment,—every person has it; and perhaps every one has a little circle in which he possesses a monopoly of it. That unlettered peasant has a grasp on the hearts of his dear ones, and can strongly move some whom peers and princes would fail to reach.

We are responsible for work. No man gives enough who gives not tears and toil. Nothing God-given terminates in self. Every gift is a trust; every grace, a glory intended to be radiant. Every convert is called to be a converter. The church is the leaven of society; assimilation is the law

of its being ; unlimited empire its only possible goal : if its expansion be stopped anywhere short of catholicity, dimness, decay, and death swiftly follow. World-winning is not a sphere for supererogatory goodness, an outlet for a supposed surplusage of zeal : no, it ought to be the everyday work of Christians. For the Church to ignore this work were to violate its allegiance and to forfeit its charter. The statute is unrepealed. Go ye—go—to every shore ; proclaim the Gospel under every sky—offer it unto every creature. Christians, ye must work ; for Christ must have His own ! Who dare think of leaving the unillumined souls of mankind still to stumble on to ruin in their unalleviated darkness ? Who dare propose to patch up a peace with hell ? No ; we proclaim war—war to the death with the kingdom of Satan ; war never to cease until every vassal nation is free—every pagan altar crumbled—every woe of the world remedied, and every inch of earth won for Him whose right it is.

What is the hope of the Church ? In the fulfilment of what we have just stated as the Church's aim and duty, lies the object of the Church's hope. It is a world rescued from "the wicked one," and obedient to Christ ; a world over which the angels can sing "Hallelujah ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

The annals of the Past minister hope for the Future. The traveller pressing through the tangle of a forest, or wading through the mire of a swamp, is hours in reaching a point which a bird would have attained in a moment, and almost with a single dart of its wing. Even thus human depravity has impeded human advancement, and the ground traversed in a thousand years has not equalled what a race of pure and holy beings would have accomplished in a single age. To write the records of man without taking depravity into account, would be like writing the history of England

ignoring the Norman Conquest, or a treatise on the physical sciences without reference to the law of gravitation. The "evil heart" has been the difficulty in the way of all the world's healers. Nevertheless, slow and concealed as it may have been by numerous retrogressions, progress is the law. We raise concerning society the triumphant cry of Galileo concerning the earth, "It moves, it moves!" The very clamour, and passion, and battle around us minister hope. The millions are yearning after and seeking something they have not. However tardily, there is a good time coming. No power can force back the shadow on the dial of progress, or turn the tide of human advancement which has set in.

The demonstrated verity of the Scriptures is suggestive of hope. The Bible has gone through a threefold trial. The tyrants who murdered primitive Christians never took the trouble of arguing against the Scriptures; it was more compendious and imperial to destroy them—then was the Bible pitted against power. The monks in the gloomy middle ages, that they might save the cost of a skin of parchment, sometimes scraped out Paul's epistles, and wrote lying legends in their place. In the keeping of such men the Scriptures were like the Koh-i-noor in the hands of a wilful child, who, knowing nothing of its value, will not improbably fling it away as a piece of worthless glass:—then was the Bible perilled by ignorance and stolid indifference. The neologists of this last century have collated every manuscript, weighed every sentence, and counted every letter, that they might, if possible, prove the Scriptures, in whole or in part, to be fabrications of men—here the Bible has been tested by learning.

In each ordeal it has triumphed. Thank God, the last copy was not burned in the fires of persecution, nor lost in the murk of dark ages. We have the Bible to-day—a light

unto our feet, a guiding angel in our path ; it stands unabashed by the satirist's gibe, unrefuted by the infidel's lore, unmutilated by the critic's toil.

The specialties of our world's history compel us to cherish bright beliefs concerning its ultimate destiny. "To this world Christ came. This is the little world, and ours the lowly race which God hath selected as the scene and subject of his most amazing interposition. Like its own Bethlehem Ephratah, little among the thousands of worlds—like its own Patmos, a point in the ocean of existence, yet earth stands alone in the universe, and will stand forth in the annals of eternity, illustrious for its fact without a parallel." This is the world of the redemption. It has been pierced by the cross of Jesus, and baptized with his blood. Its future must be glorious.

The visions of prophecy enkindle in us blissful anticipations. Earth shall yet be full of righteousness as the sea deep of waves. One said to Ward, the missionary, "Are not your expectations of the conversion of the Hindoos feeble, and your prospects dark?" He gave as an answer respecting the case of India, what we will adopt to express our view of the case of the world—"My hope is strong as the arm of God, and bright as his promises!"

Young men, retrospects of the past, and anticipations of the future, are only of service as they nerve you for the duties of the present. "David, after that he had *served his own generation* by the will of God, fell on sleep." May you so live, that if monumental marble be placed above your graves, it may truthfully bear such an epitaph.

What a touching story from the Eastern wars is that of poor Jessie! There she lay sick with hope deferred and fainting with fatigue ; but her ear, tuned as none other was to the music of her native land, caught the faintest breathings

of the distant "slogan," and they called her back to consciousness.

In the struggling and beleaguered Church are hearts as anxious, ears as quick. The music of promise already floats on the air; they hear it to their comfort; but soon the dumbest ears in Zion will awake and tingle at the sound; and as the rescued of Lucknow, when that blessed "pibroch pealed," and turned hope of help to certainty, the catholic church will give a shout that shall at once dismay the hosts of darkness, and give reverent welcome to Jesus, who cometh forth in his might to rescue his saints and to conquer the world. Even so come, Lord Jesus, and ~~come~~ quickly. Amen.

Pulpit Eloquence

OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

A LECTURE

BY THE VERY REV.

THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE words, "*Pulpit Eloquence*," strike a note at which, in these days, men's interests are easily stirred. We have witnessed a change come over thoughts and feelings in regard to sermons. Other mighty engines are moving among us, working all but miracles, carrying thousands hither and thither; and some are beginning to require of the mightiest engine among them all, that it should carry its thousands with it likewise. We have borne sermons long enough; we begin to ask of them that they should bear us. Preaching indeed, considered in regard to its sublime object, is, at its best, but foolishness after all; but this, we venture to think, is a reason why it should do its best, not its worst. We must have the treasure in an earthen vessel; still we should sometimes like to hear the chink of the gold. The flesh must utter the sounds; but we want them swept onwards by the living breath of the Spirit within. We live in a busy day, and have not much time for sermons; but in that time we want our hearts touched, and our lives grasped and turned. We cannot afford our precious hours to a mere sound, "*Vox et præterea nihil*:" the week brings us enough, and more than enough, of the grinding organ in the streets, making, by everlasting repetition, the once-stirring melody into a burden. No, let our

sermons be as Chrysostom said St. Paul's were, living creatures with hands and feet—seeing, feeling, grasping, struggling, conquering. If Jove, it was said, spoke Greek, he would speak as Plato wrote; let our preachers take the upward side of the saying, and when they would speak English, speak as their Saviour taught.

Such demands as these are beginning to be heard far and wide over society in our Christian England; and not only are they heard, but they are also listened to, and their effect is becoming daily greater. For the most part, they are just and reasonable. It is true that, like all just and reasonable claims which become a popular cry, they are in danger of being pushed to an extreme. You, perhaps, Christian young men, are in as much danger of doing this as any class among us. You love to hear what is lively, stirring, earnest; you do well. But forget not at the same time, that very much of what is to be done in the pulpit cannot, from its very nature, be thus lively and stirring, and outwardly earnest. What a lively, what a stirring sight is the laying the first stone of a house of prayer. All is liveliness, all is joy; the sun seems to shine brighter than usual, the workmen wear their holiday dresses, the schools wave their banners; the great men of the county gather round, and their words do one good to hear: and so, amid the darkness and weakness and worldliness of humanity, that little new-discovered isle of light is inaugurated. Great thoughts swell up in the bosom as we lie down that night, and it seems as if heaven had come down nearer to earth, and earth had risen nearer to heaven. Yet, my friends, from that night onwards, how much dull work has to be done, before any can pray in that temple. How many times in the dusk of the morning, in the noonday heat, in the wide shadows of the gleaming West, will the mortar-boy plod up the weary ladder, and the loaded cart discharge its rumbling

load of bricks. How many days and months will be sung to sleep by that dreary jingle of the chipping trowel. Yet all this is necessary to the building; without those plodding steps, without that monotonous chink, it could not be reared. And think you it is less labour, less weary and continuous toil, to rear up the spiritual temple—even the living stones of men's converted souls—to God? The spiritual temple has its festivals—its days of stirring speech and high interest, of bright sunshine and swelling upward thought: but O never forget, that the main portion of its work must be line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. That dull sermon, to which the passing stranger can hardly sit and listen, may be one foot upward of the heaving of some comely stone into its place appointed for eternity: that monotonous and unmoving voice may be the echo of a holy life, full of great and working example. Behind those sentences which fall so flat upon the ear, may rise to the memory of his flock green pastures and still waters, of which you know not. Remember these things, and the like of them. It would be an ill result indeed of an age of demand for pulpit eloquence, if we came to forget, that in mildness and temperate wisdom there is safe and certain power:—if we came to rate the man who says more than he means above the man who says less than he means; above all, if we came to forget that that much-abused text has a meaning, which says that the testimony of God may be declared without excellency of speech, or what we call wisdom.

Now this I say by way of passing caution, rather than to damp your ardour in demanding a better tone and style of pulpit discourse; for I am persuaded that the want and defect of our day lies in this direction. We have dwelt in the dry long enough, and cry out for refreshing showers. We see all trees cultivated, all faculties improved, while

the goodliest of all seems as yet to be untended and barren. The rods of the other princes bring forth buds, and bloom blossoms, and yield almonds; but the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi alone remains dead and unstirred—"dry, though the flowering spring be all around."

But now let us ask ourselves, what is it that we mean by our demand for pulpit eloquence? What is it that we expect the pulpit to do? It is a mighty instrument in God's hand, but worked by man, for the convincing, informing, and saving of human souls. But what is a human soul? It is a vessel moored in life by a thousand interests, occupations, feelings, sympathies; a plant with far-reaching fibres of root sucking in at their spongioles various and manifold nourishment. And this persuasion, this conviction, this information, which the pulpit is to minister to it, is to take it up in all its interests; to send in nourishment through every one of those distant fibres, and by that nourishment to supply it with a new and better life. It surely needs no persuasion to shew, that this cannot be done by theology alone. Where, in the social intercourse with life, does it come into contact with that array of technical and abstract terms which so commonly constitute the staple of addresses from the pulpit? I say not, mind, that they are not useful; that they may not be necessary in some discourses and at many times; but what I ask is, how should such terms, standing alone, having no real representatives in men's daily lives, lay hold of their feelings, bespeak their interests, barely stated as we often find them? A number of rustics fresh from the work of the field, and their wives from the cradle or the washtub, and their children from their little games, and their joys at the opening flowers and the sparkling brooks, wake on a Sunday morning. They put on their best, and, after the family meal, they thread the lanes and the meadow-paths to the house of God. Then, after pray-

ing for the Queen on her throne, and the captive in his dungeon, for the fatherless and widows, for them that travel by land and by water, for all that are desolate and oppressed, and after hearing the beautiful lifelike narratives of Scripture, they sit and listen perhaps to a discourse on absolute decrees and final perseverance, and unconditional reprobation, which some thoroughly trained lady-student of divinity, on coming out, pronounces to be a faithful testimony to the whole counsel of God. Why, what word of meaning could all the preacher's doctrine, however sound, all the preacher's argument, however logical, convey to the minds of nine-tenths of his hearers?

I remember, fifteen years ago, in my younger days of gardening, applying to the roots of one of two favourite orange-trees, a new chemical manure, which I had seen advertised in the *Gardeners' Chronicle*. I had followed, I thought, the directions to the letter; I dissolved my crystals, and somewhat mistrusting, poured the mixture round the root of my tree. Imagine my disappointment, three hours after, on entering my greenhouse, to find every leaf black, and the plant killed. Yet the discovery was a sound and good one; and the other orange-tree, which was treated, but differently, with the same manure, is at this day flourishing at Canterbury, and gladdening us every May by the sweet odour of its beautiful blossoms. And what was the difference? Why this: On the poor ruined plant I had poured the nourishing mixture not sufficiently diluted. That which ought to have been life to it, became death. Water was its ordinary nourishment, and the new life should have been conveyed to it with this as its ample vehicle and sufficient safeguard. This was not done, and it perished. With the other plant I was wiser, and it lives and blooms to this day. Now I do think that this was a lesson to the preacher, as well as to the gardener. Your undiluted theology is too often a savour of death to

your plants ; it brings torpor, shrivelling, barrenness ; and this, not because your doctrine is unsound, but because your hearers cannot bear it. Dilute it more with the water of daily life ; clothe it as He did, whom you should imitate, with an ample vehicle of common interests of men, women, and children ; say plainly what you mean ; talk as our articles order us to minister, “in a tongue understood of the people ;” call a spade a spade, not “an ordinary implement of manual agriculture,” as if the shadows of Rome yet lingered over us, and we preached, though we do not pray, in Latin.

And let us remember, that though we do thus use exceeding plainness of speech, and though we do hold that men’s daily lives are therefore sources for the preacher’s illustrations, and the proper fulcrum for him to rest his lever on, yet we do not deny, nay, we rather strongly assert, that all the various faculties and ranges of the human soul, imagination, memory, fancy, reason, and the rest, are lawful fields on which the preacher may work, and operate on the new life which it is his object, by God’s help, to implant. That this also has been not enough done in our own day, I am fully persuaded. Not only have we administered the food of the new life in a form which our hearers could not bear, but we have left large departments of their being untouched by it at all ;—left them open to the world to entice, for the flesh to enthrall, for the devil to take captive ; but have not endeavoured to gain and employ them for God. What is a loftier faculty of the soul than the imagination ? What more accessory to, and powerful for good, and for God, than a hallowed and chastened imagination ? Yet what pains has of late years been generally taken in the hallowed culture of the imagination by the pulpit ? All nature is God’s great parable ; frequent and noble was the use made of it by our great Teacher when he

was on earth; frequent and noble might be the uses made of it now by the light of His abiding Spirit, if we would. For God's works, like God's word, are inexhaustible; and the more of spiritual light we have in ourselves, the more do they become full of light and meaning to us. And the lessons derived from nature and common life have this advantage; he that hath ears to hear, heareth them; in proportion to a man's own advance is the lesson which he learns from them. Even the child listens delighted—the youth and maiden are lit up with some flashes of a deeper meaning—the matured Christian sees the height, and depth, and breadth of the wisdom, and rejoices while he learns; and there may be present some—fathers and mothers in Israel—who could take up the lesson and better it; whom God has made wiser than their teachers; in whom the heavenly Spirit takes the sermon for a text, and preaches another and a deeper one still.

But I must not forget that, though some preliminary remarks were necessary to introduce my subject, that subject itself is not pulpit eloquence in general, nor the want of it in our age in particular, but the pulpit eloquence of one especial age in our history, viz., the seventeenth century. Of this it is my purpose to treat, and to give you some examples of it. And I think that in so doing we shall find, that what I have already said will not have been thrown away; that the preaching of that day had many excellences in the very matters in which I have complained of our own deficiency, though it had in its turn faults of its own, which I shall not be sparing in pointing out to you.

Let us first say a few words about the age itself. The opening of the seventeenth century is marked by a distinct event, dating the commencement of a new political and ecclesiastical epoch. On March 24th, 1602, Elizabeth died,

and James Stuart, the Sixth of Scotland, ascended the English throne. It is with this family, and the times which went over them, that we have mainly to do to-night. First we have, during the reign of James, and the earlier years of his son Charles I., a period of outward ecclesiastical quiet, however discordant elements may have been fermenting beneath the surface. Then comes a period, during the latter days of Charles I., and the Commonwealth, of revolution, and violent change; then lastly follows the Restoration, and the deadly slumber of regained tranquillity under Charles II.

With the character of one or other of these three periods every one of the preachers of the time was more or less marked, as he was involved in its quarrels, or reposing in its calm. We all belong to the age in which we live, more than we are apt to think; and as family likenesses, untraced by those in the family, are clearly perceived by strangers, so those who look on an age from without it best see how it influenced all who lived in it. We cannot counterfeit a handwriting so well, but that a keen judge will discern the trick of our own pen; and so the men of an age, write as diversely as they will, yet smack of the age, and reflect it more or less in their books.

It will be my endeavour to bring before you one preacher at least out of each of these periods, to give a short notice of each man, and some examples of his preaching.

In our first period, the most prominent figure that challenges our notice is that of JOHN DOWNE, dean of St. Paul's. Donne was born in 1573, and was consequently twenty-nine at the death of Elizabeth. He was brought up a Roman Catholic, and was strong in the points of the controversy between the churches. The whole of this controversy he went diligently over on his arriving at man's estate, and

the result was, that he deliberately abandoned the Church of Rome, and attached himself to the reformed faith. In early youth, if one may judge from his poems, he appears to have been wild and licentious in life ; but it is, perhaps, not fair thus to judge ; for such was the licence allowed to revolting language in that day, that it may be nearly as unfair to suppose a man licentious, who wrote licentious verses, as it would be now to suppose a boy a heathen, because he composed Latin verses in the spirit of the heathen mythologies. However, Donne's own confessions, in after days of penitence, seem to go the length of charging him with something more than mere worldliness and gaiety. This penitence certainly began before mature manhood, and the issue of it seems to have been, that though at this time a layman, and secretary to the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, his thoughts and studies were mainly turned towards religious subjects. He did not enter the ministry of the church till the year 1612, when he was in his fortieth year ; and his doing so was at the special request of King James I. In 1617, he became preacher of Lincoln's Inn ; and in 1621, Dean of St. Paul's, where he continued till his death, in 1631.

His reputation as a preacher among his contemporaries was exceedingly high. Walton, a frequent hearer of Donne, thus characterizes his preaching :—" A preacher in earnest, weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them ; always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none ; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives ; here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it ; and a virtue, so as to make it beloved even by those that loved it not ; and all this with a most particular grace, and an inexpressible addition of comeliness."

In an elegy by Mr. R. B., we read,—

“Methinks I see him in the pulpit standing,
Not ears, nor eyes, but all men's hearts commanding,
When we that heard him, to ourselves did feign
Golden Chrysostom was alive again;
And never were we wearied, till we saw
His hour (and but an hour) to end did draw.”

In another by Mr. Mayne, of Christ Church:—

“Thou with thy words couldst charm thine audience,
That at thy sermons, ear was all our sense;
Yet have I seen thee in the pulpit stand,
Where we might take notes from thy look and hand;
And from thy speaking action bear away
More sermon, than some teachers use to say.
Such was thy carriage, and thy gesture such,
As could divide the heart, and conscience touch.
Thy motion did confute, and we might see
An error vanquished by delivery.”

And I am bound to say, that these eulogies are borne out by his yet remaining sermons. We have in them much of the pedantry and much of the quaintness of the time; but through both these breaks in on every page a fine vein of manly Christian fervour and eloquence. He does not much study nicety of language, or well-balanced periods, though he is given to play upon words, and point, and antithesis. In copiousness of thought, in many-sided and almost inexhaustible views of truth, no English preacher has ever yet surpassed him; nor in the solemnity with which, as if standing on a superior place and blending compassion with severity, he fearlessly, and yet affectionately, lays bare the sins, and vices of his hearers. But it is not in diction, nor in genius, nor in power of thought, that we must look for the crowning excellence of Donne's sermons. We find in them that which we feel to be wanting in some of the great preachers of this, and in almost

all of the succeeding age,—a distinct and clear exposition of the evangelical doctrines of redemption. Allowing for all blemishes of puerility or superstition in Donne's sermons, there yet remains as sound a body of orthodox divinity, animated by a fervid, earnest, tender spirit, as can be found in the whole range of English or foreign divines and preachers. The following extract is from a Christmas sermon on Gal. iv. 4, 5. Speaking of the words, "that we might receive the adoption of sons," he says:—

"But who are this *We*? why, they are the elect of God. But who are they, who are these elect? *Qui timidè rogat, docet negare*; if a man ask me with a diffidence, can I be the adopted son of God that have rebelled against him in all my affections, that have trodden upon his commandments in all mine actions, that have divorced myself from him in preferring the love of his creatures before himself; that have murmured at his corrections, and thought them too much; that have undervalued his benefits, and thought them too little; that have abandoned and prostituted my body, his temple, to all uncleanness, and my spirit to ind devotion and contempt of his ordinances; can I be the adopted son of God, that have done this? *Ne timide roges*, ask me not this with a diffidence and distrust in God's mercy, as if thou thoughtest, with Cain, thy iniquities were greater than could be forgiven; but ask me with that holy confidence which belongs to a true convert, am not I, who though I am never without sin, yet am never without hearty remorse and repentance for my sins; though the weakness of my flesh sometimes betrays me, the strength of his Spirit still recovers me; though my body be under the paw of that lion that seeks whom he may devour, yet the lion of Judah raises again and upholds my soul; though I wound my Saviour with many sins, yet all these, be they never so many, I strive against, I lament, confess, and for-

sake as far as I am able ; am not I the child of God, and his adopted son in this state ? *Roga fidenter*, ask me with a holy confidence in thine and my God, *et doces affirmare*, thy very question gives me mine answer to thee ; thou teachest me to say, thou art. God himself teaches me to say so by his apostle, *The foundation of God is sure*, and this is the seal ; *God knoweth who are his*, and let them that *call upon his name depart from all iniquity*. He that departs so far, as to repent former sins, and shut up the ways which he knows in his conscience do lead him into temptations, he is of this *quorum* ; one of us, one of them who are adopted by Christ to be the sons of God. I am of this *quorum*, if I preach the Gospel sincerely, and live thereafter (for he preaches twice a day that follows his own doctrine, and does as he says) and you are of this *quorum*, if you preach over the sermons which you hear, to your own souls in your meditation, to your families in your relation, to the world in your conversation. If you come to this place to meet the Spirit of God, and not to meet one another ; if you have sat in this place with a delight in the word of God, and not in the words of any speaker ; if you go out of this place in such a disposition as that, if you should meet the last trumpets at the gates, and Christ Jesus in the clouds, you would not entreat him to go back, and stay another year ; to enwrap all in one, if you have a religious and sober assurance that you are his, and walk according to your belief, you are his ; and, as the fulness of time, so the fulness of grace is come upon you, and you are not only within the first commission, of those who were under the law, and so redeemed, but of this *quorum*, who are selected out of them, the adopted sons of that God, who never disinherits those that forsake not him."

Speaking of eternity, he says:—"A day that hath no *pridie*, nor *postridie* ; yesterday doth not usher it in, nor

to-morrow shall not drive it out. Methusalem with all his hundreds of years, was but a mushroom of a night's growth, to this day : all the four monarchies, with all their thousands of years, and all the powerful kings and all the beautiful queens of this world, were but as a bed of flowers, some gathered at six, some at seven, some at eight, all in one morning, in respect of this day."—Vol. iii. p. 326.

In respect of the resurrection, he says :—"Our flesh, though glorified, cannot make us see God better, nor clearer, than the soul above hath done, all the time, from our death to our resurrection. But as an indulgent father or a tender mother, when they go to see the king in any solemnity, or any other thing of observation and curiosity, delight to carry their child, which is flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone, with them ; and though the child cannot comprehend it as well as they, they are as glad that the child sees it, as that they see it themselves ;—such a gladness shall my soul have, that this flesh, (which she will no longer call her prison, nor her tempter, but her friend, her companion, her wife,) that this flesh, that is, I, in the reunion and reintegration of both parts, shall see God ; for then one principal clause in her rejoicing and acclamation, shall be, that this flesh is her flesh ; *in my flesh shall I see God.*"—Vol. iv. p. 239.

"Oh, what a Leviathan is sin, how vast, how immense a body ! And then what a spawner, how numerous ! Between these two, the denying of sins which we have done, and the bragging of sins which we have not done, what a space, what a compass is there, for millions of millions of sins !" —Vol. iv. p. 370.

Donne is one of the most colossal figures in our group ; a solemn, tender, and mighty spirit ; never speaking in anger without being himself most rebuked ; never ruffling into passion, except from the ground-swell of his own deeply

moved soul; a Protestant, because he had seen through and used up Rome; an earnest penitent, and a weighty and convincing counsellor against sin, which he had known, and out of which he had been himself mercifully brought.

Donne, it will be observed, belongs entirely to the first of our three periods,—that of tranquillity in the church. He is essentially a preacher of James the First's age. All the pedantry of his style, all the frequent Latin quotations, and reference to books of learning, belong to the same period. And the same characteristics are found in our second and later example of this age, Bishop HALL.

Joseph Hall was son to an officer in the army, and was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire in 1574. He was blessed with a pious, and indeed saintly mother, who from his cradle destined him for the sacred ministry. We possess an interesting memoir of his life by himself, in which its various events are traced up to God's good providence, and commented on with simple and earnest thankfulness. After being Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and rector of Halstead, in Suffolk, he was noticed for the power of his preaching by Prince Henry; and becoming attached to the Court, he was appointed first Dean of Worcester, then in 1627 Bishop of Exeter, and in 1641 Bishop of Norwich. This last date will suggest to us that troublous times were close at hand. In those, Bishop Hall had his full share. In that same year, he was committed with the other bishops to the Tower. In the following March, the sequestrators came down to Norwich, and laid their hands on all he possessed. Shortly after, he was driven out of his palace, and, after remaining several years in exile and poverty, died in 1656.

Hall is one of the brightest and holiest saints of the English Church. Simple and childlike in character, living evermore in close communion with God, and continued

recognition of Him,—his great abilities and earnest eloquence are seasoned with never-failing odour of Christian experience, and personal proof of his sayings. His “Contemplations upon the principal Passages in the Holy Story,” are the best known of his works; and have been often reprinted in forms accessible to every one. These little volumes every Christian young man should, if possible, have in his library, however small it may be. There is a vividness and reality about them, a directness of practical inference, and a sweetness of pathos, which, even set off by their quaintnesses and conceits, go straight to the heart, and make them a very favourite study with all who know them. The same characteristics are found in his sermons. After what I have already said, I need hardly add, that they are full of the cross of Christ, and of the various doctrines and experiences which flow from it, in their purest and holiest form. Hall went through deep troubles, and we see the fruits of them in the deep sayings and feelings of his spiritual mind.

Still he was a very bountiful giver forth of the conceits and quaintnesses of his age: and the reader continually finds expressions, and even trains of thought, which offend against what would be now thought good taste in the pulpit. Believing however, as I do, that this conventional good taste has been the ruin of our English preaching, I own I should like to see, not exactly in the language of those days, but in the plain dealing of those days, and of this holy and earnest preacher, our common life, and common faults, brought out and dealt with as they are in Bishop Hall’s sermons. His sermons, as those of old Latimer in the age before, present us with a perfect picture of the life and faults of the day. go through whole shelves of modern English sermons, and where will you find the least reflection of the habits or vices of our time?

But I must hasten on, and give you a few specimens of the style and power, and faults which I have been describing.

In a sermon preached before the House of Lords, entitled "The Blessings, Sins, and Judgments of God's Vineyard," he says:—

"Lay now all these together, *And what could have been done more for our vineyard, O God, that thou hast not done?* Look about you, honourable and Christian hearers, and see whether God hath done thus with any nation. Oh, never, never was any people so bound to a God. Other neighbouring regions would think themselves happy, in one drop of those blessings, which have poured down thick upon us. Alas! they are in a vaporous and marish vale, while we are seated on the fruitful hill: they lie open to the massacring knife of an enemy, while we are fenced: they are clogged with miserable encumbrances, while we are free briars and brambles overspread them, while we are choicely planted: their tower is of offence, their winepress is of blood. Oh, the lamentable condition of more likely vineyards than our own! Who can but weep and bleed, to see those woful calamities, that are fallen upon the late famous and flourishing Churches of Reformed Christendom? Oh, for that Palatine vine, late inoculated with a precious bud of our royal stem; that vine, not long since rich in goodly clusters, now the insultation of boars and prey of foxes! Oh, for those poor distressed Christians in France, Bohemia, Silesia, Moravia, Germany, Austria, the Valteline, that groan now under the tyrannous yoke of anti-christian oppression! How glad would they be of the crumbs of our feasts! How rich would they esteem themselves with the very gleanings of our plentiful crop of prosperity! How do they look up at us, as even now militantly triumphant, while they are miserably wallowing in dust and blood, and wonder to see

the sunshine upon our hill, while they are drenched with storm and tempest in the valley !

“What are we, O God, what are we that thou shouldest be thus rich in thy mercies to us, while thou art so severe in thy judgments upon them ? It is too much, Lord, it is too much, that thou hast done for so sinful and rebellious a people.

“2. Cast now your eyes aside a little ; and, after the view of God’s favours, see some little glimpse of our *REQUITAL*. Say then, say, *O nation not worthy to be beloved*, what fruit have ye returned to your beneficent God ? Sin is impudent : but let me challenge the impudent forehead of sin itself. Are they not sour and wild grapes that we have yielded ? Are we less deep in the sins of Israel than in Israel’s blessings ? Complaints, I know, are unpleasing, however just ; but now, not more unpleasing than necessary. *Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of contention !* Jer. xv. 10. I must cry out in this sad day, of the sins of my people.

“The searchers of Canaan, when they came to the brook of Eshcol, they cut down a branch, with a cluster of grapes, and carried it on a staff between two, to shew Israel the fruit of the land ; Numb. xiii. 23. Give me leave, in the search of our Israel, to present your eyes with some of the wild grapes that grow there on every hedge. And what if they be the very same that grew in this degenerated vineyard of Israel ?

“Where we meet, first, with oppression, a lordly sin, and that challengeth precedency, as being commonly incident to none but the great ; though a poor oppressor (as he is unkindly, so he) is he a monster of mercilessness. Oh, the loud shrieks and clamours of this crying sin ! What grinding of faces, what racking of rents, what detention of wages, what inclosing of commons, what engrossing of commodities, what griping exactions, what straining the advantages of

greatness, what unequal levies of legal payments, what spiteful suits, what depopulations, what usuries, what violences abound everywhere! The sighs, the tears, the blood of the poor, pierce the heavens, and call for a fearful retribution. This is a sour grape indeed, and that makes God to wring his face in an angry detestation.

“Drunkenness is the next: not so odious in the weakness of it, as in the strength. Oh, woful glory! *Strong to drink*. Woe is me! how is the world turned beast! what bousing, and quaffing, and whiffing, and healthing is there on every bench, and what reeling and staggering in our streets! What drinking by the yard, the die, the dozen! What forcing of pledges! what quarrels for measure and form! How is that become an excuse of villany, which any villany might rather excuse, ‘I was drunk!’ How hath this torrent, yea, this deluge of excess in meats and drinks, drowned the face of the earth, and risen many cubits above the highest mountains of religion and good laws! Yea, would God I might not say that which I fear and shame and grieve to say, that even some of them which square the ark for others, have been inwardly drowned, and discovered their nakedness. That other inundation scoured the world; this impures it. And what but a deluge of fire can wash it from so abominable filthiness?

“Let no popish eavesdropper now smile to think what advantage I give by so deep a censure of our own profession. Alas! these sins know no difference of religions. Would God they themselves were not rather more deep in these foul enormities! We extenuate not our guilt; whatever we sin, we condemn it as mortal; they palliate wickedness, with the fair pretence of veniality. Shortly, they accuse us; we, them; God, both.

“But where am I? How easy is it for a man to lose himself in the sins of the time! It is not for me to have my

habitation in these black tents; let me pass through them running. Where can a man cast his eye, not to see that which may vex his soul?

“Here, bribery and corruption in the seats of judicature; there, perjuries at the bar: here, partiality and unjust connivancy in magistrates; there, disorder in those that should be teachers: here, sacrilege in patrons; there, simoniacal contracts in unconscionable Levites: here, bloody oaths and execrations; there, scurril profaneness: here, cozening in bargains; there, breaking of promises: here, perfidious underminings; there, flattering supparasitations: here, pride in both sexes, but especially the weaker; there, luxury and wantonness: here, contempt of God’s messengers; there, neglect of his ordinances, and violation of his days. The time, and my breath would sooner fail me, than this woful bead-roll of wickedness.”

The following is from a sermon entitled, “Life a Sojourn-
ing:”—

“It is a true observation of Seneca, ‘*Velocitas temporis*,’ saith he, ‘The quick speed of time is best discerned when we look at it passed and gone;’ and this I can confirm to you by experience. It hath pleased the providence of my God so to contrive it, that this day, this very morning, four-score years ago, I was born into the world. ‘A great time since,’ you are ready to say; and so indeed it seems to you that look at it forward; but to me that look at it as past, it seems so short that it is gone like a tale that is told, or a dream by night, and looks but like yesterday.

“It can be no offence for me to say, that many of you who hear me this day, are not like to see so many suns walk over your heads, as I have done. Yea, what speak I of this? There is not one of us that can assure himself of his continuance here one day. We are all tenants at will;

and, for aught we know, may be turned out of these clay cottages at an hour's warning. Oh then, what should we do, but, as wise farmers, who know the time of their lease is expiring, and cannot be renewed, carefully and seasonably provide ourselves for a surer and more during tenure?

"I remember our witty countryman, Bromiard, tells us of a lord in his time, that had a fool in his house, as many great men in those days had, for their pleasure; to whom this lord gave a staff, and charged him to keep it till he should meet with one that were more fool than himself, and, if he met with such a one, to deliver it over to him. Not many years after, this lord fell sick, and indeed was sick unto death. His fool came to see him, and was told by his sick lord that he must now shortly leave him. 'And whither wilt thou go?' said the fool. 'Into another world,' said his lord. 'And when wilt thou come again? within a month?' 'No.'—'Within a year?' 'No.'—'When then?' 'Never.' 'Never?' 'And what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there, whither thou goest?' 'None at all.'—'No?' said the fool, 'none at all? Here, take my staff. Art thou going away for ever, and hast taken no order nor care how thou shalt speed in that other world, whence thou shalt never return? Take my staff; for I am not guilty of any such folly as this.'"

I have quoted from Bishop Hall's sermons only, as became my present subject of pulpit eloquence. But it is, perhaps, in his lesser works, his meditations, devotions, parables, sayings, that the sweet and tender eloquence of his style is best shown. His works may be safely recommended to the Christian reader, as a treasure-house of holy thoughts and solemn and comforting words.

You will have already seen that we have, in our last preacher, overpast the limits of the first period of the century, and entered on that of civil and religious conflict,

which extended through its whole middle portion. I need not to-night characterize this unhappy period. It was one of those divinely-ordained pangs, which attended the birth of our national freedom. None will deny, that ill things were said and ill things done on both sides; few will maintain now, that either of the great parties in our state has any right to rise up and charge the other with the calamities which then happened, or the crimes which were then committed. It is high time that all such recriminations should for ever cease, and should give way to our universal gratitude to Him who has manifested to us such signal national mercies: who is knitting our hearts together as one family round our throne and our Bible. It is in such a spirit that I would approach the second period of the seventeenth century. Our first great preacher belonging especially to this troubled time is Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR, who is not unjustly named the English Chrysostom. In genius, imaginative power, weight of persuasive eloquence, Taylor is incomparably the greatest orator of our country. If he is not in all respects, it is because his brilliant parts are carried to excess. He is singularly defective in judgment; overworks his most beautiful thoughts; where one or two lovely flowers (and whose so lovely as his?) sufficed, he pours on blooms of all hues and odours, till the reader sickens with sweetness. At the same time, let it not for a moment be denied that Taylor is one of the mightiest masters, both of thought and speech, who have written in our tongue. Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Taylor, would, perhaps, be the right order of our four greatest masters of imagination. Nor is Taylor's power confined to the imagination; though, from my unwillingness that you should lose some of his exquisite similes, it is from that portion of his masterpieces chiefly that I shall select my quotations. Born the son of a barber in an humble street in Cambridge;

then placed first at that University and then at Oxford; then rector of Uppingham; expelled and in want; thence a chaplain in the king's army; then lying hid in retirement in the beautiful vale of Towy, in South Wales; imprisoned, promoted; at one time mingling with rough soldiers or rude villagers, at another, with the band of elegant and learned cavaliers who sought the shelter of Golden Grove; and all this with a keen eye for whatever could glitter in description, or melt into pathos, or draw the cords of persuasion,—all life was made tributary to his genius; and air, and earth, and sea, and the habits and interests of men, and the stores and illustrations of ancient lore, seemed all to crowd their contributions into the exuberant treasure-house of his eloquence. But I must content myself to-night with a few specimens—alas, how few!—and leave to your own reading the further establishment of what I have said. There is a truly delightful little work—"Bishop Jeremy Taylor, a Biography," by Mr. Willmott, Incumbent of Bearwood, Berks. To this I can safely refer you for every information which time does not permit me to give to-night about Taylor.

I will introduce my specimens with one pleasingly characteristic of the man: he writes from his refuge in exile, Golden Grove, near Caermarthen:—

"I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me; what now? Let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can still discourse, and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and

drink, I read and meditate. I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields, and see the variety of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrows and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns. Such a person were fit to bear Nero company in his funeral sorrows for the loss of one of Poppea's hairs, or help to mourn for Lesbia's sparrow; and because he loves it, he deserves to starve in the midst of plenty, and to want comfort while he is encircled with blessings.

“Let everything you see,” he wrote at the same season, “represent to your spirit the excellency and the power of God, and let your conversation with the creatures lead you unto the Creator; and so shall your actions be done more frequently with an eye to God's presence, by your often seeing him in the glass of the creation. In the face of the sun you may see God's beauty; in the fire you may feel his heat warming; in the water his gentleness to refresh you; it is the dew of heaven that makes your field give you bread.”

“He followed,” says Mr. Willmott, “the exhortation he gave. His writings at Golden Grove contain lovelier and more numerous specimens of rural description and picturesque embellishment, than could be gathered from his collective works. A beautiful example occurs in his argument to show how sickness is sanctified by the grace of God:”—

“For so have I known the boisterous north-wind pass through the yielding air, which opened its bosom, and appeased its violence, by entertaining it with easy complaisance in all the regions of its reception. But when the same breath of heaven hath been checked with the stiffness of a tower, or the united strength of a wood, it grew mighty,

and dwelt there, and made the *highest branches stoop, and make a smooth path for it on the top of all its glories.*"

The following beautiful simile is from a sermon *on the Return of Prayers*:—

"Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministeries here below: so is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was a matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man; and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and

raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer; and he must recover it, when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove and dwells with God, till it returns like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven."

From a sermon on *Lukewarmness and Zeal*:—

"So long as the light shines bright, and the fires of devotion and desires flame out, so long the mind of a man stands close to the altar, and waits upon the sacrifice; but as the fires die and desires decay, so the mind steals away, and walks abroad to see the little images of beauty and pleasure which it beholds in the falling stars and little glowworms of the world. The river that runs slow and creeps by the banks, and begs leave of every turf to let it pass, is drawn into little hollownesses, and spends itself in smaller portions, and dies with diversion; but when it runs with vigorousness and a full stream, and breaks down every obstacle, making it even as its own brow; it stays not to be tempted by little avocations, and to creep into holes, but runs into the sea, through full and useful channels. So is a man's prayer, if it moves upon the feet of an abated appetite, it wanders into the society of every trifling accident, and stays at the corners of the fancy, and talks with every object it meets, and cannot arrive at heaven; but when it is carried upon the wings of passion and strong desires, a swift motion and a hungry appetite; it passes on through all the intermedial regions of clouds, and stays not

till it dwells at the foot of the throne, where mercy sits, and thence sends holy showers of refreshment. I deny not but some little drops will turn aside, and fall from the full channel by the weakness of the banks and hollowness of the passage; but the main course is still continued; and although the most earnest and devout persons feel and complain of some looseness of spirit, and unfixed attentions, yet their love and their desire secure the main portions, and make the prayer to be strong, fervent and effectual."

From the Sermon on *Godly Fear* :—

"Pardon of sins is a mercy which Christ purchased with his dearest blood, which he ministers to us upon conditions of an infinite kindness; but yet of great holiness and obedience, and an active living faith; it is a grace, that the most holy persons beg of God with mighty passion, and labour for with a great diligence, and expect with trembling fears; and concerning it many times suffer sadnesses with uncertain souls, and receive it by degrees, and it enters upon them by little portions, and it is broken as their sighs and sleeps. But so have I seen the returning sea enter upon the strand, and the waters, rolling towards the shore, throw up little portions of the tide, and retire as if nature meant to play, and not to change the abode of waters; but still the flood crept by little stoppings and invaded more by his progressions than he lost by his retreat; and having told the number of its steps, it possesses its new portion till the angel calls it back, that it may leave its unfaithful dwelling of the sand: so is the pardon of our sins; it comes by slow motions, and first quits a present death, and turns, it may be, into a sharp sickness; and if that sickness prove not health to the soul, it washes off, and, it may be, will dash against the rock again, and proceed to take off the several instances of anger, and

the periods of wrath ; but all this while it is uncertain concerning our final interest, whether it be *ebb* or *flood*, and every hearty prayer and every bountiful alms still enlarges the pardon, or adds a degree of probability and hope ; and then a drunken meeting, or a covetous desire, or an act of lust, or looser swearing, idle talk, or neglect of religion, makes the pardon retire ; and while it is disputed between Christ and Christ's enemy who shall be lord, the pardon fluctuates like the wave striving to climb the rock, and is washed off like its own retinue, and it gets possession by time and uncertainty, by difficulty and the degrees of a hard progression."

From the *Holy Dying* :—

"Some are called *at age* at fourteen, some at one and twenty, some never ; but all men late enough ; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But as when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses when he was forced to wear a veil because himself had seen the face of God ; and still while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly ;—so is man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty. But when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and

impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cockboat to a whale, only to play withal: but before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumptions, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul—a soul, at least, furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being: but by that time his soul is thus furnished, his body is decayed; and then you can hardly reckon him to be alive, when his body is possessed by so many degrees of death.”

There is one point in which I think a very general mistake is made about Jeremy Taylor. He is said to be deficient in enforcing the great verities of the doctrines of the Gospel. But this certainly is not the case. They may be, and are, doubtless, too much overlaid by his exuberance of fancy, and sometimes there may appear to be a use of words inconsistent with them; but when we examine deeper, we find that the pleading is right after all, and that Christ and not man is the great centre of the picture; and His Cross the source of all acceptance with God.

Two more figures I will take the liberty of passing before you, and then close with a general review of the group.

We have been of late in the Royalist camp; we will now pass over into that of the Parliament, and contemplate there England's greatest puritan divine, preaching, praying, reproving, rebuking, exhorting, in season and out of season.

RICHARD BAXTER, whom I believe that any one who takes pains to study his sermons will agree with me in calling the greatest preacher of the century, was born in 1615

and died in 1691. So that he lived through all the great events of the century, even down to the establishment of religious liberty by the revolution in 1688. All through Baxter's life, he was the friend of moderate measures. Though he left the church of England, and cast in his lot among her enemies, he was himself animated by no hostile spirit towards her or her ministers. He hoped by purifying her to render her the means of diffusing a deeper spirit of religion. He clung to the old institutions of the country ; and boldly told Cromwell, in the very zenith of his power, that "the honest people of the land took their ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil."

My first extract is from a sermon on Repentance, preached before the House of Commons, at the Solemn Fast "for the settling of these nations," April 30, 1660, just before the Restoration.

"Will the Lord pardon what is past, I am resolved through his grace to do so no more, but to loathe that filth that I took for pleasure, and to abhor that sin that I made my sport, and to die to the glory and riches of the world, which I made my idol ; and to live entirely to that God that I did so long ago and so unworthily neglect ; and to seek that treasure, that kingdom, that delight, that will fully satisfy my expectation, and answer all my care and labour with such infinite advantage. Holiness or nothing shall be my work and life, and heaven or nothing shall be my portion and felicity.

"These are the thoughts, the affections, the breathing of every regenerate, gracious soul. For your souls' sake inquire now, is it thus with you ? Or have you thus returned with self-loathing to the Lord, and firmly engaged your souls to him at your entrance into a holy life ? I must be plain with you, gentlemen, or I shall be unfaithful ; and I must deal closely with you, or I cannot deal honestly and

truly with you. As sure as you live, yea, as sure as the word of God is true, you must all be such converted men, and loathe yourselves for your iniquities, or be condemned as impenitent to everlasting fire. To hide this from you is but to deceive you, and that in a matter of a thousand times greater moment than your lives. Perhaps I could have made shift, instead of such serious admonitions, to have wasted this hour in flashy oratory and neat expressions, and ornaments of reading, and other things that are the too common matters of ostentation with men that preach God's word in jest, and believe not what they are persuading others to believe. Or if you think I could not, I am indifferent, as not much affecting the honour of being able to offend the Lord, and wrong your souls, by dallying with holy things. Flattery in these things of soul concernment is a selfish villany, that hath but a very short reward, and those that are pleased with it to-day may curse the flatterer for ever. Again, therefore, let me tell you that which I think you will confess, that it is not your greatness, not your high looks, not the gallantry of your spirits that scorns to be thus humbled, that will serve your turn when God shall deal with you, or save your carcasses from rottenness and dust, or your guilty souls from the wrath of the Almighty. Nor is it your contempt of the threatenings of the Lord, and your stupid neglect, or scorning at the message, that will endure when the sudden, irresistible light shall come in upon you, and convince you, or you shall see and feel what now you refuse to believe! Nor is it your outside, hypocritical religion, made up of mere words or ceremonies, and giving your souls but the leavings of the flesh, and making God an underling to the world, that will do any more to save your souls than the picture of a feast to feed your bodies. Nor is it the stiffest conceits that you shall be saved in an unconverted state, or that you are sanctified

when you are not, that will do any more to keep you from damnation than a conceit that you shall never die will do to keep you here for ever. Gentlemen, though you are all here in health and dignity, and honour, to-day, how little a while is it, alas! how little, until you shall be every man in heaven or hell! Unless you are infidels you dare not deny it. And it is only Christ and a holy life that is your way to heaven; and only sin, and the neglect of Christ and holiness, that can undo you. Look, therefore, upon sin as you should look on that which would cast you into hell, and is daily undermining all your hopes. Oh that this honourable assembly could know it in some measure as it shall be shortly known; and judge of it as men do, when time is past, and delusions vanished, and all men are awakened from their fleshly dreams, and their naked souls have seen the Lord! Oh then what laws would you make against sin! How speedily would you join your strength against it as against the only enemy of your peace, and as against a fire in your houses, or a plague that were broken out upon the city where you are! Oh then how zealously would you all concur to promote the interest of holiness in the land, and studiously encourage the servants of the Lord! How severely would you deal with those that by making a mock of godliness, do hinder the salvation of the people's souls! How carefully would you help the labourers that are sent to guide men in the holy path; and yourselves would go before the nation as an example of penitent self-loathing for your sins, and hearty conversion to the Lord! Is this your duty now, or is it not? If you cannot deny it, I warn you from the Lord do not neglect it; and do not by your disobedience to a convinced conscience prepare for a tormenting conscience. If you know your Master's will, and do it not, you shall be beaten with many stripes.

• And your public capacity and work doth make your

repentance and holiness needful to others as well as to yourselves.

“Had we none to govern us, but such as entirely subject themselves to the government of Christ, and none to make us laws, but such as have his laws transcribed upon their hearts, oh what a happy people should we be! Men are unlikely to make strict laws against the vices which they love and live in; or if they make them, they are more unlikely to execute them. We can expect no great help against drunkenness, swearing, gaming, filthiness, and profaneness, from men that love these abominations so well, as that they will rather part with God and their salvation than they will let them go.”

My second is from a sermon entitled, “*Right Rejoicing*,” preached at St. Paul’s, before the Corporation of London, May 10, 1660, the day of thanksgiving for the Restoration of Charles II.

“For the rectifying, therefore, and elevating of your joys, I am first to tell you, that there is matter of far greater joy before you than all the successes or prosperity of the world; and if it be not, yet being freely offered you, your acceptance may quickly make it such. Eternal joy and glory is at hand, the door is open, the promise is sure, the way made plain, the helps are many, and safe, and powerful; you may have the conduct of Christ, and the company of thousands, (though the smaller number,) if you will go this way: there are passengers every day going on, and entering in; many that were here the last year, are this year in heaven; yea, many that were yesterday on earth, are in heaven to-day. It is another kind of assembly and solemnity than this that they are now beholding, and you may behold. One strain of that celestial melody doth afford more ravishing sweetness and delight than all that ever

earth could yield. If a day in God's courts here be better than a thousand in common employments or delights, then, sure, a day in heaven is better than ten thousand. That is the court; and (except the church, which is a garden that hath some celestial plants, and is a seminary, or nursery for heaven) this world is the dunghill. There all is spiritual, pure, and perfect; the soul, the service, and the joy; but here they are all so mixed with flesh, and therefore so imperfect and impure, that we are afraid of our very comforts, and are fain, upon the review, to sorrow over many of our joys. We come now from cares and troubles to our feasts; and our wedding garments smell of the smoke; and a secret disquietness in the midst of our delights doth tell us, that the root of our troubles doth remain, and that yet we are not where we should be, and that this is not our resting-place. We lay by our cares and sorrows on these days with our old clothes, to take them up again to-morrow, and alas! they are our ordinary week-day habits: and it were well if it were only so; but even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and in our sweetest joys we feel such imperfections as threateneth a relapse into our former troubles. But the face of God admitteth no such imperfections in the joy of the beholders; there we shall have joy without either feeling or fear of sorrow; and praises without any mixtures of complaint. Our sweetest love to the Lord of love will feel no bounds, and fear no end. Oh what unspeakable delights will fill that soul that now walks mournfully, and feedeth upon complaints and tears! How the glory of God will make that face to shine for ever, that now looks too dejectedly, and is darkened with griefs, and worn with fears, and daily wears a mourning visage! No trouble can enter into the heavenly Jerusalem; nor is there a mournful countenance in the presence of our King! Self-troubling was the fruit of sin and weakness, of ignorance,

mistakes, and passion, and, therefore, is unknown in heaven, being pardoned and laid by with our flesh among the rest of our childish weaknesses and diseases. That poor, afflicted, wounded soul, that breathes in trouble as its daily air, and thinks it is made up of grief and fear, shall be turned into love and joy, and be unspeakably higher in those heavenly delights than ever it was low in sorrows. Oh blessed face of the most glorious God! Oh happy presence of our glorified head! Oh blessed beams of the eternal love, that will continually shine upon us! Oh blessed work! to behold, to love, to delight, and praise! Oh, blessed company of holy angels, and perfect saints, so perfectly united, so exactly suited, to concord in those felicitating works! Where all these are, what sorrows can there be? what relics of distress, or smallest scars of our ancient wounds! Had I but one such friend as the meanest angel in heaven to converse with, how easily could I spare the courts of princes, the popular concourse, the learned academies, and all that the world accounteth pleasure, to live in the sweet and secret converse of such a friend! How delightfully should I hear him discourse of the ravishing love of God, of the glory of his face, the person of our Redeemer, the continued union of the glorified human nature with the divine, and of the head, with all the glorified members, and his influences on his imperfect ones below! of the dignity, quality, and work of saints and angels, and of the manner of their mutual converse! How gladly would I retire from the noise and laughter, the compliments of comic gallants, the clutter and vain-glory of a distracted world, or any of the more mainly inferior delights, to walk with one such heavenly companion! Oh how the beams of his illuminated intellect would promote my desired illumination! And the flames of his love to the most glorious God would reach my heart; what life, and heavenly sweet-

ness there would be in all his speeches! That little of heaven that I have perceived on some of the servants of the Lord, that are conversant above in the life of faith, doth make them more amiable, and their converse much more delectable to me, than all the feasting, music, or merriments in the world. Oh then what a world of joy and glory will that be, where we shall not only converse with them that have seen the Lord, and are perfected in the beautiful vision and fruition, but also shall ourselves everlastingly behold him, and enjoy him in perfection! That world all true believers see; they see it by faith in the holy glass which the Spirit in the apostles and prophets hath set up; and they have the earnest and first-fruits of it themselves, even that Spirit by which they are sealed hereunto; that world we are ready to take possession of; we are almost there; we are but taking our leave of the inhabitants and affairs of earth, and better putting on our heavenly robes, and we are presently there. A few nights more to stay on earth, a few words more to speak to the sons of men, a few more duties to perform, and a few more troublesome steps to pass, will be a small inconsiderable delay. This room will hold you now but an hour longer, and this world but a few hours more, but heaven will be the dwelling-place of saints to all eternity. These faces of flesh that we see to-day, we shall see but a few times more, if any; but the face of God we shall see for ever. That glory no dismal times shall darken, that joy no sorrow shall interrupt, no sin shall forfeit, no enemy shall endanger or take from us, no changes shall ever dispossess us of. And should not a believer then rejoice that his name is written in heaven? and that every providence wheels him on, and whether the way be fair or foul it is thither that he is travelling? Oh, sirs! if heaven be better than vanity and vexation; if endless joy be better than the laughter of a child that ends in crying; and if

God be better than a delusory world, you have then greater matters set before you to be the matter of your joy, than prosperity and success, or anything that flesh and blood delights in."

Baxter was not deficient in the powers of the imagination nor in using them in his sermons and writings:—

"As the pretty lark doth sing most sweetly, and never ceaseth her pleasant ditty while she soareth aloft, as if she were there gazing into the glory of the sun, but is suddenly silenced when she falleth to the earth, so is the frame of the soul most delectable and divine while it keepeth in the views of God by contemplation; but, alas! we make there too short a stay, but down again we fall, and lay by our music."—*Conclusion of "Saint's Everlasting Rest."*

We now finally come to the third period of the sixteenth century, when the Restoration had lulled all into an outward quiet, and the decencies and tranquillities of religion seemed to be re-established in our land. It is always a sad thing to decline as we approach a close, and to end worse than we began; but such must be our lot to-night. The great spirits with whom we have been holding communion have passed away; the mighty conflict in which they spent their precious lives subsided; both sides of the militant army are worn out. The Puritan preaching especially had wearied its hearers, and brought about a reaction in an opposite direction. It is to this reaction that I shall now introduce you, and to its fittest representative, SOUTH.

Robert South was born in 1635 and died 1716. He was educated at Westminster School, and Christ Church, Oxford. His anti-puritan spirit already showed itself by his reading aloud in school the forbidden Church prayers on the day of the execution of Charles I. It is true he is charged with inconsistency, for having written a copy of verses to congratulate Cromwell on a victory over the

Dutch in 1655. But this, it is suggested, may have been only a college exercise; and those who know the man will accept any hypothesis rather than imagine that he had ever bent the knee to the Protector. In 1660 he was public orator of Cambridge; in 1663, prebendary of Westminster; in 1670, canon of Christ Church; in 1713 he was offered the bishopric of Rochester and deanery of Westminster, both of which he declined.

The characteristics of South's sermons are, first (and it is a sad one indeed), the almost total absence of anything like definite Christian doctrine. Sometimes, indeed, when it can hardly be helped, we find just a passing mention of the truths of redemption—but the seven volumes are a melancholy field indeed for one to dig in who searches for anything spiritual; dearth and barrenness everywhere reign. Great moral power must be conceded to South: a fine eye for the turnings and windings of human frailty and hypocrisy, which he unmasks with unsparing, and indeed with cruel hand. When he lashes, he mocks and does not weep. Our Lord weeping over the city which had slain the prophets, and this his minister inveighing against the commonwealth—no greater contrast can be imagined. Political rancour, unholy, and even in many places profane jesting, are the staple of his sermons,—the salient and seasoned morsels which made their duller parts go down with his profligate audience. The following epigram will put you at the same time into possession of the man and his hearers:—

“ Old South, a witty churchman reckon'd,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second:
But much too serious for a Court,
Who at all preaching made a sport,
At length the audience 'gan to nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.

The doctor stopped—began to call,
Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale ;
My Lord, why 'tis a monstrous thing,—
You snore so loud, you'll wake the king !”

I will now give you some specimens both of South's moral power, and of his political rancour ; sparing your ears many of those unhallowed witticisms which I have described as frequent in his sermons.

The following is from a sermon entitled “ *Prevention of Sin an Invaluable Mercy.*”

“First. This may inform and convince us how vastly greater a pleasure is consequent upon the forbearance of sin, than can possibly accompany the commission of it ; and how much higher a satisfaction is to be found from a conquered, than from a conquering passion. For the proof of which we need look no further than the great example here before us. Revenge is certainly the most luscious morsel that the devil can put into the sinner's mouth. But do we think that David could have found half that pleasure in the execution of his revenge, that he expresses here upon the disappointment of it ? Possibly it might have pleased him in the present heat and hurry of his rage, but must have displeased him infinitely more in the cool, sedate reflections of his mind. For sin can please no longer than for that pitiful space of time while it is committing ; and surely the present pleasure of a sinful act is a poor counter-vail for the bitterness of the review, which begins where the action ends and lasts for ever. There is no ill thing which a man does in his passion but his memory will be revenged on him for it afterwards.

“All pleasure springing from a gratified passion (as most of the pleasure of sin does) must needs determine with that passion. It is short, violent, and fallacious ; and as soon as the imagination is disabused will certainly be at an end

And therefore Des Cartes prescribes excellently well for the regulation of the passions; viz., That a man should fix and fore-arm his mind with this settled persuasion, that, during that commotion of his blood and spirits, in which passion properly consists, whatsoever is offered to his imagination in favour of it, tends only to deceive his reason. It is indeed a real trepan upon it; feeding it with colours and appearances instead of arguments; and driving the very same bargain, which Jacob did with Esau, a mess of pottage for a birthright, a present repast for a perpetuity.

“Secondly. We have here a sure unfailing criterion, by which every man may discover and find out the gracious or ungracious disposition of his own heart. The temper of every man is to be judged of from the thing he most esteems; and the object of his esteem may be measured by the prime object of his thanks. What is it that opens thy mouth in praises, that fills thy heart, and lifts up thy hands in grateful acknowledgments to thy great Creator and Preserver? Is it that thy bags and thy barns are full, that thou hast escaped this sickness, or that danger? Alas! God may have done all this for thee in anger! All this fair sunshine may have been only to harden thee in thy sins. He may have given thee riches and honour, health and power with a curse; and if so, it will be found but a poor comfort to have had never so great a share of God’s bounty without his blessing. But has he at any time kept thee from thy sin? stopped thee in the prosecution of thy lust? defeated the malicious arts and stratagems of thy mortal enemy the tempter? And does not the sense of this move and affect thy heart more than all the former instances of temporal prosperity, which are but, as it were, the promiscuous scatterings of his common providence, while these are the distinguishing kindnesses of his special grace?

“A truly pious mind has certainly another kind of relish and taste of these things; and if it receives a temporal blessing with gratitude, it receives a spiritual one with ecstasy and transport. David, an heroic instance of such a temper, overlooks the rich and seasonable present of Abigail though pressed with hunger and travel; but her advice, which disarmed his rage, and calmed his revenge, draws forth those high and affectionate gratulations from him: *Blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou, who hast kept me this day from shedding blood, and avenging myself with mine own hand.* These were his joyful and glorious trophies; not that he triumphed over his enemy, but that he insulted over his revenge; that he escaped from himself, and was delivered from his own fury. And whosoever has anything of David’s piety, will be perpetually plying the throne of grace with such like acknowledgments as, ‘Blessed be that Providence, which delivered me from such a lewd company, and such a vicious acquaintance, which was the bane of such and such a person.’ And, ‘Blessed be that God who cast rubs, and stops, and hinderances in my way, when I was attempting the commission of such or such a sin; who took me out of such a course of life, such a place, or such an employment, which was a continual snare and temptation to me.’ And, ‘Blessed be such a preacher, and such a friend, whom God made use of to speak a word in season to my wicked heart, and so turned me out of the paths of death and destruction, and saved me in spite of the world, the devil and myself.’

“These are such things as a man shall remember with joy upon his deathbed; such as shall cheer and warm his heart even in that last and bitter agony, when many, from the very bottom of their souls, shall wish that they had never been rich, or great, or powerful; and reflect with anguish and remorse upon those splendid occasions of sin,

which served them for little but to heighten their guilt, and at best to inflame their accounts, at that great tribunal which they are going to appear before."

The following, from a sermon entitled "*The Impossibility of Man's Meriting of God.*"

"In all the actions of men, though we naturally fix our eye only upon some visible agent, yet still there is a secret, invisible spring, which is the first mover of, and conveys an activity to, every power and faculty both of soul and body, though it be discerned by neither. Upon which account it is that St. Austin says, 'that in all that God does for us he only crowns his own works in us;' the same hand still enabling us to do, which shall hereafter reward us for what we have done. And if, according to these terms, and those words also of the spouse to the same purpose, Cantic. i. 4, *Draw me and I will follow thee*, our coming to God be from nothing else but from his drawing us to himself, how can we merit of him by our following him, or coming to him? For can any one oblige me by a present bought with my own money, or by giving me that which I first gave him? And yet the case here is much the same. For as apt as we are to flatter ourselves, and to think and speak big upon this subject, yet in truth, by all that we do or can do, we do but return God something of his own. Much like the rivers, which come rolling with a mighty noise, and pour themselves into the sea; and yet as high as they swell, and as loud as they roar, they only restore the sea her own waters; that which flows into her in one place having been first drawn from her in another. In a word, can the earth repay the heavens for their influences, and the clouds for that verdure and fertility which they bestow upon it? or can dirt and dunghills requite the sun and the light for shining upon them? No, certainly: and yet what poor

shadows and faint representations are these of that infinitely greater inability even of the noblest of God's creatures to present him with anything which they were not first beholden to him for! It is clear therefore, that since man, in all his duties and services, never had anything of his own to set up with, but has trafficked all along upon a borrowed stock, the fourth and last condition required to make his performances meritorious utterly fails him."

The following from the sermon on "*Conscience* :"—

"Conscience, if truly tender, never complains without a cause; though, I confess, there is a new-fashioned sort of tenderness of conscience, which always does so: but that is like the tenderness of a bog or quagmire; and it is very dangerous coming near it, for fear of being swallowed up by it. For when conscience has once acquired this artificial tenderness, it will strangely enlarge or contract its swallows, as it pleases; so that sometimes a camel shall slide down with ease, where, at other times, even a gnat may chance to stick by the way. It is indeed such a kind of tenderness as makes the person who has it generally very tender of obeying the laws, but never so of breaking them. And therefore, since it is commonly at such variance with the laws, I think the law is the fittest thing to deal with it."

The following from the sermon on "*The Gifts of the Spirit* :"—

"Where would be the beauty of the heavens themselves, if it were not for the multitude of the stars, and the variety of their influences? And then for the earth here below, and those who dwell therein, certainly it might live without the plumes of peacocks, and the curious colours of flowers; without so many different odours, so many several tastes,

and such an infinite diversity of airs and sounds. But where would then be the glory and lustre of the universe, the flourish and gaiety of nature, if our senses were forced to be always poring upon the same thing, without the diversion of change, and the quickening relish of variety? And now, when matters stand thus, may we not justly say, *If God so clothes the fields*, so paints the flowers, and paves the very places we tread upon, and with such curiosity provides for all our senses, which yet are but the servants and under-officers of the soul; shall he not much more provide for the soul itself, and its own service thereby, in the glorious economy and great concernments of the Church? And moreover, does not such a liberal effusion of gifts equally argue both the power and the bounty of the giver? Number and multitude are the signs of riches, and the materials of plenty; and therefore, though unity in the government and communion of the Church is indeed a great blessing, yet, in the gifts and endowments of it, it would be but penury and a curse. But,

“Secondly, as this diversity of the Spirit’s gifts imports variety, so it excludes contrariety: different they are, but they are not opposite. There is no jar, no combat or contest between them; but all are disposed of with mutual agreements, and a happy subordination: for as variety adorns, so opposition destroys; things most different in nature may yet be united in the same design! and the most distant lines may meet and clasp in the same centre.

“As for instance, one would think that the spirit of meekness and the spirit of zeal stood at that distance of contrariety, as to defy all possibility either of likeness or reconciliation; and yet (as we have already shown) they both may and do equally serve and carry on the great end and business of religion. And the same spirit which baptizes with water, baptizes also with fire. It is an art to

attain the same end by several methods; and to make things of a quite contrary operation to concur in one and the same effect."

I will give you one specimen of South's satire on the flowery style of preaching. From what you have already heard, you will have no difficulty in recognising the great preacher who is aimed at:—

"‘I speak the words of soberness,’ said St. Paul; ‘and I preach the gospel, not with the enticing words of man’s wisdom.’ This was the way of the Apostle’s discoursing of things sacred. Nothing here of ‘the fringes of the north star,’ nothing of ‘nature’s becoming unnatural,’ nothing of ‘the down of angels’ wings,’ or ‘the beautiful locks of cherubims;’ no starched similitudes, introduced with a ‘Thus have I seen a cloud rolling in its airy mansion,’ and the like. No: these were sublimities above the rise of the apostolic spirit. For the apostles, poor mortals, were content to take lower steps, and to tell the world in plain terms that he who believed should be saved, and he who believed not should be damned: and this was the dialect that pierced the conscience, and made the hearers cry out, ‘Men and brethren, what shall we do?’ It tickled not the ear, but sunk into the heart; and when men came from such sermons, they never commended the preacher for his talking, voice, or gesture; for the fineness of such a simile, or the quaintness of such a sentence; but they spoke like men conquered with the conquering force and evidence of the most concerning truths, much in the words of the two disciples going to Emmaus: ‘Did not our hearts burn within us while he opened to us the Scriptures?’”—*South’s Sermons*, vol. x. pp. 152, 153.

Here is an example of his political rancour:—

“Who that had looked upon Agathocles first handling

the clay, and making pots under his father, and afterwards turning robber, would have thought that from such a condition he should come to be king of Sicily? Who that had seen Masaniello, a poor fisherman, with his red cap and his angle, could have reckoned it possible to see such a pitiful thing, within a week after, shining in his cloth of gold, and with a word or a nod absolutely commanding the whole city of Naples? And who that had beheld such a bankrupt beggarly fellow as Cromwell first entering the Parliament house with a threadbare, torn cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that in the space of so few years he should, by the murder of one king and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king but the changing of his hat into a crown?"—*Willmott*, p. 276.

It is said that when this was uttered from the pulpit in the Chapel Royal, Charles II. turned in his pew to the Duke of Buckingham, and said, "Odd's fish, Lory, that chaplain of yours must be a bishop; put me in mind of him at the next death."

Yet there were better things in the man. Mr. Willmott writes:—

"From his brightness of intellect and intuitive good sense, if much has been given, more might have been required. One magnificent utterance we possess in his discourse upon the creation of man after the image of God, which is not only undefiled by temporary associations, but instinct with the divinest life of eloquence. His style is never obnoxious to his own censure of those authors, whose words are forced to hang loose and light, because they have no substance underneath to support them; but in this sermon he excelled himself, and into Barrow's energy poured Taylor's imagination. Hear his description of the

intellect in its morning:—‘I confess it is difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attend our nature in the time of innocence; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced by sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.’ This sermon was preached in the Cathedral of St. Paul, in 1662, and never had those walls resounded with so unbroken a strain of eloquent music. It might be addressed, without revision, to a modern congregation, but for the peril of the contrast. Foster’s remark upon the impossibility of altering the diction of our old authors bears strongly upon South. Not a word could be transposed or replaced.”

The religious history of the eighteenth century is perfectly well known to us all. South’s sermons may plead as an introductory specimen of that which English preaching was

soon to become. What the pulpit gained in decent equilibrium and propriety, it lost in fervour and spirituality. An interesting account will be found in the concluding chapters of Mr. Willmott's book, of the more remarkable of the preachers of the reigns of William and Mary, Anne, and the two first Georges. It may suffice to say, that polished and able as many of them are, their tones sound like those of men in a dream, to those who compare them with the holy earnestness of the preceding or the following age. Brilliant exceptions there were in the ranks both of conformity and nonconformity, but such was the general character of the preaching of the day, till Wesley and Whitfield, Romaine and Newton, broke up new ground, or rather dug through the overlying rubbish to the old paths beneath. Let us hear it described by a master pen :

“ Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impress'd
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—like whom ?
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
 And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ;
 Cry—hem ; and reading what they never wrote
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene ! ”

Thus wrote Cowper ; and there can be no doubt even from the memories of what was very general in our own

younger days, that the picture was a correct one. To-night, we have been among a very different sort of preachers. Donne, Hall, Hammond, Taylor, Baxter, were all men in right earnest—Christian men, deep in the life of God. They did not discharge themselves of their sermons as the condition of holding their dignities; they preached in high and in low positions, in ease and in danger, in sunny and in stormy times, with the same fervour, the same fearlessness; through all their individual peculiarities breaks ever forth the same love to God and to human souls; whether high Church or low, in the Cavalier or Roundhead camp, it may be safely said of every one of them, this man felt that he had a Father above him; he knew that his Redeemer liveth; he spoke by the power of the Holy Ghost, who dwelt within him.

And you must not imagine that these were all, or nearly all, the great preachers of the century. Many names, I doubt not, have risen to some of my hearers' minds as I have been speaking; but time has compelled me to pass them by; the learned and pious Hammond, the faithful chaplain of the unfortunate king Charles I.; Howe, the saintly author of the "Blessedness of the Righteous," the "Living Temple," and the "Funeral Sermons for Queen Mary, and for Mr. Baxter;" and others, whom I would fain have taken in. When I think of such as these, and look on the times in which we live; when I see the stir that is happily once again taking place about preaching, and watch, not without anxious concern, the progress and prospects of the movement, I am tempted, I own, to breathe a fervent wish for my Church and my country, that God may send us the like of them again.

Varieties of Spiritual Life.



A LECTURE

BY THE

REV. JOHN STOUGHTON.

VARIETIES OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

THREE summers since I was enjoying the scenery of the Tyrol,—and, on the border of that land of beauty, spent a day at the glorious Kœnig See. Shut in by mountains,—on one side gently shelving down, on the other abruptly shooting up,—the lake lies like a grandly bordered mirror to reflect the brilliance of the summer sun. Amidst the silence of a spot which spoke sublimely to the heart, and the solitude which peopled the mind with pensive thoughts,—while open to the awe-inspiring influences of nature, suggestive of deep imaginings about the infinite, the eternal, and the divine,—my eye was caught by innumerable tiny forms and colours on the surface of the water. They were prismatic effects of sun-light on the ripples, as if broken chains and rings, of gold and green and crimson, were thickly scattered there: while weeds and water plants were plain enough beneath, covering the bottom of the lake. Little creatures and images were they of the glorious light above, refracted and broken on the wavy surface spread below.

When sitting down to prepare this Lecture I thought of that picture of the Kœnig See, as no unapt illustration of my theme to-night—the Varieties of Christian Spiritual Life

—for all those varieties show reflections of the Sun of Righteousness on human hearts,—many-coloured, many-formed, imperfect, broken, confused, changing, with things beneath of a different kind, the weeds of fallen human nature.

Without detaining you for a moment from our large subject, let me direct your thoughts first, to facts illustrative of the varieties; secondly, to powers which cause these facts; thirdly, to something like a classification under which the varieties may be ranged; and fourthly, the lessons which the whole review suggests.

I.

Amongst the names illustrative of the varieties of spiritual life in Christendom, the first which I shall notice is that of CYPRIAN. He may be regarded as a type of spiritual life common in his own day, and, allowing for modified developments, of great prevalence, as to its distinguishing features, in after times. We have a bundle of letters preserved, written by this remarkable man. The first which we open—that which lies on the top—an epistle to Donatus, gives us a key to Cyprian's character. He is at Carthage, writing in a beautiful garden, during the vintage,—the shoots and tendrils of the vines, shaken by mild autumnal breezes, forming an arbour. He looks from his retreat upon what he calls “the billowy world.” The state of society is terrible. The Roman empire is thoroughly demoralized. War, banditti, gladiators, the immoralities of the theatre, and the injustice of the forum, oppression on the one hand, and servility on the other; the covetousness and luxury of the rich, the want and misery of the poor, are the only things which Cyprian can see, as his anxious eye glances over what lies around him. From that world he feels himself to be separated by divine grace. His pleasures are of a purer description. As the sun goes down, psalms and

religious music are the accompaniments of his moderate repast. He exults in his release from earthly bonds—in his escape from nether defilement into the light of everlasting life; and declares that ceilings of gold and walls of marble are poor to him, who is himself a temple wherein the Holy Spirit has begun to dwell; and that the aim of such an one will be to array his house in the colours of innocence, and to enlighten it with righteousness. The gardens at Carthage Cyprian is quite willing to part with; a portion of his hereditary estate he sells for the benefit of his poor brethren. His life is devoted to the interests of the Church. He works hard as bishop of the flock at Carthage, and dies a martyr's death outside the walls. There is rich, beautiful piety here, but it is marked by peculiarities. Should one suspect there is something like asceticism lying underneath these denunciations of the world, other writings of Cyprian confirm the idea. He is not only weaned from the vanities of the world, and by the fervour of his faith lifted up to heavenly places, where, as he sings the song of his blissful hope, in his book *on Mortality*, the strains are quite celestial, and we wish we felt more like him:—but he depreciates the charities of domestic life, and wrongs God's beautiful institute of marriage by his extravagant praises of virginity. In this first letter, too, he confounds baptism with the second birth of Divine Mercy—calls it the laver of healing water, that which washes away the stains of sin, and pours into the purified breast the light of heaven. And then, turning to his other letters, we find them throughout imbued with a strong sacramental tone, unlike that of the New Testament, while the claims of deference to episcopal authority are utterly repugnant to apostolic teaching. In his *Treatise on Unity* he confounds the outward with the inward—organization with spirit—the Bishop with Christ; and, under the flowers of his eloquence, when he says, that

“the Church is white with the works of her sons, and red with the blood of her martyrs, lacking in her coronal neither lily nor rose,” there lurks an error, already growing into the doctrine of human merit, and sure, if not repressed, to branch out some day into papal supererogation. Cyprian is a Christian, but he is ascetic and ceremonial—the priest, the High Churchman, and the incipient Catholic of an after age.

We pass now from the third century to the fifth—from Carthage to Bethlehem. A monk is there, the famous Jerome, who has carried out asceticism to a length that Cyprian never dreamed of. In him too, ceremonialism, in a stage of extravagant advancement, finds an advocate; the merit of mortification and martyrdom is a prominent article of faith; in short, he represents the corrupt church system of the post Nicene age. Honest, sincere, disinterested, he throws the whole of his energetic soul into the maintenance of traditional catholicism. With Jerome, face to face in his cell at Bethlehem, in controversy with that man of wasted form, filthy attire, haggard countenance but burning eye, there stands another type of Christian life, Vigilantius. He has seen church services, heard church legends, examined church relics. At Nola, in Campania, he has witnessed adorations at a martyr’s tomb, which it is no injustice to call idolatrous. Here in Bethlehem, monkish austerity, monkish pride, monkish merit, and monkish intolerance of contradiction have reached their highest pitch. The spirit of Vigilantius is moved within him. He protests against these things as innovations on primitive Christianity, as abuses in the Church of God. Jerome records the opposition of Vigilantius. To him chiefly we are indebted for what we know of this extraordinary individual. The latter is loaded with abuse by his antagonist. We cannot trust his representations. We wish we had Vigilantius’s defence

of himself, or an account of him from some impartial historian. But, looking at his place in history, at his fearless stand against the corruption of his times, at the spiritual views of Christian life and worship which such a position as he assumed seems to involve, we are warranted in judging favourably of his religious character. He was a man evidently brave of heart, antagonistic in his tendencies, not slow to conclude of what he did not like, nor over polite in saying "It is a lie:" perhaps a little severe and harsh at times, for which there was great excuse; it may be, not a very social man, though he might be kindly,—like the great Elijah, the man of the desert, who could embrace the child, and shrink to his dimensions. Vigilantius is seen in church history, clothed in mist, but I have no doubt we are right in regarding him as a man of God, albeit compassed about with infirmity. He is very different from Cyprian, perhaps with less of the sentiment of veneration, certainly with a bolder individuality, and more inquisitiveness; a spiritualist in worship, a reformer of the Church—a Protestant, antedating Protestantism by eleven centuries.

We must now cross over a vast space, and dip into the end of the middle ages. We imagine ourselves in Strasburg, in the fourteenth century. The grand cathedral there, with its long drawn aisles and fretted vaults, its blazing altars and gorgeously tinted windows are symbolical of the church system of worship, order, and polity, which has grown out of the principles maintained by Cyprian, and is the full-blown manifestation of the deceitful errors against which Vigilantius entered his earnest protest. Pomp, pride, display, and secularity, have encrusted, with a glittering cover, the whole of Christendom. But there appears one hard by that cathedral, a member of the Dominican convent, John Tauler by name, who, dissatisfied with the showy formalism of the age, seeks to realize the presence of

eternal truth and love within the inner man of the heart. Part of the story of his spiritual life is told in a beautiful little book, called "The Master and the Man," in which is described how he, a master of Israel, had been taught truth by one who should have been his disciple; how the man revealed his own hidden holiness, and convicted "the master," that he was still walking in the night of ignorance, and had an unclean vessel, and was but a pharisee; how he exhorted him to let go all his carnal pride, and with Mary Magdalene, fall down at Christ's feet; how he taught him to deny and to offer up himself in holy loving sacrifice to the will of God,—to be as nothing in the all-absorbing power and grace of the infinite Redeemer; how "the master" was visited, touched, and illuminated, after a wonderful manner by God; how he was sealed with silence, and when he tried to preach, could not for weeping and shame, so that he became a laughingstock to the proud and the foolish; and how the Lord at length opened his lips, and taught him to speak concerning Christ, the true Bridegroom of the soul, and the wonderful ways in which he tries his bride, that he may bring her purified to the marriage feast, and crown her with bridal joys. The sermon of Tauler so wrought on his audience, that one cried out, "It is true," and fell down insensible, causing a woman to cry out, "Master, leave off or this woman will die on our hands." Then said the master, "Ah dear children, and if the Bridegroom take the bride, and lead her home with him, we will gladly yield her to him: nevertheless I will make an end and leave off. Dear children, let us cry unto the Lord our God in heaven. For verily, we have all need to do so, seeing that, alas, we have grown so dull of hearing, and foolish of heart, that none of us has compassion on his fellow, although we confess that we are all called brothers and sisters. There be also few who are willing to fight their way against their own flesh, and

follow the Bridegroom in order to reach a nobler joy, and a glorious wedding feast." I wish I could tell you more of the story of a man generally so little known, who presents to us a type of spiritual life, well deserving of our earnest study, both for its excellences and defects. The deepest piety is there, but it gleams from amidst clouds of mysticism. It is what may be called *subjective*, preeminently so. Tauler looks mainly to the light within, and though quoting Scripture and imbibing its spirit, fails to assign to it decisive and supreme authority. The facts and doctrines of the Gospel are acknowledged, but not dwelt upon with sufficient emphasis. There is in his sermons an abundance of allegory. A haziness rests on his views—golden it is true—still 'tis haziness. Tauler remained in a corrupt church: he did not break off from its communion, though he was removed to an infinite distance from its formalistic temper, and had come to abhor the service of mere outward ceremonies. The fact seems to be that spirituality, we should think more intense in him than in Vigilantius, led to indifference respecting the question of forms, instead of antagonism to their minutiae and splendour. Retiring into the solitude of spiritual abstraction, he felt himself alone with God, neither aided nor disturbed by the brilliant ritualism which charmed and deceived the senses of ignorant worshippers. He wanted what Vigilantius had, a clear apprehension of abuses. He had, what perhaps Vigilantius wanted, a wonderful insight into the nature of sin as selfishness, into the nature of godliness as the entire sacrifice of self. However some may lament that such a man as Tauler did not take up the position of a *protestant*, did not bear a witness against superstition, yet it must be confessed that this eminent leader among "the friends of God," as those who sympathized with him were called, did more as a reformer before the Reformation to hasten on the era of change, than Vigi-

lantius did to stay the progress of corruption. He was a thorough mystic, with the excellences and infirmities of his class, a large class at the time, embracing many who had more infirmities than excellences.

From the fourteenth century we hasten on to the sixteenth.—Go to the Castle of Wartburg, in the Thuringian forest, overtopping the beautiful hill, which slopes up from the gates of Old Erfurt. Enter the grim archway into the courtyard, within whose buildings you find so much that is redolent of the memory of Elizabeth of Hungary, a mediæval saint, who needed no papal canonization to make her so. There, in a little chamber, on the right-hand side of the gateway, you see Martin Luther hard at work on his translation of the Bible,—thus doing in reality, what he is said to have done also in fancy, smiting the devil with an inkstand. That old Saxon monk has well read the book he translates, and hence the secret of his deliverance from the bondage of Rome. Through conflicts of soul which no words can tell, through the strife of a holy war, which must be a secret as to the terrible buffetings of it, till the grand history of the warfare of God's people shall be read and studied amidst the long peace of eternity, did this German GREATHEART fight his way into the inheritance of God's truth. The Bible is his standpoint: to use the language of his countrymen. He is faithful to the sublime battle-cry at Worms:—"Here I take my stand—God help me." But while strongly *objective* in that sense (to use another term imported from his fatherland), he is immensely *subjective* too—an admirer of Tauler, a reader of his books, in deep sympathy with the views of truth in the *Theologia Germanica*, a most popular work with "the Friends of God." There is an immoveable positive basis for his doctrines as a Reformer. He says, "Yes, yes," with a clear German accent to God's revelation of justification by faith. But his negations are

just as distinct; and he says, louder than Vigilantius did, "No, no," to the hoarse lies of the devil. At the same time, he is an advocate for order, discipline, and government. He is not altogether free from the taint of a Cyprian-like sacramentarianism. His faith in baptism is very different from ours. And with all his individuality he has a firm idea of "the Holy Catholic Church—the Communion of Saints"—loves it—strives to realize it; falling, however, into Cyprian's error, confounding the outward with the inward. In Luther you have a different type of the spiritual life from the preceding. It is more comprehensive. It expresses more ideas. It has in it something of all the three former ones—yet the result is distinct. Luther is like Cyprian, a churchman; but unlike Cyprian he is a reformer. He is like Vigilantius, a reformer; but unlike Vigilantius, there is much in him of the fervent mystic. He is like Tauler in that respect; but unlike Tauler, he is a Protestant. Then, besides, he is what none of the others were, what the church system of their day would not let them be, a married priest. The brave old monk asserted the holiness of wedlock, and did one of the noblest deeds in the cause of Christian virtue when he married his dear Catherine. Marriage modifies social religion. It gives new and beautiful colours to the rainbow of a man's practical life. I *revere* Luther in his Wartburg chamber, I *love* him when I see him at Wittenberg, seated with his boys and girls before the sparkling Christmas tree, on Christmas-eve, playing on his guitar, and singing songs with a merry heart. I thank the *great man* for his Commentary on the Galatians, I thank the *good father* for his beautiful letter to his little son about heaven. Spiritual life in Luther is seen genially expanding in the bright green leaves, and orange fruitage of domestic charities.

Now let us come home to England, and group together

three or four varieties of spiritual life as they appeared in this country a hundred years or so after Luther's time, in the age when Puritanism had grown out of Protestantism. I will notice first two, who were not of the puritan type, who were members and priests of the Church of England. Here I will take Master George Herbert, prebendary of Salisbury cathedral. Whose heart but must be softened by the beautiful words with which he took leave of his friends in the parsonage house of Bemerton?—

“I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all passed by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see, that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem; dwell there with men made perfect; dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus; and with him see my dear mother and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it; and that every day which I have lived, hath taken a part of my appointed time from me, and that I shall live the less time for having lived this and the day past.”

These words of George Herbert were not uttered theatri-

cally, as a graceful piece of acting in a death scene. They were just the expression of the life he had lived. Had he not opened his lips, his past ways would have seemed to utter it all. Herbert's was a quiet, holy life—a strain of music, such as he drew from his lute or viol—a deep-toned cathedral-like antiphone, responsive to notes struck by a choir of angels. His life was a long Sunday, answering to what he played and sung in his last hours:—

“ The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sundays, heaven's door stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope.”

Herbert was a priest in the Protestant Church of England, but he could not have been a Vigilantius or a Luther. He would, in similar circumstances, have been somewhat like Tauler, but there was in him more of the churchman. He was a little punctilious about forms, though not a formalist. He thought much of fasts and Ember-weeks, of Church festivals and rites; and loving his parish, and looking on his people as his family, would have esteemed a Dissenting teacher as a schismatical interloper. Dear old George Herbert, I can forgive you for that, when I think what a pure heart you had, and how you did all for the honour of your blessed Master, not yourself! From all this you can guess what was the cast of Herbert's piety.

Now, look at one of his contemporaries, belonging to the same Church, a right good man, but on the common basis of Christian faith and hope, presenting a variety about as different as it well could be. I refer to Dr. Fuller—Tom Fuller, as he is often familiarly and characteristically called. He had nothing of the poetical pensiveness of Herbert—nothing of that unearthly tone of thought and feeling which

was so real in the Salisbury canon—nothing, either, of his high churchmanship. He was one of the moderate school, orthodox but catholic, allowing to others the liberty he claimed for himself, bemoaning, so far as he could bemoan anything, the divisions of the times, not because he wanted all men to think exactly as he did, but because men would not allow to each other a right to differ.

The piety of Fuller was that of thorough conscientiousness, so well expressed by himself; when asked by the Commonwealth triers what evidence he had of the work of grace, he replied, that “he could appeal to the Searcher of hearts that he made a conscience of his very thoughts.” But with Fuller’s conscientiousness, which really seemed to cover the whole field of evangelical and practical religion, there was associated what does not appear to have existed in any other of the worthies I have mentioned—except Luther, and in him in no such great degree—the faculty of *wit*, which gave even to his religion a character of humour. Even when about to meet the triers, when Fuller gave the notable answer I have quoted, he wrote to John Howe for advice, saying, “You may observe, sir, that I am a somewhat corpulent man, and I am to go through a very strait passage; I beg you would be so good as to give me a shove.” He had such an extraordinary memory, that he once undertook, in passing from Temple-bar to Charing-cross, on his return, to tell all the signs as they stood in order, repeating them backwards and forwards, which he did to admiration. Asked by the triers to give a proof of his power of memory, he told them, with as much of benevolence as of wit, that if they would restore a poor minister, a friend of his, to a living, which had been sequestered, *he would take care never to forget that as long as he lived.* In his book on the Holy State he says, “The minister will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave appli-

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cation, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote; but," as he says himself, "that fork needeth strong tines wherewith one must thrust away nature;" so that, in that very chapter, animadverting on affected gravity, he says, "when one shall use the preface of a mile to bring in a furlong of matter, set his face and speech in a frame,—and to make men believe it is some precious liquor, their words come out drop by drop,—such men's vizards do sometimes fall from them not without the laughter of the beholders. One was called '*gravity*,' for his affected solemnity, who afterwards, being caught in a light prank, was ever after, to the day of his death, called '*gravity-levity*.'" Fuller could not help being humorous. He could not tell the most mournful story without enlivening it with some sort of sally; but religion so influenced him, that he never indulged in ill-natured satire—never raised a blister on the skin by the touch of his wittiness. With such a temperament, "added to unfeigned piety and unfeigned benevolence, it was as natural that he should be full of good-tempered mirth as it is for the grasshopper to chirp, or the bee to hum, or the bird to warble in the spring breeze and the bright sunshine. His very physiognomy was an index to his natural character. As described by his contemporaries, he had light flaxen hair, bright blue and laughing eyes, a frank and open visage." I would add, that if any one will take the trouble to compare the portraits of Herbert and Fuller, he must confess that Herbert's gravity would look as foolish in the merry face of Fuller, as Fuller's archness would be most unseemly, if it could be forced on Herbert's sedate countenance. God made the men in different moulds; and though members of the same Church, and conforming to the same doctrines and ritual, their piety took an impress from their diversely made nature.

Two other men of that age on the Puritan Nonconformist

side, if I had time, I should like more fully to notice; but a few words must suffice. They are Milton and Owen. Both Christians—both devout—both unceremonial—both for the utmost liberty of conscience—both averse to prelacy, and to all presbyterian domination—both with the same general views of government, political and ecclesiastical, yet how unlike they were in many respects! The one exhibiting in his religion the stamp of the *poet*, as the other did that of the systematic *theologian*. The one soaring with unfettered wing into the regions of divine contemplation, the other measuring every opinion by the standard of a remorseless logic, based on scripture. The one inspired with classic taste chiselling the products of his mighty Christian intellect into forms of beauty, which make his works in literature what those of Phidias were in sculpture; the other careless about all that was artistic, flinging out the treasures of his affluent brain, after a fashion that is excruciating to the æsthetical of this generation. The one a man of imagination, the other of reason. The one the Homer, the other the Aristotle, of the Puritans.

My original plan had included two more names, illustrative of further varieties; and beyond them others presented themselves, which I knew I could not touch, and therefore will not mention. The first of these arose in the last century, a man of unparalleled practical earnestness, springing out of Christian principle, intellectually quite unlike all the others I have mentioned, and led to choose a very different path of science. I allude to John Howard, the philanthropist. He was a man of little sentiment, of no poetry, without any particular aptitude for reasoning, and neither pensive nor humorous. But with simple faith in Christ he set to work, to one special work, to one long neglected work—and did it. He could not have gone into all Owen's arguments, or sympathized with Milton in his visions, or

lived George Herbert's life of ethereal devotion, or looked at the world and religion under the cheerful aspect in which Fuller saw them; but he accomplished what they, one and all, must have left undone.

The last name I meant to touch on, is that of Dr. Arnold, one of the most wonderful men of this century, having in him a depth of power and a breadth of thought rarely equalled. The wonder is, that so many who theologically differed from him, do homage to his manly piety, and to the very bottom of their hearts, revere his goodness. The grand element of his religion seems to have been practical sympathy with Christ. I hardly know a book which gives one such an idea of living a daily life in friendship with Christ, carrying out Christ's plans in this world, as Arnold's Biography. You learn more of the practical imitation of Christ by studying that work, than from the elaborate ascetical treatise of Thomas à Kempis. Arnold was almost as practical as Howard, but he had a grasp of Christian principle, such as only men of noble intellect can have. He had aspirations after an ideal of truth and goodness in this world as sublime as Milton's, with a rush of energy such as Luther's, cloudlike, "which moveth altogether if it move at all." And what was the Doctor's great work? Not his Roman History, but his school. "Ah, not one of you boys will ever know the anxiety you have given him, or the care with which he has watched over every step in your school lives!" Who that has read "Tom Brown's School Days," but has felt his heart beat quicker in reading of the visit to the Doctor's tomb,—where the pupil had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood, and where he thought so lovingly of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till he could feel that bond.

God has ever been working spiritual wonders in his church, but never till the nineteenth century did men see into the grandeur of the schoolmaster's vocation, and entirely learn that phase of practical spiritual life.

II.

It is understood that the subject of our consideration here is not the cause of spiritual life in itself. It comes not within the scope of this lecture to illustrate the momentous doctrine of the new birth—that spiritual regeneration which the Apostle Paul describes in the remarkably pregnant words, “If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature; old things have passed away, and all things have become new.” Nor are we to dwell on the progressive sanctification of the believer, through the unfolding, the growth and the increasing fruitage of life inspired from above in the human soul. But our business is to endeavour to detect the causes which produce those *varieties* simply, which we have already pointed out as existing among spiritual men.

Before we reflect much on the matter, we are very apt to suppose that,—given the human mind, divine truth and the Spirit of God, we have all that is requisite to account for the phenomena of Christian experience. Moreover, we are apt in thinking of the human mind, to confine ourselves to a recognition of what are commonly called its essential powers, *i.e.* perception, memory, imagination, judgment, and the like, together with the emotional and moral capacities, without taking cognizance of the difference between one mind and another. In speaking of divine truth, too, we are very likely to assume that its objective reality must appear the same to every intellect; while, again, as to the gracious influence of the Spirit of God, we perhaps content ourselves with a general and vague idea of sameness of operation. These are narrow, partial, and inadequate views

of a subject, which demands very great breadth of consideration, and at the same time intense closeness of inquiry. The human mind presents to us a large sum of varieties: divine truth, on that account alone, will seem rather different to different intellects. The Spirit of God has diversities of operation. And then, besides, and in close complication with these, are other influences, of minor power, which have certainly considerable share in producing the phenomena which have hastily passed under our review.

In looking, first, at the varieties of the human mind, we find ourselves with a field of observation before us of immense extent, and full of perplexing objects. It would require a person of far higher qualities and habits than your Lecturer dreams of claiming, to go thoroughly into that subject. There is perhaps nothing we want more than an exposition of the *philosophy of minds*. Plenty has been written on mind—*mind* in the abstract, but how little on *minds*—the difference between one and another, and how we are to account for the difference. I can but insist on the fact of such a difference, and earnestly entreat you to bear it in your thoughts, and to investigate the fact for yourselves. If you will but think about it, you will soon philosophize in your own fashion—philosophize without knowing it—philosophize without using the cant word philosophy, which is the best of all modes of carrying on that much misunderstood process. Of course, the varieties of the human mind must come within certain limits. It is a truism to say, yet we will hazard the saying of it, for repeating truisms may prevent mistakes, that all human varieties are based on the possession of the grand elements of humanity. We don't dream of such varieties as would imply the total absence of any of the intellectual or moral capacities. We are not thinking, at present, of lunacy or madness, but of mental sanity. Now, to whatever cause

it may be ascribed, the fact is apparent, that in *this* person's mind certain faculties are predominant; in *that* person's mind certain *other* faculties are predominant. One man is an acute logician; another man cares little for argument, but is intensely reflective. One is full of imagination, another looks at poetry almost as a nuisance, and like Plato, is for banishing all bards from the republic. Men have consequently different tastes and habits, and look at things under different points of view, see them in different relations, and come at different results in their inquiries. There are mental diversities in divers races. The mind of England is different from the mind of France; the mind of Germany from both. Were the subject before us to-night treated by three persons of average ability, belonging to the three countries, what a different form it would assume! You would say, perhaps, the German was walking in a mist, such as covers the Brocken of his own land; and that the French was letting off fireworks, akin to those of the Champs Elysées; while our German brother would probably pronounce the English fashion of treatment very superficial, and our French friend would vote it excessively dull. The philosophy too, would be very different, the Frenchman talking an immense deal about races, the German transcendentalizing the whole affair, and *we* keeping as close as possible to simple facts, like the cautious sailor who hugs the shore. There are also mental diversities in the same race attaching to families, attaching to individuals; diversities marked and strong in the master minds of a people, less so of course in inferior ones. Nobody can think of Plato and Aristotle, both Greeks, without recognising an amazing difference between them.

This inward mental difference, into the cause of which we do not here inquire,—it would be too deep and subtle a theme for a public lecture,—must be taken into account,

when looking at spiritual varieties. Indeed, we have touched on it in what we said in the former part of our discourse. The deeply laid mental difference between a Herbert and a Fuller,—between a Milton and an Owen, obviously affected their religious habits. It could not be that they would think exactly alike upon all doctrines, all discipline, all worship. But as we said of mental differences, that they imply to a certain extent mental resemblance, so of differences in opinion, feeling, and practice,—that supposes within certain limits resemblance in those very respects. The divergence of which we speak must be from some common centre, must be in lines passing for a space through a common circle. Common objects of belief, of trust, of love, of obedience there must be; adherence to the facts and principles which lie at the heart and core of Christianity is essential. But in the ways of looking at them, in the proportion of importance assigned to this or to that topic, in the measure of sympathy inspired by each, in the direction of feeling, in the application of energy, what room and verge there is for diversities! And it is just there that mental varieties find scope for play.

Further, there is a fundamental fact in human nature which cannot be overlooked. Man has a will—a wonderful power that. I enter upon no metaphysical questions about it. I shrink from discussing before you the subjects of liberty and necessity, of motives, subjective and objective,—of the causation of mental and moral acts. I merely put it to your consciousness. Have you not within a power of origination? I won't call it creative; but still is it not something much more than the faculty of transferring into your own personal acts what you have received from some extraneous source? Believing in the necessity of a motive to prompt the will, do you not also believe that the mind in performing a moral volition originates a moral act, origi-

nates what you are responsible for, originates what must ever be part of your history, and what will righteously influence your destiny at the last judgment? That power, then, must bear a regal sway in your nature. Whatever your mental peculiarities, whatever other influences may shape your religious thoughts, sympathies, and habits, they cannot override that power of moral origination and rob it of royalty. Consequently, when idiosyncracies and external agencies have been allowed for, there must be a grand residuum in the spiritual life,—that in fact which is the essence of it—a residuum which must be ascribed to the choice of an accountable being. In that sphere of choice, differences will arise, differences of the deepest moment; and hence varieties in the measure of spiritual excellence, or the reverse—the variety of good and better—the variety of bad and worse.

Connecting all this with the truths of the Gospel, which are the ground of our spiritual life, we must emphatically maintain their objective reality. That is to say, think of them as we will, they have an independent and unchangeable existence. There they are, like the fire cloud of Israel in the wilderness, shining upon our pathway in their own light, themselves unaltered by the imperfections of our vision, by the coloured glasses we may choose to look through, or by the refracting mists that float around us. But still we have our imperfections of vision; we do use coloured glasses; we are sensible of floating mists. From this cause eternal truths did not look just the same ten centuries ago as they do now. They do not look just the same now to all Christians. Seen they are, more or less, by all Christians; rejoiced in and loved by all Christians; but under rather different aspects and angles of vision, from different standpoints, and in different lights.

Again: connect all this with the Spirit of God, who is the

Author of all truly religious life. His agency is pure and perfect. He produces in us nothing but what is good. Nothing dark, infirm, or mischievous can be found in humanity, but it is opposed to His holy and blessed work. Yet His gifts are varied—all excellent and beautiful ; they are of diversified excellence and beauty. The Apostles and Evangelists were holy men, but not endowed exactly after the same manner. God means his servants to perform a number of offices, and he enriches them accordingly with a number of qualifications. There is a niche in the temple for every vase, and for every vase there are adapted treasures of beauty and gracefulness. Adopting the old distinction, too, between gift and grace, we see at once that the communication of the latter as well as the former is varied. On the one hand we grieve the Spirit ; the Spirit righteously withholds from us what we might enjoy ; that withholding reacts on our spiritual life. On the other hand God, in mysterious love, pours on us exceedingly abundantly above what we ask and think. Hence diligence, watchfulness, consistency, in short, eminent spiritual excellence. Who that is partaker of the richest wealth of the kingdom, but will acknowledge, “By the grace of God I am what I am !”

But, as already intimated, we must look around for influences on religious life, besides those which come from God’s truth and Spirit, or which spring up in the deep well of a man’s own soul. A day’s observation and a moment’s musing suffice to teach us, that there are manifold extraneous powers at work, helping to shape the forms of our inner existence. Any one who, in his philosophical inquiries into the mysteries of spiritual being, ignores all save the grand causative elements which I have enumerated, is about as skilful and wise as the experimentalist who, in conducting a subtle chemical analysis, should make no allowance for atmospheric and various accidental agencies.

One thing strikes us in a moment as having much to do with all our thoughts and feelings. It is education. In our benevolent efforts for the good of our country we are perpetually insisting upon its potency. I am not sure whether sometimes we do not overshoot the mark. But let us carry the remembrance of at least the calmest of our reasonings on this great social topic into the examination of the causes affecting religious experience and character. For, certainly, if education has any power over us at all, it has power over us just here; and if it has power to direct our minds to the pursuit of piety, it has power to bias us as to the specific direction which our minds shall take. But argument about this is perfectly superfluous. It is a fact as plain as any fact can be, that in all ages there have been multitudes, and still are multitudes of good people, whose particular usages and opinions as to sacred things have come to them by tradition on the authority of their parents, or their "governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters." Now, with all respect to the assembly I have the honour to address, I dare say that a goodly number of you could give no other reason for some of your peculiarities of religious opinion and practice than that you were so taught from your childhood, by the lips of those whom you did so well to revere and love with all your hearts. I am sure none of you will resent such a kind home-thrust; but perhaps certain, who would be ashamed not to think for themselves, and who are very independent in their convictions and utterances, are ready to inform the Lecturer, that they have thought out these matters, without being influenced in any way by human authority, and have arrived at certain conclusions which they are prepared to sustain. Very well. I honour your independency of mind. But let me just ask, Do you think that in your decision you have been free from all educational bias? Yes, you reply; for

I have in some respects renounced the faith of my childhood. Still, I should urge that the influence of education is present in your new impressions; for they would not have been what they are, not so deep and strong, but for the process through which you have passed, when your mind was pressed by antagonist forces, and fresh views were in conflict with early predilections. You are feeling at this moment the effect of a *rebound* which would have been impossible but for the position into which you were formerly brought.

Society produces a further influence. The atmosphere which a man breathes purifies or poisons the fountains of health, exhilarates or benumbs the animal spirits. Who knows not the effects of the mountain breeze, if not the malaria-laden blast? What the atmosphere is to the body society is to the soul. It presses on every side, and with its power penetrates into the inmost depths of our nature. While there are results, secret as well as manifest, proceeding from the air we breathe, so there are consequences, unknown as well as known in our spiritual life, arising from the associations of our daily history. The habits, the acts, the words, the looks of others are impressing us in a thousand mysterious ways. Society past, no less, perhaps, than society present, is also telling upon our characters as a formative power. Present society is what past society made it. Here, as in the case of the individual, the child is father to the man. The earlier forms of being are the parents of the later. The tide which bears us onwards is that which has been setting in for ages. And *immediately* too have the ancients connexion with the moderns through books, through traditions, through legends, through songs, through works of art. All teach—all educate—all excite—all suggest.

Material agencies, too, little dreamt of, help to form varieties of religious thought, emotion, and usage. Climate

and scenery even play their part in this wondrous combination of forces. Italy, Germany, England, they had their peculiarities when they were all Roman Catholic. Doubtless they would have their peculiarities were they all Protestant.

No man then appears alone. No character is isolated. "Nothing stands circumscribed within itself.—There is no self that is not half another's." In the most unlikely circumstances it is so,—for example:—"Amidst all this beauty I catch sight at an angle of the shore of a solitary monk. He surely thinks himself alone. He is separated from the world. He has cast it all aside: even perhaps the unoffending beauty of the scene. He surely is alone. Not so. That corrupt and boisterous city on which he turns his back, which even in resolving to forget, he must incessantly remember,—lo, its vanity and lies have made this hermit of him. This sadness is not his. Nay even the dead in their graves, and by-gone ages, and past centuries, of which he knows nothing, have helped to make him the strange creature that he wanders there. The wicked world has given him half his piety, the cloister the other half." That "solitary soul: it is but a drop from the great ocean of life, clear or foul as winds from either pole have made it. Ay, and the very under soil on which it lay, on which it was tossed to and fro, has been broken up by forgotten earthquakes and extinct volcanoes. A whole eternity has been at work where that drop of discoloured water came from."

III.

THE varieties we have reviewed in connexion with the causes producing them may be classified thus:—Varieties involving disease. Varieties consisting in degrees of growth. Varieties of healthful development.

1. All life is subject to disease. The derangement of vegetable and animal functions is paralleled by disorder in the moral nature of man. We do not forget the difference between physical accidents and spiritual volitions,—between the necessary working of the laws of matter, and the responsible acts and habits of the human will; but we mean, that what diseases are to bodies, errors and sins are to souls,—causes of weakness, causes of uselessness, causes of perversion, causes of pain. Disease may be either incipient or confirmed; and there are stages in the progress of moral derangement. We detect in certain characters germs of evil, which have become in other characters luxuriant in mischief. Asceticism is a spiritual disease. Bursting out in Cyprian, it is seen at its height in Jerome. As physical health depends on proportionate development, on the harmonious action of the different parts of the system, so moral health requires proportion and harmony in the elements of character. The excessive growth or activity, therefore, of any particular tendency may produce disorder in the spiritual life. Imagination may run into mysticism, mild in the case of Tauler, raging, fever-like, in the case of Eckhart. Wit may become malicious, as you see on comparing Fuller with South,—pensiveness, melancholy, as you observe on comparing Herbert with Cowper. Satanic agency has been connected by some with the causation of disease; and in support of the opinion the passage of Scripture has been appealed to, where Christ is said to have healed all who were oppressed of the devil. Whatever may be the fact with regard to the physical, there can be no question in the mind of the Christian as to the fact in relation to the spiritual. The influence of the tempter is recognised by every one at all acquainted with religious experience. He affects the health of the soul in many ways. He plants poisonous trees which are alluring to the thoughtless; and the “gripes” that Bunyan

says, came of eating the fruit which hung over the wall of Beelzebub's orchard typify, in a homely but striking way, the consequences of the adversary's temptations. And to carry out the analogy still further between physical and moral disease, I would ask, is not the permission of the one for the same end as the other? As God allows poor, sick, feeble, decrepit bodies to exist, not that we may mock and sneer, and laugh at, and trample upon them, but that we may try to heal and strengthen them for their good, and that healthful sympathies and habits of helpfulness may be created and sustained in us,—may we not conclude that so also God allows moral infirmities among his people, and imperfect and distorted developments of life, not that we may ridicule the weakly Christian, and knock down the erring, but that we may strive to strengthen the one, and guide the other, as an exercise of patience, faith and brotherly love?

2. In reference to the varieties which consist in degrees of growth, we can only observe, that they may be ranked under the two divisions of *individual* and *social*. In some cases the peculiar excellence of a man may, under the influence of the Spirit of God, be the result of his own personal experience, the ripened fruitage of his own healthy manhood. And in other cases it may be mainly ascribable to the position in which he is placed in the history of the Church, favourable for receiving and improving the lessons of wisdom accumulated during the ages of the past. An old Christian ought to be a better type of Christianity than a young one. A believer of the present century ought to be, as to his moral manliness, in advance of the believer of the fourteenth or the fourth. Compare the Luther of Eisenach with the Luther of Wittenberg. Compare Arnold with St. Ambrose, and you will have illustrations of these points.

3. That there should be varieties of healthful development

in the spiritual life accords with all the facts of the universe, so far as we are acquainted with them. We turn to the kingdom of vegetation, and notice forms of existence very different from each other, but all abounding in vitality and healthfulness. In Indian jungles there are gigantic ferns; on the shores of the Mediterranean the azure waters are fringed by the orange and the aloe, the cactus and the fig; the plains of France are dotted with vines and olives; the hills of Norway are shrouded in pines and firs; and the dear old woods and forests of England rejoice in the beech and the oak. Such diversities are without discord; they make a whole, comprehensive and perfect. Animal species present in like manner harmonious varieties: the gentle lamb, the graceful leopard, the fleet zebra, the massive elephant. Turn to man physically considered. Here, where the species is one, still the races are many, from black to white, with intermediate tints of brown and olive; from the diminutive Laplander to the Patagonian giant; from the awkward Hottentot to the elegant Circassian. The differences of type are according to divine laws of development. While some have, in the esteem of others, little or no beauty, all are works of God, and have their appointed place and end in the universal system. Individuals of the same race, too, widely differ. Human varieties exceed in number and delicacy all other varieties; no two faces are exactly alike; every one of the nine or ten hundred million of human beings is known by the tone of his voice.

Analogous to all this, so far as the moral can be to the physical, is the fact of healthful variety in spiritual life. There is no embodiment anywhere of the perfect ideal of physical humanity. Adam we may presume was a type comprising all possible human excellences, but no unfallen Adam exists now. Nor is there in any one Christian the

perfect development of renewed and sanctified humanity. The second Adam, the Lord from heaven, was the one perfect spiritual man. What you find centered in Him, you only find distributed, and in broken parts, amongst his people. There are, perhaps, inferior degrees or forms of spiritual life, not necessarily involving disease, and not capable of ever attaining the highest standard of spiritual beauty. There are people who in this world, from the make of their minds, from the unalterable conditions of their existence, will always exhibit something of rudeness and roughness; albeit without blame, and within measure good, holy, God-glorifying. And looking at the very first class of Christians we discern varieties.

“Interesting is it to study the natural peculiarities of these most honoured of the sons of men, and to see how from on high the Spirit hallowed their idiosyncrasies, and mellowed the fruits of their experience. To acquaint ourselves intimately with the Galilean sailor, brave but rash, deeply loving but not deeply thoughtful, trained on the sea-shore in a fisher’s hut, and whose only learning was the law and prophets, and the holy hymns of David and the rest, which as a boy he had sung in his father’s boat, making the rocks echo with those holy lays; and then to form a friendship with the Cilician tentmaker, who had all that sailor’s braveness without his rashness—all his love, but coupled with a keener, broader intellect; who had read Greek as well as Hebrew poets in the city of Tarsus, and had studied the rolls of Holy Writ and the lore of Rabbis, at Gamaliel’s feet. And then to enter the still more spiritual presence of that disciple whom Jesus loved, the tempestuous morning of whose life settled down into an eventide of summer calmness, who carried not his gentleness to the breast of Jesus, but found it there, whose eagle eye to the last

blenched not, but on the rocks of the Patmos isle let in light and glory to a heart of dove-like tenderness.

Anything like an exact notation of these differences is impossible. They cannot be described like vegetable and animal genera and species. They are individual varieties. Each has much in common with the rest. Not one has anything in which the others are totally deficient. A larger proportional development of some one quality seems the chief individual distinction. All the three apostles just mentioned were experimental; Peter was only eminently so. All were doctrinal; Paul was only eminently so. All were spiritual; John was only eminently so.

IV.

1. FROM this review we learn that the centre of Christian unity can only be found in the divine and redeeming Christ.

In looking over Christendom, present and past, so as to note its varieties of religious thought, experience, and usage, at first it seems difficult to find any common basis of religious character; there are such discordant opinions upon a number of abstract theological points—such different habits of thought about the meaning of Scripture—such various forms of worship and discipline. The centre of unity cannot be any particular creed. The Apostles' Creed, or rather that which commonly goes by that name, is considered by many evangelical Christians as too general for modern times. The Nicene and the Athanasian are open to exception on the part of numbers, because of their dogmatic metaphysical assertions on mysterious subjects. None of the reformed confessions, articles, symbols and declarations would carry with them the suffrages of all spiritual minds. Still more plain is it that no method of government, no ritual practices, can be a platform on which the whole Catholic Church may find a standing-place. In vain do

we search for anything central and supporting, when our thoughts pass from Him who is the ground of our own individual hope. We do not hope in creeds, or in politics, or in forms. We hope in Christ. Believing *in* Christ, *on* Christ, *in* and *on* the everliving Person who died once for all upon the cross: that is the phraseology of the New Testament; and in that, coupled with our own experience, we find the key to unlock the secret of Christian unity. It is Christ himself—the suffering, the interceding, the reigning, the sanctifying Christ. “Whosoever believeth in the name of the Lord shall be saved.” I confess myself to be in an interminable labyrinth, without any clue,—to be in a dark chaos where there is not a line of order, as I reflect on the history of Christendom, *without this idea*. There is no unity. It is all disunion. But when I take up that idea, and insert it in the troubled mass of materials which my mind holds in solution fresh from the study of church history, it is just like plunging in a crystal—spiritual life is crystallized. I see that God’s Church is made up of Christ-trusting, Christ-loving, Christ-serving, Christ-resembling souls. The idea of creeds and forms does not produce corresponding crystals, but the idea of Christ does. I find Cyprian, and Vigilantius, and Tauler, and Luther, and the rest differing, in most respects, save this, that they all extol Christ. All call Christ their Saviour—all hope to reach heaven through Him—all strive to imitate Him. Here they are one.

2. That the breadth of our sympathies should be coequal with the range of spiritual life.

Many would-be philosophers have shown a disposition to deny the title, and with it the rights of humanity, to the less favoured of the children of men. Negroes have been shut out of the pale. Bigots have played a like part in reference to Christ’s Church. They have set themselves up

as pattern men and deviations from their type have been mercilessly *negroed*. They have drawn lines where God has not drawn any. They have put a limit to spiritual life at shades of character, where no such limit has been divinely set up. These creeds, these forms have been esteemed fountains of life, rather than their Saviour, who has been, and who is where their creeds and forms are not. Wherever I find Christ worshipped, believed, honoured, and served; wherever I see an humble reliance on Him for salvation; wherever I discern traces of his pure, gentle, meek, loving spirit; there I recognise a partaker of life through him—a child of God. There may be a good deal of discoloration in certain forms of Christianity, a complexion I do not admire any more than I do the black skin of the African; but if a Christ-like heart kindles the eye, moves the lips, and thrills in the hand of my less privileged and instructed brother, I should deny the Christ in him, if I denied he was a Christian.

And John answered him, saying, “Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name—and he followeth not us—and we forbid him, because he followeth not us. And Jesus said, Forbid him not, for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part.”

We have seen that spiritual disease may be where spiritual life is. How far disease may go short of death, would be a terribly dangerous question for us to ask about ourselves, with a view to the toleration of personal sin; but sa the doctor never gives up the patient till he is sure he is dead, so we should never renounce the hope that something is left which may be a ground of healing in any poor fellow, however he may have fallen from truth and righteousness. Don't give up any backsliders, while there is a chance of reclaiming them. Follow them, and watch them

with as much of a woman's love, and tenderness, and patience, as you can, by God's grace, get into a manly heart. Read that beautiful book, "English Hearts and English Hands," and mark how the excellent lady who wrote it, fanned up into a flame again the sparks of spiritual life, when they seemed choked and dead in the souls of the poor navvies.

Take the following example:—

William W., after being reclaimed and reformed, fell into temptation. Some old friends reproached him for being too religious, and persuaded him to give them "a treat." He sold his clothes, and feasted his companions with the money. Stricken with remorse, he asked, "Where was the good of being pulled up to be better for a day or two, only to go down the lower afterwards?"

"Tell him," said she, who proved to him a guardian angel, "tell him that I shall stay here till he comes," taking her seat in one of the rooms of the house where he lodged. "A long time," she says, "passed. It was close upon the hour of the cottage reading. At length a slow unwilling step was on the stair. It was William's. The door was opened by his wife; and closing it upon him, she slipped away. He sat down with a sullen, desponding countenance, and made no answer to anything I remarked or inquired, until at last he said, in a low but determined voice, "It is of no use at all; I have sold my soul to the devil." "But he shall *not* have it, William; it is not yours to sell; Jesus Christ has bought it with His own blood. Oh! William, I must—I will have it for Jesus Christ." I could not say more, for my voice failed; but his whole countenance altered, like the face of a man from whom an evil spirit had gone out. The strong man bowed his head and wept. "What shall I do?—what *can* I do?" "You can pray: let us pray now." He laid his head on the table as he knelt, and cried like a child. He

had become "a little child" again, in the sense of our Saviour's words, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

3. That controversy should be a brotherly adjustment, not a deadly battle.

"If ye bite and devour one another, then shall ye be consumed one of another." It is a terrible thing to see brother men killing one another on the field of battle. Is it a much less offensive sight for God to see Christians, who differ in opinion and practice about some things, while they claim spiritual life through faith in Christ, contending not simply *for* truth, but against each other personally, in bitter wrath and malice, flinging insults into each other's faces, and stabbing one another's reputation to the heart? Let us give Christian men who differ from us credit for honesty, and not hunt them down like beasts of prey. Let us make allowance for the peculiarities of human minds, and for the various influences of education and society, which we ourselves really experience and exemplify in our way, quite as strikingly as they do, whom we so remorselessly condemn.

4. That the practical aim of each should be to perfect his own variety, not ape another's. A Luther could not be a Melancthon. By no process could an Owen be made into a Milton. Individuality is indestructible. I am afraid that teachers and learners are often at fault in overlooking what is so very plain. You sometimes have ideal characters described and put before you for imitation, which never were and never will be realized, because they combine incompatibilities. Qualities are taken from men constitutionally different from each other, and you are told to be all that is represented in some unnatural amalgam. But God requires of you no such impossibility. Be yourself—that is the Divine will. Mature and perfect by his grace the

gifts He has bestowed. Resist all easily-besetting sins, and cultivate all possible good. Not excusing yourself for only doing what pleases you; for omitting acts of self-denial; for being one-sided, self-indulgent, and peculiar; strive to be as comprehensive in excellence as you can, without attempting to obliterate the stamp of your own individuality. Bunyan was a wise man, and therefore did not crush all imaginable good qualities into his *Christian*, but distributed them amongst a number of individuals; painting the picture of different pilgrims, and assigning to them varied offices of wisdom and love.

“Act well your part, there all the honour lies.”

In the history of sanctified humanity it may be only a little part, but it will help on in the working out of the Divine plan. In building the ship of this world's weal, in obedience to the Master—that ship, which, of more than Leviathan magnificence—that ship which it takes long to build and launch—that ship in the construction and floating of which there is room for such varied ministries as that of Florence Nightingale the gentle, and Henry Havelock the brave—

“Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle—”

your little hammer or axe may not aid much, but it is a ministry which the Lord calls for, and that makes it worthy. There are rising above Time's city walls the temple of the Church, which is to see eternity.

“Nothing useless is or low,
Each thing in its place is best,
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials fill'd,
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

Be not ambitious to do the highest work, and the grandest work, but the work God gives you to do,—be it the meanest service, be it what some call drudgery. You may make it beautiful by the spirit in which you perform it. Strive not after "the many things," but after the one thing needful; and remember every part assigned you by God is a good part,—be it the servant's or the master's, the teacher's or the scholar's, the tradesman's or the student's; the part of action or suffering, of trial or tears, of speech or silence.



Progress;

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

A LECTURE

BY

EDWARD CORDEROY, Esq.



THE OLD ROAD AND NEW.

PROGRESS;

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

HOPE, imagination, and memory, frequently blend with each other. Imagination often influences materially its sister faculties.

Many a man who has passed his fiftieth year, at once admits that young people indulge in Imaginative Hope, who is slow to believe that he himself indulges in Imaginative Memory; and that the remembrances of his youth, on which he dwells with fond delight, are not representations of realities, but fanciful pictures after all. It is the ordination of a merciful Providence, that generally the inconveniences and troubles of the past are mentally buried, while the pleasurable parts of our history have merely slept, and are capable of instant awakening.

Thus for want of an accurate memory, and a fair unprejudiced comparison of circumstances, there are always some who do injustice to the present in their recollections of the past. They magnify the advantages of the old, and depreciate the new. There are no orators, they say, comparable to those to whom they listened when boys; no statesmen like those who then ruled the destinies of England; no poets whose verses can compare with the lines

they recited when young ; no preachers equal to those under whose discourses they slept half a century ago. The wits, philosophers, merchants, and men of science of a past age are invested (by a memory tenacious of the thoughts and influenced by the imagination of youth) with excellence utterly and decidedly denied to men now living, whom the young of the present time think, and not without reason, to be eminent also.

In one matter, however, it might reasonably be expected that all prejudices in favour of the past would be abandoned, and the undeniable good of the present acknowledged ; that the comfort, economy, and speed of the modern mode of travelling, would extort the willing or unwilling admiration of all classes of the community ; and yet it is scarcely so—there are still, even in this respect, those who sigh after

“ The good old days when they were young,
And George the Third was king.”

It is amusing to find occasionally representatives of the past, who would rather drive twenty-five miles, though it cost them three hours, than take a ride on a railway, by which the journey might be accomplished in one.

A gentleman now resides in the neighbourhood of a large city, whose occupation has called him daily into its busiest thoroughfares, who has been so little affected by the changes of the last quarter of a century that he has never seen a railway. If, in astonishment on hearing the fact, you exclaim, “ Never seen a railway, Sir ! ” the prompt answer invariably is, “ No, Sir, I have never seen a railway, don’t want to see a railway, Sir,—what’s the use of seeing a railway, Sir ? ”

The title given me for the lecture to-night is “ Progress,” which would be a very wide subject, but that the Committee have indicated certain limits by referring to the Life of

George Stephenson, the father of the Railway system, as an illustration of it.

It is "progress," therefore, in the means of locomotion, from the country waggon of olden time to the express train of the present day; and progress in the material and moral interests of the country consequent on the improved means of transit. The subject is wide enough, for the progress of the Railway system makes it one of the most marvellous things in the world.

OLD CONVEYANCES AND OLD MODES OF TRAVELLING.

The chariots of kings and warriors, of other countries, I leave to be described by other men; but I cannot resist asking you to glance a moment at the state carriage of our great and good king Alfred; it is said to have been "like a farmer's waggon, and His Majesty sat in it holding in his hand a long stick, having a bit of pointed iron at the top, with which he goaded a team of oxen yoked to the vehicle."

The waggon, from being the inconvenient luxury of the monarch, became the common conveyance of those who either could not afford or were afraid to ride on horseback.

The Hungarians are said to have invented the coach. England received this useful vehicle from Holland. Taylor, the water poet, says that "One William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought the first use of coaches hither, and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman."

It would be an interesting thing to look at the model of the first royal coach, or an engraving representing the progress of the stately queen, for Taylor says, "a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of one put both horse and man into amazement."

It is indeed very possible that the present anything but beautiful state carriage, bears a strong resemblance to that which belonged to Queen Elizabeth. The present carriage

is said to weigh four tons ; to have cost £6,000 ; and to have been built for Her Majesty's grandfather, George III. at the commencement of his reign.

Private carriages were used in England towards the end of the 16th century, but it was not till about the year 1658 that stage coaches for the conveyance of travellers were established.

The waggon heretofore held a high place in the estimation of the travelling public ; and it was some time before it was effectually superseded by its rival the coach. The waggon was for some time patronized by persons of distinction, for one of the Dugdales of Warwickshire writes, "March 13, 1660.—My daughter Lettice went towards London in a Coventry waggon."

Soon after this M. Sorbière, a French man of letters, came to England for the purpose of being introduced to Charles II., and visiting our most distinguished literary characters. He thus described the mode of his conveyance from Dover to London :—"That I might not take post or be obliged to use the stage coach, I went in a waggon : it was drawn by six horses, one before another, and drove by a waggoner who walked by the side of it."

Tedious as this mode of travelling appears, it was suited to the times and to the state of the roads. These were so imperfectly kept that travelling up to the commencement of the present century always implied toil, discomfort, and fatigue, though these terms must be used comparatively, if we believe the records and advertisements of olden time.

The pleasant journey from London to Oxford, now accomplished with ease in an hour and a half, occupied two days in 1669. "An invention, called the Flying Coach, achieved it in thirteen successive hours," which was esteemed a wonder ; "but from Michaelmas to Ladyday, it was uniformly a two days' performance."



PASSENGER STAGE WAGGON.

Stage-coaches were, however, an innovation, and this was enough to condemn them in the eyes of the men of imaginative memory. In 1673 a writer gravely suggested "that the multitude of stage-coaches and caravans travelling on the roads might all or most of them be suppressed, especially those within forty, fifty, or sixty miles of London."*

He felt, however, that perhaps this was too good to be hoped for; and so moderated his demands to the proposition, that the number of stage-coaches should be limited to one to every shire town in England, to go once a-week backwards and forwards, and to go through with the same horses they set out with, and not travel more than thirty miles a-day in summer, and twenty-five in winter. His arguments in support of these proposals were, that coaches and caravans were mischievous to the public, destructive to trade, and prejudicial to lands; because, firstly, they destroyed the breed of good horses, and made men careless of horsemanship; secondly, they hindered the breed of watermen, who were the nursery of seamen; thirdly, they lessened the revenue.

"There is nothing new under the sun," said the wisest of men, and the corroboration of this truth is sometimes most amusing. We laugh at the arguments against stage-coaches in 1673; but what can we say to the following objections to the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad in 1825?—

Mr. Smiles says, in his "Life of George Stephenson," that "the public were appealed to on the subject; pamphlets were written and newspapers were hired to revile the railway. It was declared that its formation would prevent cows grazing and hens laying. The poisoned air from the locomotives would kill birds as they flew over them, and render the preservation of pheasants and foxes no longer possible. Householders adjoining the projected line were

* A pamphlet entitled "The Grand Concern of England explained."

told that their houses would be burnt up by the fire thrown from the engine chimneys, while the air around would be polluted by clouds of smoke. There would no longer be any use for horses ; and if railways extended, the species would become extinguished, and oats and hay unsaleable commodities. Travelling by road would be rendered highly dangerous, and country inns would be ruined. Boilers would burst, and blow passengers to atoms. But then there was always this consolation to wind up with—that the weight of the locomotive would completely prevent its moving, and that railways, if made, could *never* be worked by steam power.”

There were, however, men who battled for the stage-coach in the seventeenth century, as there were men who fought to obtain railways for us ; happily, the advocates of quicker transit, in both cases, were successful ; yet we who can now go from London to Exeter in five hours, or London to Liverpool in five to six hours, cannot help smiling at the satisfaction with which “velocity” and “speed,” nearly equal to four miles an hour, were once regarded.

A traveller describing England in 1691, early in the reign of William III., says—

“Here one may be transported, without *over-violent* motion, and sheltered from the influences of the air, to the most noted places in England, with *so much speed*, that some of these coaches will reach above fifty miles on a summer day.”

Another writer, in 1720, is even more enthusiastic. He says that the coaches afford “such admirable commodiousness both for men and women of *better rank* to travel from London, and to almost all villages near this great city, that *the like of it hath not been known in the world.*”

The old coach advertisements, which in a few instances are preserved, tell rich tales of travelling. In 1682, Not-

tingham to London was a journey of four days—now you can accomplish it in less than three hours and a-half.

There is, or was till lately, a printed card, framed and glazed, preserved in the bar of the “Black Swan,” in York, which tells that “York four days coach begins Friday, the 12th of April, 1706.” It gives instructions to travellers how to secure places in a coach which performs the journey from London to York in such an “expeditious manner;” it “actually performs the whole journey in the short space of four days, if God permit.” “York to Stamford in two days, Stamford by Huntingdon to London in two days more.”

Now the traveller takes the Scotch Express at the Great Northern Station, at a quarter past nine in the morning, and travelling through the same towns, enters the station at York at twenty minutes past two p.m.—five hours instead of four days !

An advertisement in Walker’s Birmingham Newspaper, April 12, 1742, informed the public that “the Lichfield and Birmingham Stage Coach set out this morning (Monday) from the Rose Inn, at Holborn Bridge, London, and will be at the house of Mr. Francis Cox, the Angel and Hen and Chickens, in the high town of Birmingham, on Wednesday next, to dinner, and goes the same afternoon to Lichfield; and returns to Birmingham on Thursday morning to breakfast, and gets to London on Saturday night, and so will continue every week regularly.”

Three days from Birmingham—*now* three hours !

Mr. Pennant, in his journey from Chester to London, gives an account of the travelling in March 1739-40; he says:—“I changed my Welsh school for one nearer the Capital, and travelled in the Chester stage, then no despicable vehicle for country gentlemen. The first day, with much labour, we got from Chester to Whitchurch, twenty

miles—the second to the Welsh harp,—the third to Coventry,—the fourth to Northampton,—the fifth to Dunstable; and as a wondrous effort, on the last to London before the commencement of night. The strain and labour of six good horses, sometimes eight, drew us through the sloughs of Mireden, and many other places. We were constantly out two hours' before day, and as late at night." Now Chester to London is accomplished in five hours and a-half!

How it should increase our admiration of the arduous and apostolic labours of Wesley and Whitfield, when we remember it was over roads such as these they were at that very time riding thousands of miles yearly—for Christ's sake going up and down the realm of England to preach the Gospel.

George Stephenson used to speak of "the Engine and Rail" as "Man and wife;" if the same relationship existed between the old Stage Coach and the old Coach Road a century ago, there must have been frequent domestic jars—and the passenger family must have passed a most uneasy life.

The journey from Petworth to London is less than fifty miles, yet the proud Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, was obliged to have a house at Guildford, which was regularly occupied, as a resting-place for the night, whenever he or any part of his family wished to come up to town from his estate at Petworth.

A little earlier, however, in 1703, matters were worse than this: an attendant on the Archduke Charles, who visited England on his way to Spain, thus describes a journey from Portsmouth to Petworth:—"We set out at six in the morning, and did not get out of the coaches, save only when we were overturned, or stuck fast in the mire, till we arrived at our journey's end. It was hard service for

the Prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways I ever saw in my life; we were thrown but once indeed, in going, but both our coach which was leading, and His Highness's body coach would have suffered very often, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders from Godalming to Petworth; and the nearer we approached the Duke's the more inaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours to conquer."

A little more than one hundred years ago there was no regular stage coach from London to Edinburgh, and the Scottish newspapers occasionally contained advertisements, stating that an individual about to proceed to the Metropolis by a post-chaise would be glad to hear of a fellow-adventurer or two, that by mutual assistance the expense might be diminished to each.*

Stage coaches were, however, started before 1754; for the Edinburgh Courant of that year advertised that "the Edinburgh Stage Coach, for the better accommodation of passengers, will be altered to a new genteel two-end glass coach machine, hung on steel springs, exceeding light and easy, to go to London in ten days in summer, and twelve in winter." Now Edinburgh is reached in about eleven hours!

John Scott, afterwards Lord Eldon, came from Newcastle to London in 1766—the coach was called a "Fly," from its quick travelling, but "he was three or four days and nights on the road." Now the journey may be made under ten hours.

But most things mend—roads were improved, coaches were made lighter and easier, better horses were employed, and twenty-five to thirty years ago, by the genius of Telford,

* "Our Iron Roads," by F. S. Williams.

and the good sense of M'Adam, the English roads reached their perfection.

Men not yet old remember the Manchester "Telegraph," "Royal Bruce," and "Peveril of the Peak," how they turned out from the "Bull and Mouth," the "Swan with two Necks," or the "Blossoms' Inn," how they passed daintily through the streets to Islington—stopped at the "Peacock," or the "Angel," and then fairly off, their horses trotting under Highgate archway, galloped away splendidly over the Great North Road.

Some of us remember how proud was our boyish position if we had secured the box seat, or how agreeable was the chat with the guard behind,—how as we approached the towns at night the horn was sounded as it has never sounded since—curtains were drawn aside—faces in night-caps brought to the windows, and some distance on, the fresh team was already turned out, and ready to be yoked, to dash off, without five minutes' delay, on the next stage.

We remember the incidents on the road, the occasional entire somnolence of a toll-keeper who had carefully closed his gate, and had to be roused from his bed to throw it open, happy at times if he escaped the application of the whip intended only for the horses. Some can remember that beautiful part of the road from Matlock to Buxton, where—with the hills on the left rising nearly precipitously, covered with foliage, the steep slopes on the right leading to the beautiful Derwent, which meandered in the valley below—Chatsworth just passed, glanced at from a distance, Haddon Hall full in sight—the old guard of the "Peveril" would suddenly wind his horn, and the echoes of the chamber where the Scottish Queen once slept would prolong the sound, until fainter and fainter the music sighed itself away amidst some of the finest scenery in Derbyshire. All this was very charming: so was the well-kept road-side



THE STAGE COACH OF 1830.

inn, with its snow-white table-cloth, its substantial hospitality, its chimney fire, its jovial host, its handsome landlady, its hearty welcome—all this, when cold had been sufficiently experienced, and you were beginning to feel the journey sufficiently long—this was a sight to inspire the most pleasurable emotion, and was only marred by the guard's announcement as you crossed the threshold, "Only twenty minutes for dinner, gentlemen!"

Some of us remember well the aristocratic drivers to Brighton. Baronets and sons of peers who frequently drove the "Age," or the "Times," and who gracefully touched their hats for the accustomed gratuity. The reminiscences are pleasant ones—for the roads were the finest in the world, the coaches well equipped, the cattle unsurpassed, and the coachmen and guards became at last a race of intelligent and agreeable men.

We can quite sympathise with those who would like just once a-year to revive an old coach ride, as it was in the last and best days of coaching; stipulating, however, only for a few hours, for a fine day—and for a picturesque road: for there were such days as *wet* days in the "good old coaching times;"—days when if you did not receive the drippings in your neck from your neighbour's umbrella, it was simply because you favoured him with a water supply from your own—days when wet, cold, shivering, you sat on the top of a coach pressed upright by the luggage behind, your feet cramped lest you should hurt your neighbour—days when nature all in tears, or mist, refused you a sight of the landscape or denied you enjoyment of it—days when fellow-travellers were gloomy or worse; when coachmen ceased to be civil, and guards actually growled, and inn-keepers looked serious; and yet on such days you had to press on to your journey's end, paying a heavy fare, paying frequent fees, and paying the penalty of sitting in wet

clothes for hours, in an attack of severe cold or acute rheumatism. After all, "say not that the former times were better than these."

Before we quite leave the "old coaching times," one reminiscence more;—the procession of mail coaches on the birth-day of the Sovereign. Then the horses had new harness, the men new scarlet liveries, and at 12 o'clock they proceeded from Lombard-street to Millbank, where coachmen, guards, general postmen, and postboys dined in honour of the day. Thence, at about 5 in the afternoon, the procession was arranged to return to the City; the general-postmen went first on horseback, the mails followed them filled with the wives and children, relations and friends of the coachmen and guards, while the post-boys, sounding their bugles or cracking their whips, brought up the rear. The bells of the various churches rang out a merry peal as the procession passed through Parliament-street, the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, and Cheapside, to what was at that time the General Post Office, in Lombard-street.

What splendid horses were turned out that day! how perfectly groomed! how well the coachmen looked, each with his nosegay of flowers in his bright scarlet coat—how punctually at 8 p.m. were the bags put in the boot, and the guard's lips applied to his horn, while at the well-known signal, Jehu raised his whip, jerked his reins, and the horses bounded off to convey intelligence through the kingdom!

No wonder the starting of the mails attracted every night crowds of gazers—it was one of the sights of London!

This is now a thing of the past; within thirty years the whole course of public traffic and postal communication has been changed.

Before referring more especially to the life of the great



THE MAIL STARTING FROM LOMBARD STREET.

practical agent in this change, let us glance at the history of the system which has banished the old stage travelling waggon, has superseded the old stage-coach and the royal mail, and while it has left the canal in full activity, and not very much injured in profits, has provided for the business of the country, for which waggons, coaches, and canals, had proved wholly inadequate.

RAILWAYS AND THEIR PROGRESS.

Doubtless we owe all our railways to the coal trade, and the inventions rendered necessary to facilitate the transport of coal from the mine to the place of shipment. Upwards of 200 years ago wooden tramways existed in the north.

First a line of wooden rails was laid down, then these were improved, and a thin plate of iron nailed on the wood; time wore on, and cast-iron rails were used; then, at length (and it is within forty years), malleable iron rails were found superior to any other, and these have been everywhere used on our railroads. Various improvements have been made in their form and manufacture, and we seem at last to have arrived at a point in which but little remains to be desired in the construction of our iron roads.

Who invented the rail we know not; but after cast-iron rails were adopted, Mr. Benjamin Outram used (in 1800) stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails. The plan was pretty generally adopted; the roads became known as "Outram roads;" but men who work hard do not like long names, and the colliers dropping the first syllable called them "tram-roads;" from these our railroads sprang.

To whom we owe the first locomotive engine seems matter of dispute; it is most probable that the man who first projected the idea of moving ships and carriages by steam was Solomon de Caus, a Norman. He represented his

project to the French king, and not succeeding with Royalty, he tried the Church, and followed a cardinal so perseveringly, that he was sent to a madhouse. "Marion de Lorme went in company with the English Marquis of Worcester, in 1641, to visit this madhouse. A frightful face appeared behind the bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed, 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich any country that adopted it.'

"'What has he discovered?' was asked.

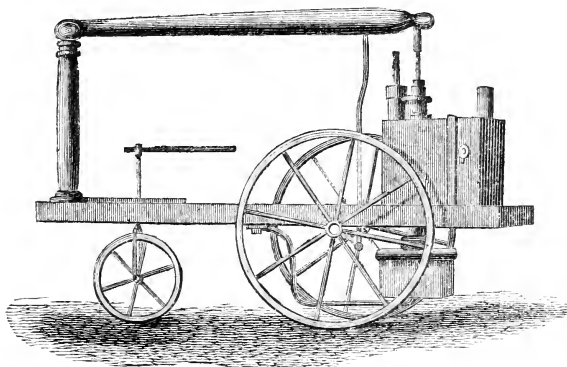
"'Oh!' answered the keeper, shrugging his shoulders, 'something trifling enough—you would never guess it; it is the use of the steam of boiling water; to listen to him you would imagine that, with steam, you could navigate ships, move carriages—in fact, there is no end to the miracles which he insists upon it could be performed. He has even written a book about it.'"

Poor Solomon de Caus! he appealed to the cardinal—the priest treated him as a madman. No wonder! for when did ecclesiastical Rome ever favour one useful discovery in art or science?

A little more than one hundred years after, the thought of moving carriages by steam on common roads occupied many minds in England; but the first model of a steam carriage, of which we have any written account, was constructed by Cugnot, a Frenchman, who exhibited it before Marshal de Saxe, in 1763.

Some of our transatlantic cousins claim the invention for Oliver Evans, born in the State of Delaware, in 1755; but when he was four years old, Dr. Robinson and James Watt were projecting a steam carriage, and when he was eight years old, Cugnot had exhibited one. At the Great Exhibition of 1851, there was a model made by Mr. Murdoch, of James Watt's Locomotive Engine of 1785. A similar engine was tried on the common roads in Cornwall, in 1785

and 1786. With its three wheels and its cylinder and crank action, it forms a wonderful contrast to the engine of the present day.



JAMES WATT'S LOCOMOTIVE, 1785.

Oliver Evans was, however, a most ingenious man ; at the age of seventeen, he invented a steam carriage to travel on common roads ; and at twenty-two, obtained from the State of Maryland the exclusive right to make and use steam carriages. The invention nevertheless did not come into practical use.

Numbers of experiments were made—numbers of patents taken out ; but Trevethick, a most ingenious and restless Cornishman, seems to have been the first to connect the idea of the steam carriage and the iron rail together. In 1804, he had an engine running on a tramway at Merthyr Tydvil. Unhappily, though Trevethick had the genius to originate the idea, he had not the perseverance necessary to bring it to perfection ; and turning to fresh projects, he left other men to pursue that which, if successful in his hands, would have enriched his estate, and immortalized his name.

A general necessity was felt for improving the mode and increasing the speed of transit, so that a number of ingenious minds were turned to the locomotive engine—and a number to the iron rail; some thinking to work the engine on common roads—some to use horse power on the rail, and others being in favour of stationary engines.

How these men thought and worked—how they toiled to improve their designs—how they wrote, and experimented, and exhibited,—how several of them lost their money, ruined their health, and died neglected, all may read, who will take up the admirable *Life of George Stephenson*, by Mr. Smiles; and a book less known, but very interesting, “*Our Iron Roads*,” by Mr. Frederick S. Williams.

While one after another, either for want of means or want of faith, were abandoning the locomotive engine, there was one man had unbounded confidence in it; the first time he saw one, he appreciated its power; but as he studied its construction, he felt satisfied he could make a better; perhaps he had not the genius to originate the locomotive, but he had the sagacity to perceive its capabilities, the ability to develop them, and the determination to turn them to practical account,—and this man was George Stephenson, the Engine-wright at Killingworth Colliery.

“The first locomotive that I made,” said Mr. Stephenson in a speech at the opening of the Newcastle and Darlington Railway in 1844, “was at Killingworth colliery, and with Lord Ravensworth’s money. Yes! Lord Ravensworth and partners were the first to entrust me with money to make a locomotive engine. That engine was made thirty-two years ago, and we called it ‘My Lord.’ I said to my friends there was no limit to the speed of such an engine, if the works could be made to stand it.”

“Locomotives had been used only on the tramroads of the collieries, and by the time Stephenson had built his

second engine were nearly all abandoned as failures." Stephenson was undaunted. "He had already made up his mind that the perfection of a travelling engine would be half lost, if it did not run on a perfected road, and his contrivances for the improvement of the locomotive went hand in hand with his contrivances for the improvement of the road on which it ran. Every new locomotive built by him contained improvements on its predecessor, and every time he laid down a fresh rail he added some new element of strength and firmness to it. The Killingworth colliery railway was the seed from which sprang the whole European, and now more than European, system of railway intercourse." *

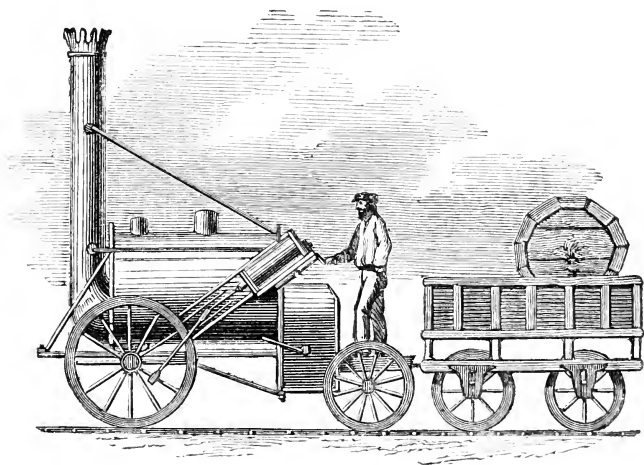
The Stockton and Darlington Railway was the first opened for public traffic, the earliest on which passenger traffic was tried and demonstrated to be profitable: this was in 1825. The promoters of this railway deserve to be ranked amongst the most influential promoters of the railway system, all honour to Edward Pease and the Darlington quakers, they had the sagacity to understand, to value, and to employ George Stephenson. It is easy enough to imitate a successful project, it is sometimes very difficult to find the courage to initiate it.

The Manchester and Liverpool Railway came next in importance. This road, so much, so urgently required, was most earnestly opposed, the prejudices of all classes were aroused, it was four years before the Act of Parliament could be obtained, four years more before the line was opened for traffic.

Stephenson was the engineer of the line ; but though he had proved to the directors his power to make a road over some of the greatest difficulties that could possibly be presented to a man, he had not yet succeeded in convincing

* "Household Words," July 18th, 1857.

them that the locomotive would prove the best tractive power. Horse power was at first proposed, but soon abandoned, then stationary engines found favour;—at length Stephenson prevailed with the directors to offer a premium of £500 for the best locomotive that could, under certain stipulations, be constructed. Four engines were entered to compete for the prize, George Stephenson's "Rocket" was successful, and he was appointed to construct the engines for the railway.



THE ROCKET, 1829.

With the successful opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway in September 1830, we might have thought opposition would end: to most minds all doubts as to the possibility of the railway system were dissipated; but, despite even demonstrated success, prejudice fought long and desperately.

Even the Government of England is not always right—

Telford, the great engineer, the framer of the celebrated Menai bridge, the constructor of great lines of canal, and of the Holyhead road, was unhappily prejudiced against railways, and "Government abetted him in his error. They absolutely granted no less than £130,000 to put the high-road from London to Birmingham in a condition so perfect as to enable it to compete with any railway! At the very time the London and Birmingham Railway was in progress of formation this money was being expended in moderating gradients, in cutting down hills, laying down granite tramways, of which we believe specimens may be seen between Towcester and Daventry—monuments of folly for the admiration of a scanty peasantry. At one moment the Government engineers were actually easing the gradients of the very hill through which the railway engineers were tunneling. Telford tried upon this road the experiment of a locomotive engine, which broke whenever any undue resistance was offered to its progress; and after stopping at nearly every blacksmith's shop for reparation, and being beaten by every coach upon the road, to the infinite delight of the coachmen and guards, reached Birmingham (then an eleven hours' journey) on the third day after its departure from the metropolis."*

The folly of wise men, and the opposition of foolish men, only serve to show more conspicuously the excellence, in combination, of a good iron road, and a good locomotive. Railroads in time won over old opponents, and multiplied friends, and then the mania for making them rose to fever heat, and projects of multitudinous lines, practicable and impracticable, swarmed before the public.

The railway crash of 1847-8 will long be remembered as a fearful time; but the country survived it, as it has also done the terrible commercial panic of 1857. Speculation

* Quarterly Review, October, 1857.

is enterprise run mad—it ruins individuals, and injures the moral tone of a nation ; without speculation we might not have had quite so many railroads, but we should have had them constructed at less cost—they would have been quite as serviceable to the public, and they would have paid better dividends.

Let us now glance at some of the present ascertained

RESULTS OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

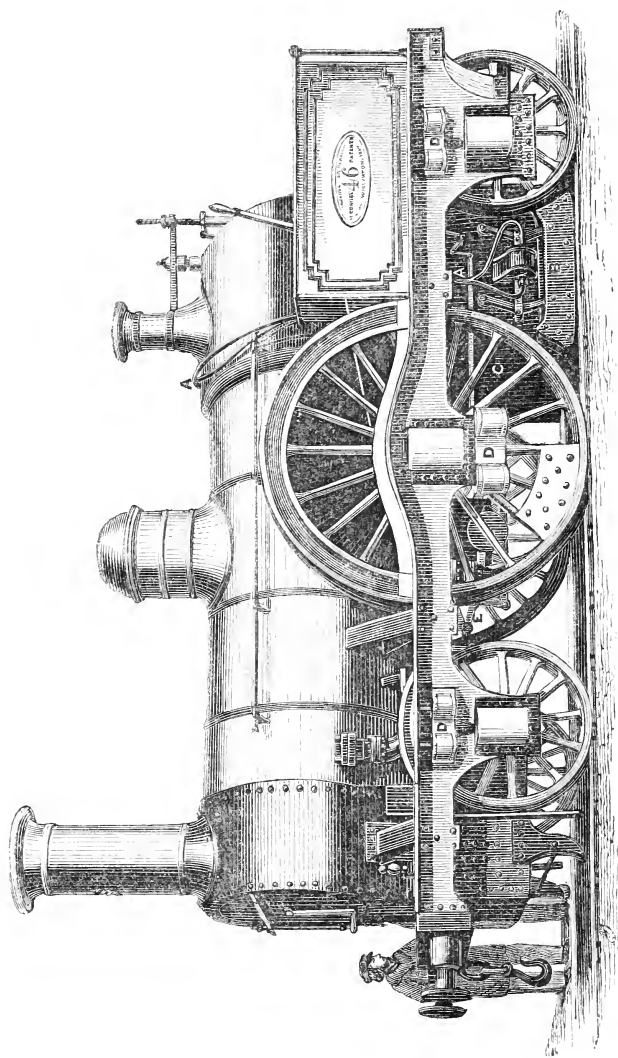
Thirty years ago, not 100 miles of railway for passenger traffic existed anywhere.

In 1847, ten years since, there were opened in the United Kingdom 3,816 miles.

On Dec. 31, 1857, according to Mr. Hackett's tables, in *Herapath's Journal*, there were 9,171 miles. Of these it is computed that about 2,000 miles are single lines. Taking double and single lines together, the total length of railway in the kingdom is upwards of 16,000 miles. It is calculated the rails laid down for sidings are equal in length to one-third of the total mileage—add then 5,000 miles for sidings, and we have a total of 21,000 miles of railway in Great Britain and Ireland. But if you measure the iron rails singly, you find them 42,000 miles in length, five times the diameter of the earth. These 42,000 miles of iron rail weigh at least 3,000,000 tons, they rest on about 70,000,000 iron chairs, which weigh 1,000,000 tons ; so that we may safely say there are 4,000,000 tons of iron on the permanent ways of the United Kingdom.

The stations on railways were 2,963 in number, on June 30th, 1856, and now must be considerably over 3,000.

Thirty years ago tunnels were very few and far between, now railway tunnels have traversed hills, and penetrated between mountains to the extent of nearly seventy miles.



MODERN ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVE, 1878.

- A. Pipe leading to Steam Brake. B. Steam Brake. C. Cylinder Box. D. India Rubber Springs. E. Reversing Gear.



Eleven miles of railway viaduct pass through the streets of London, and several viaducts in the country are objects for admiration, both for the engineering ability displayed, and the beauty of their structure. The past thirty years has more than doubled the number of bridges in our country—at least 25,000 have been added by railways.

The surface of the earth has been much disturbed by the railway navy—the various cuttings and levellings, and embankments, to secure as far as need be, a level road, have altered many a gradient, and changed many a prospect—but probably few were prepared for the calculation of Mr. Robert Stephenson showing the extent of the earth-works of our railroads. He estimates a mile of embankment to contain 70,000 cubic yards, and that there were 550 millions of cubic yards in the railway earth-works three years ago ; so that, as he strikingly states the fact, a mountain might be made of this earth which should be half a mile in diameter at its base, and would then rise into the clouds a mile and a half high !

LOCOMOTIVES, CARRIAGES, ETC.

Mr. Robert Stephenson said, that to work the 8,054 miles of railway completed at the end of the year 1854, 5,000 locomotive engines were needed. This calculation gives $\frac{1}{16}$ of an engine per mile. Applied to the 9,171 miles of railway now in operation, the calculation would give 5,693 engines. Each engine and its tender will average 35 feet in length, and the whole, if joined together, would extend 37 miles, a distance greater than from London to Reading. The number of carriages, trucks, &c., then used, was about 150,000. This number, increased to the requirements of the present extent of road, would be 170,800. Taking the length of each vehicle at 20 feet, you will find

that, could 170,800 be linked together in one train, they would reach 647 miles, the distance from Kent to Caithness, nearly the whole length of the British Isles. Each first-class engine and tender is computed to cost £2,000 and the average cost of each carriage, truck, and waggon is £100, so that the total value of this rolling stock exceeds £28,000,000.

Mr. R. Stephenson said, referring to 1854, that 80,000,000 of miles were then annually traversed on our railways, and to accomplish this, two miles and a half of railway must be covered with trains every second of time throughout the entire year. For the more extended traffic of 1857 these figures must be considerably increased.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC.

In 1847 the receipts from passenger traffic amounted to ..	£5,148,003
1850 " " " "	6,827,000
1856 " " " "	10,153,745

The average weight of passengers is 14 to a ton. There were 129,347,592 passengers conveyed in 1856, whose united weight will therefore be 9,239,113 tons, and for carrying them an average distance of 8 miles each, the railway companies received £10,153,745. This will give nearly 2*s.* 9*d.* per ton per mile for the weight of the passengers conveyed. In 1854 the average length of passenger journeys was 12 miles, and the average receipt per ton per mile was 2*s.* Local traffic furnishes a preponderating proportion of railway receipts, for the average of the railway fares throughout the kingdom does not amount to 1*s.* 7*d.* per passenger.

Passengers pay 2*s.* 9*d.* per ton per mile for their conveyance; but to a similar calculation Mr. R. Stephenson appends these valuable remarks :—

“ Coals are conveyed in some instances at one halfpenny per ton per mile. Trains are usually capable of transporting

at least two or three times the number of passengers ordinarily travelling by them . . . and each train will readily convey 200 passengers. The cost of running a train may be assumed in most cases to be about 15*d.* per mile; therefore 100 passengers, at five-eighths of a penny per mile per passenger, would give 5*s.* 2½*d.* per train per mile, which may be taken as the average of train earnings throughout the year. It is obvious, therefore, that anything beyond five-eighths of a penny per mile per passenger may be rendered profitable, even if the passenger train be only half filled."

It has been calculated, that at the height of our coaching system, 17,000,000 of passengers might have been carried annually. In 1847, 51,352,163 persons were carried by railway—34,000,000 more than all the coaches could possibly have contained! This was about 1,000,000 travelling weekly—140,000 souls daily on the road. In 1854, 111,206,000 passengers were conveyed; more than 2,000,000 weekly, more than 300,000 daily—an immense increase in seven years; but to note the progress fully, observe it was 94,000,000 of persons more than the coaches could have carried! In 1856, 129,347,592 passengers were conveyed; 2,487,453 weekly, 413,251 daily, and 112,000,000 more than the old coaches could have accommodated!

The total number of miles travelled by passengers, in 1856, is stated in the official return to be 1,021,784,747! which makes the average distance of the journeys of railway travellers in 1856 not quite 8 miles. The average number carried daily was 413,251. Under the old coach system, 10 passengers was the assumed average for each coach; therefore, to carry 413,251 passengers a-day, 8 miles each, at least 13,775 coaches and 165,300 horses would be necessary. The writer who wanted in 1673 to limit each shire town in England to one stage-coach, would have gone demented had he seen these figures.

The immense public saving to railway, as compared with stage-coach passengers, is very startling. Railways, though they might be profitably worked for short distances at lower rates, have nevertheless reduced the fares for travelling more than *one-half*, besides abolishing the odious practice of feeing public servants.

Sir Francis Head, in his valuable little book, called "Stokers and Pokers," says, the fares from London to Liverpool, by coaches travelling ten miles per hour, in 1835, were as follow :—

Per Mail, inside, £4 10s. 0d.	Outside, £2 10s. 0d.
„ Coach „ £4 5s. 0d.	„ £2 5s. 0d.

Now a reference to the Time Table of the London and North-Western Railway will show that the fares by rail, at an average speed of 23 miles an hour (the Express runs 36), to say nothing of accommodation immensely superior to any offered by coach or mail, are as follow :—

Per Express and Mail Train	£2 5 0	Second Class	£1 7 0
First Class Carriages by other trains	1 17 0	Third Class	0 16 9

But, to a commercial and manufacturing people, there is something as well worth saving as half the fare, and that is time. "Time is money."

Now if 130 millions of passengers travel by rail, every year, an average of eight miles each, the journey is performed in twenty minutes. At the average rate of speed of the stage-coach twenty-five years since, this would have occupied an hour. Forty minutes is therefore saved to 130 millions persons annually. Now this time is equal to 8,666,666 working days, or 27,689 years, supposing the working man to labour ten hours a-day, and rest on the Sabbath.

Can we imagine any saving equal to this ? Queen Eliza-

beth is reported to have exclaimed on her deathbed, "Millions of money for an inch of time;" but it could not be granted even at that price! How much increased is the moral responsibility of the present generation, who by this superior facility of transit have their lives practically lengthened, so far as opportunities for occupation are concerned, to such a glorious extent!

Yet estimate the money value of this time saved. Suppose the working man to labour ten hours a-day; allow three shillings a-day for labour on 313 days in the year, and the annual saving on this low average scale is £1,300,000 per annum.

GOODS TRAFFIC.

In 1847 the Railway receipts for goods traffic were £3,362,883; in 1850 it was £6,377,000, and in 1856 they amounted to £13,011,784, representing £1,530 per mile, an increase of nearly 10 millions sterling in nine years, and of 7 millions in six years. The present audience is supposed to be an assembly of young men engaged in mercantile and commercial pursuits; as such they must be interested in the details of this extended business. Captain Douglas Galton's report tells us that this traffic on the railways may be divided as follows:—In 1856,

£7,685,379 were received for the conveyance of 23,823,931 tons of merchandise.			
3,585,991	ditto	ditto	40,938,675 tons of minerals.
517,786	ditto	ditto	10,450,175 heads of live stock.
1,222,628	ditto	ditto	Parcels, &c.
<hr/> £13,011,784			

We have not, however, even in these enormous figures, an idea of the magnitude of the goods traffic of our country. To ascertain this, we ought to be able to add the quantities carried by canals and by coasting vessels.

TOTAL RECEIPTS.

The total revenue from passenger and goods traffic shows how immensely travelling and trade have increased. In

1847 the gross receipts of the railways of the United Kingdom									
were	£8,510,886
1850	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	13,204,000
1856	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	23,165,493
1857, Mr. Hackett estimates them to be	24,162,465

This is an average of £2,742 per mile, being rather less per mile than in 1847, when the average was £2,804; but a number of branch lines have since been opened, some of which, while greatly contributing to local convenience, do not in the same ratio contribute to general profit.

CAPITAL.

The total amount of money raised by Railway Companies by shares and on loan to December 31, 1856, was £308,775,894, and £69,000,000 more were authorized to be raised. This sum, when received, will approach to nearly half of the National Debt, and be much more than five times the annual value of all the real property in Great Britain.

EMPLOYÉS AND THINGS EMPLOYED.

The official return to 30th June, 1856, of the persons employed on railways showed 162,117 thus engaged. Mr. R. Stephenson estimates there are at least 50,000 persons more, collaterally employed in the manufacture of iron, the felling and transport of timber, production of stores, the erection and improvement of buildings, etc. These 212,000 men, with their wives and children, represent a population of nearly three-quarters of a million of souls, showing that one in every thirty-seven persons in our

country was, eighteen months ago, directly dependent on railways.

But other things are employed besides men. "Can you tell me what power is driving that train?" said George Stephenson to Dr. Buckland, as, standing on the terrace at Drayton Manor, they observed a railway train passing and throwing behind it a long line of white steam. "Well," said the geologist, "I suppose it is one of your big engines." "But what drives the engine?" "Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver." "What do you say to the light of the sun?" said Stephenson. "How can that be?" asked the Doctor. "It is nothing else," the engineer replied; "it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light absorbed by plants and vegetables being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work as in that locomotive, for great human purposes." *

A singularly beautiful thought, and as true as it is beautiful.

What a beneficent arrangement of Divine Providence was it that ages and ages before the Almighty made the earth for the habitation of man, the trees of the primeval forests were "treasured up in subterraneous storehouses, and transformed into enduring beds of coal, and have become to man in these latter ages the sources of light, and heat, and wealth." "The power of our steam engines is maintained with the remains of plants of ancient forms and extinct species;" † plants which, as George Stephenson said, conserved, "bottled up," the light of the sun, to be

* Life of George Stephenson, by Smiles.

† Dr. Buckland's Geology, vol. i. chap. 7.

again flashed forth from the dark coal of our English mines ; and at what an enormous rate let his distinguished son declare. In 1856, Mr. Robert Stephenson estimated "the railway annual consumption of coke to be 1,300,000 tons, representing 2,000,000 tons of coal, so that in every minute of time throughout the year 4 tons of coal were thus consumed, and 20 tons of water flashed into steam at high elasticity !"

MAINTENANCE OF RAILWAYS.

Ironmasters, timber-merchants, and others have profited largely by the consumption of the articles of their trades in the construction of railroads. When England is fully supplied with these iron ways is there any hope of retaining the companies as customers ?

According to Mr. Robert Stephenson's calculation of the annual waste of iron from wear and tear, oxidation, and loss in remanufacture in 1854, our railroads for their present extent will require 22,770 tons of iron to be every year replaced, and 280,000 tons of rail to be re-rolled. The sleepers, of which there are not fewer than 36,000,000 on our lines of railway, perish much more rapidly. What with decay from wet and other causes, the sleepers disappear at the rate of 2,800,000 per annum at the least, and require to be wholly replaced every twelve or fourteen years. It is curious to consider this annual demand for sleepers.

To provide 2,800,000 of new sleepers, 420,000 trees must be felled every year, supposing that each tree will yield as many as six good sleepers.

Now 420,000 trees can scarcely attain growth and maturity on less than 7,000 acres of forest. Consequently 7,000 acres of forest must be annually cleared of timber to provide sleepers for our lines of railway.*

* The figures are calculated on the basis provided by Mr. R. Stephenson, but computed for the present extent of our railways.

There is in all this a comfortable consideration for iron-masters and timber-merchants that in the railway department a fair amount of business may be looked for, for a few years to come.

POSTAL FACILITIES.

In speaking of the progress of railways, and their almost invaluable blessings, we must ever regard the facilities given to the correspondence of the country as of the highest importance.

250 years ago "the communication between the north of England and the Universities was maintained by carriers, who performed a uniform but tedious route with whole trains of pack-horses. Not only the packages, but frequently the young scholars were confided to their care. Through these carriers epistolary correspondence was conducted, and as they always visited London a letter could hardly be exchanged between Oxford and Yorkshire in less time than a month."

So much for the days of our great-grandfathers. We have referred to the mails in the best coaching time; but then a letter posted on Tuesday evening in London, could not be delivered in Liverpool before Thursday morning, and it cost one shilling postage: this was only about eighteen years ago! Now there are two deliveries of London letters in Liverpool daily, and the postage is one penny! At an uniform rate of one penny for each letter weighing less than half an ounce, we may send everywhere through England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland—even to the Isle of Man, and to Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark!

To whom are we indebted for this mighty boon? To Rowland Hill for the thought, and the determination which at length obliged the Government to try it. But without the establishment of railways, and the facilities offered by

them, the penny postage would have been impracticable. The Post Office always required the greatest attainable speed; but the penny postage not only requires speed but facility for carrying bulk; the mail coaches were never planned for this. "The aggregate weight," says Mr. R. Stephenson, "of the evening mails, despatched from London, in 1838, by 28 mail coaches, was 4 tons 6 cwt., averaging 3 cwt. and 1 quarter per coach.

"Now on a Friday night, when so many thousands of weekly papers are sent into the country, the Post Office requires on the London and North-Western Railway not only the use of the travelling post-office which is provided for its convenience, but it occupies also six or eight additional vans."

Sir Francis Head, when he published his work previously referred to, said, the average weight of letters and newspapers carried daily by the London and North-Western Railway alone, was 17 tons, but this has been considerably increased since.

The year 1839 was the last year of high rates for postage, the last in which peers, and members of Parliament, exercised their privilege of franking letters.

In 1839 there passed through the Post Office of chargeable letters	75,907,572
Of franks	6,563,024
Total ..	82,470,596

1840—The first year of the uniform Penny Post, the number was 168,768,344.

An increase of $122\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

1856—The last year of which we have any published official return, the letters numbered 478,393,803

An increase on 1839 of 480 per cent.

These were delivered as under:—

England 388 millions—about—20 to each person.

Ireland 43 " " 7 "

Scotland 43 " " 16 "

In London the proportion is as high as about forty

letters to each person. Of the whole number of letters nearly a quarter are delivered in London and the suburban districts; and counting those also which are despatched, nearly half the letters pass through the London office.

In addition to the letters conveyed, it is estimated that 71,000,000 newspapers, and nearly 3,000,000 book-packets passed through the Post Office in 1856.

As compared with the first year of the penny postage (1840) the gross revenue has increased by 111 per cent., and even compared with the last year of high rates of postage (1839) there has been an increase of 20 per cent., or £477,000.*

COAL TRADE.

Mr. Smiles says that one of the great advantages of railways, in George Stephenson's opinion, was that they would bring coal and iron, the staple products of the country, to the doors of all England. "The strength of Britain," he said, "lies in her coal-beds, and the locomotive is destined above all other agencies to bring it forth."

Stephenson embarked money, and gave much personal labour to the development of the inland coal traffic, but he was ahead of his time, and did not live to see the prosperity of a trade which he did so much to promote, and which now, though still in its infancy, is proving so entirely successful.

Mr. Robert Stephenson, speaking of this trade, justly remarks, "Districts in which the peasantry, only a few years since, made their fires with a few scanty sticks gathered from a hedge, are now abundantly and cheaply supplied with the fuel which is so important to comfort and civilization. Railways are here the agents of benevolence and ameliorators of the condition of the human race; for it may be safely said that there is no contribution to the social comfort of

* Third Report of Postmaster-General on the Post Office.

society equal to warmth. Comfort, indeed, implies warmth ; and warmth, chemically considered, is an addition to the supply of food."

One example of the advantage of railway transit of this prime necessary of life may be given, doubtless it is a specimen of others. The inhabitants of Banbury consumed 150,000 tons of coal annually; the Buckinghamshire Railway reduced the price, by cheapening the carriage, from 22s. to 15s. per ton, and thus effected a saving of £50,000 per year to one town on a single article !

The stimulus given to trade generally, by the greatly improved and more economical modes of transit by rail, has told in a most extraordinary manner on the production and consumption of coal, but as no reliable returns were procured before the year 1854 it is impossible to give an accurate comparative statement.

The usual estimate is that 50 years ago only 20,000,000 tons were produced annually. Mr. M'Culloch estimated the entire coal production of 1839 to be 31,024,417 tons.

The following is the detailed statement of the Coal production of 1856:—

Durham and Northumberland	15,492,969
Cumberland	913,891
Yorkshire	9,083,625
Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire	3,293,325
Warwickshire	335,000
Leicestershire	632,478
Staffordshire and Worcestershire	7,305,500
Lancashire	8,950,000
Cheshire	754,327
Shropshire	752,100
Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Devonshire		1,530,000
North Wales	1,046,500
South Wales	8,919,100
Scotland	7,500,000
Ireland	136,635
Total	66,645,450

	1856.	Tons.
Northumberland and Durham	331,370
Yorkshire	275,600
Derbyshire	106,960
Lancashire and Cumberland	25,530
Shropshire	109,722
North Staffordshire	130,560
South Staffordshire and Worcestershire	777,171
Gloucestershire	24,132
North Wales	47,682
South Wales (Anthracite district)	62,400
Ditto (Bituminous)	814,750
Scotland	880,500
Total ..		3,586,377

Fortunes of a colossal character have been made by iron-masters during the past twenty-five years, and Lady Charlotte Guest is said to have piqued herself more on being the wife of the great ironmaster than the daughter of a Scotch Earl.

An amusing tale is told—it seems that her ladyship was generally in a state of excitement about the time the balance-sheet of the works was being made up; and as soon as it was completed, so eager was she to see the amount of the profits, that she had a copy despatched to her wherever she might be. On one occasion she had a grand party at her London residence, and when the festivity was at its height, a courier arrived from Dowlais with a tin box containing the expected document. Lady Charlotte ordered it to be brought to her in the brilliantly lighted saloon, where she was surrounded by a circle of her aristocratic friends and relatives, who probably occasionally like her mother, enjoyed a sneer at the *cinder-hole*. “What’s that, Lady Charlotte?” exclaimed they, all crowding round the apparition of the tin box. “’Tis our balance-sheet,” answered her ladyship. “Balance-sheet!” exclaimed the fair aristocrats; “what’s a balance-sheet?” “It’s an account

made up, and showing the profits down at the works for the last twelve months." The company laughed, for they thought with Lady Lindsay of the *cinder-hole*; but the Welsh Ironmaster's wife bided her time, for she knew the laugh would be with her, as she opened the tin case, and drew out the document. "And so that's a balance-sheet!" exclaimed her friends, crowding round the paper with the double entries and the red lines, and they looked on it as a phenomenon—they had never seen one before. "But what are the profits?" cried they, as Lady Charlotte scanned her eye over the paper. Lady Charlotte not seeming to heed them, said, as though she spoke to herself,—“Three hundred thousand pounds—a very fair year,” and she re-committed the balance-sheet to its tin case, while peeresses looked almost petrified. “Three hundred thousand pounds profit!” “What! you don’t mean that in one year?” “In one year,” was the reply, as though there was nothing at all remarkable about the matter. “I’d be a Cinderella myself,” said a Border Countess, “to a husband with such a business; three hundred thousand pounds, and all from that nasty cold iron—it beats the glass slipper!”*

OTHER TRADES.

Mr. Robert Stephenson states that “the boiler plate manufacture was comparatively insignificant before iron vessels and steam locomotion came into existence—and now such is the extent of this branch of manufacture, that, extensive as they are, the iron-works are not yet able to render the supply equal to the demand.”

Then in the article of fresh fish, which a beneficent Providence causes to live, feed, grow, and swarm up to our shores—how largely has the trade been developed by railways! Before they were formed our inland counties were

* Roebuck's "History of the Whigs," Williams's "Our Iron Roads."

unsupplied with this food; now Birmingham, which is one hundred miles from the sea, has fish in its shops in the afternoon, which were alive in the saltwater in the morning.

Light vans with post horses, at a great expense, were formerly employed to bring 2,000 tons of fish *yearly* from Yarmouth to London; now the Norfolk Railway not unfrequently brings this quantity in a fortnight. There are about 230,000 tons of fish sold in London annually, more than half of which is brought by rail.

Cattle (ten millions and a half were carried by rail in 1856) are brought from all parts to London. Scotland sends her contingent to our market. The West of England sends up early fruits for Covent Garden; different districts contribute more than 1,000 tons of green food every week; while milk by millions of quarts is brought from dairies from ten to thirty miles off.

If we were to stop railway communication, we should starve London. To stop railways is a fearful thought—though they had no existence about thirty years ago they are now absolutely indispensable. Take the gross revenue of last year at £24,000,000, and as Mr. Robert Stephenson puts it, suppose “to-morrow there was a cessation of the existing railway means of transporting human beings, merchandise, and animals; in the first place it is certain this traffic could not be accommodated at all;—but assume that it could, it is certain that accommodation could only be offered at more than three times the charge now made on railways.” The result then is, that upon the existing traffic of the nation, railways are effecting a direct saving to the people of not less than £48,000,000 per annum; a sum not very far short of the whole Government revenue a few years back!

ACCIDENTS.

Capt. D. Galton's report for 1856 shows that 27 passengers out of 129,347,592, were killed; but only 8 of these from causes beyond their own control, 19 were killed from want of caution on their part. The deaths of passengers, in 1856, show the proportion of one to every 4,790,651; this proportion is comparatively high, for in 1854 it was only one in 7,195,343. The general security of railway as compared with coach travelling must make us rejoice in the change.

The establishment of railways has led to the formation of Railway Passenger Assurance Companies in which a man may insure his life in the following manner :—

1*d.* paid by a 3rd Class passenger will insure his life for a single journey irrespective of distance, for £200; 2*d.* paid by a 2nd Class passenger for £500; 3*d.* paid by a 1st Class passenger, for £1,000.

From the Report of the "Railway Passenger Assurance Company," we learn that some 250,000 persons annually insure in their office against accident.

RAILWAY MANAGEMENT.

The wonders of the railway clearing-house, where the involved accounts of one proprietary with another are daily and beautifully arranged, must be passed over; as also the lost luggage department, where specimens of nearly every article that can be carried or worn, are awaiting ownership; but a few sentences must be given to the

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

This is newer even than railways, and yet has already become indispensable to them. Messages are transmitted by it at the incomprehensible rate of 280,000 miles per second!

The Electric and International Telegraph Company, have now 5,647 miles of line, and 29,498 miles of wire.

The growing use of the telegraph by the public is shown in the returns of this Company, established in 1848: the receipts for the first year were only £1,100; in 1857 they amounted to £183,641; about £3,500 per week.

The British and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company was formed in 1856 by the amalgamation of two Companies, the "British," incorporated in 1850, and the "Magnetic," incorporated in 1851.

The lines of this amalgamated Company extend through the United Kingdom, and are 3,441 miles in length, with 15,688 miles of wire. This is the only Company having wires in Ireland.

This Company has two cables containing six wires each between England and Ireland connecting the Irish lines with the English wires.

The annual receipts (exclusive of the charge for submarine messages for the continent) have been as follow for the past four years:—

1854	£37,937
1855	54,555
1856	68,980
1857	73,947

The number of inland paid messages forwarded through this Company's wires in 1857 were 356,182; but these were exclusive of railway and service messages, and also of news despatches, which would amount to as many more.

The message of the President of the United States was, on the arrival of the "Africa," telegraphed by this Company to the "Morning Post," and published in that paper on the 21st of December last,—this message occupied nearly eight columns and a half of closely-printed matter. The Company regularly transmits Parliamentary Reports to some of the

principal provincial newspapers, extending according to the importance of the debates from four to eight, and even ten columns; so that Liverpool and Manchester read in the morning in their own papers the discussions in Parliament of the previous evening!

The Continental Telegraph cables of the Submarine Company are connected exclusively with the British and Irish Magnetic Company's land wires. One of these cables laid between Dover and Calais, measures twenty-five miles,—the other between Dover and Ostend measures seventy miles; making a direct communication from London to Brussels, and London to Paris. Sometimes the Brussels wires are so connected as to admit of direct communication with Berlin. &c., from London.

The Submarine and European Company has about 3,000 miles of wire.

This Company's offices are in communication with 1,400 telegraph stations on the continents of Europe and Africa,—also with Malta and Corfu; and messages may be sent to St. Petersburg for 33s. 6d.; to Algeria for 24s.; to Constantinople for 36s.

“The first really practical application of the telegraph,” says Mr. R. Stephenson, “was to enable the stationary engine system on the Blackwall Railway to be worked with certainty and despatch.” Its use to railways is so great that “the telegraph,” says the same eminent authority, “does the work of an additional line of rails to every company that uses it, and does it at a cost perfectly infinitesimal compared with the cost of constructing another line.” “Probably most lines would require 20 per cent. more carriage stock than they now possess, if it were not for the telegraph.” But not only does it save money to the railway companies, it affords security (wherever employed) to railway passengers; for if the companies take care, as on the London and

North-Western Railway to have the progress of every train duly telegraphed, accidental collision is all but impossible.

Business is constantly transacted by means of these electric wires: the arrival of vessels long and anxiously looked for, is made known; information of the state of different markets is circulated through the kingdom with the speed of thought; social anxieties are relieved; events of national importance are chronicled; criminals are overtaken though no one pursues; and so rapid and satisfactory is this most marvellous mode of transmitting thought, that recently, when reading telegraphic despatches of the capture of Delhi or the relief of Lucknow, we must have rejoiced that (imperfect as is the communication at present) we were not condemned to wait for news from India as our fathers waited for intelligence from Spain when Wellington was fighting there.

RAILWAYS AND CANALS.

Railways entered seriously into competition with canals, and doubtless the dividends on many have been considerably reduced; yet they pay as well as railways now, and the public save materially by the reduction in their rates of carriage. Last year it is believed the dividends on some of the principal canals were as follow:—

Grand Junction Canal Company	4 per cent.
Oxford Canal	8 "
Coventry Canal	11 "
Old Birmingham (guaranteed by London and North-Western Railway)	4 "
Trent and Mersey (guaranteed by North Staffordshire Railway)	5 "
The Grand Junction Company's shares were £100, quoted at £50 now					
Oxford	£100, worth	£105½.
Coventry	£100, worth	£190.
Old Birmingham	£100, worth	£91½.

The Duke of Bridgewater is reported to have said, "I don't like the look of these tramroads, there is mischief in them;" that is, mischief to canal profits. Yet his grace's heirs have not very much reason to complain; for though the Bridgewater Canals are private property, and consequently no returns are published, yet it is generally known the income derived from them has not been materially interfered with by the competition of railways.

WHY DO NOT RAILWAYS PAY BETTER?

Chiefly because they cost so much. Mr. R. Stephenson estimates that nearly one-fourth of the capital expended has been paid solely for land and conveyancing; and yet nearly in every case, except where houses have been demolished, the property which has been intersected, has been improved in value by the rail.

In addition to the amount received by landowners for permission to pass under or over or through their lands, the increased value of the property left has made the gain of the landed proprietors something enormous. Amidst so much that was exorbitant, it is gratifying to mark at least one most honourable exception.

The late Mr. Labouchere had made an agreement with the Eastern Counties Railway Company for the passage through his estate near Chelmsford for the price of £35,000. His son and successor, the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere, finding the injury was far less than anticipated, voluntarily returned £15,000 of the amount.*

Another item of cost, besides the land, was the expense of parliamentary committees. The Trent Valley Company are said to have paid nearly as much to get parliamentary permission to commence their work, as they did to construct their railway in its entire length.

* "Our Iron Roads," by F. S. Williams.

The total expenditure of existing Railway Companies in obtaining Acts of Parliament, and the consequent parliamentary, legal, and engineering costs, is more than £14,000,000. It cost the Great Northern Railway Company £434,861 before they were free to turn the first sod on their line.

One counsel employed extensively in railway cases before parliamentary committees is said to have made £38,000 to £40,000 in one year.

There were other items of cost, minor, but not insignificant. "On the day our preamble was proved," said a railway projector of 1845, "we all had a famous dinner at three guineas a head! Never saw such a splendid set-out in all my life! Each of us had a printed bill of fare beside his plate, and I brought mine home as quite a curiosity in the way of eating. The truth is," he added, "we were all mad in those days."

Had any enlightened government control been exercised over the construction of British railways, it is probable they might have been formed for two-thirds of their present cost; the public could then have had cheaper fares and the shareholders better profits.

The lines paying best, it is believed, are not simply those which have the greatest traffic, but those on which there has been the most prudent expenditure. One great encouragement remains—no line in the United Kingdom has yet failed for want of traffic.

INFLUENCE OF RAILROADS.

In America they have frequently created towns; and although, from the well-populated character of our country, this influence of railways cannot often be shown here, yet Wolverton, Crewe, and New Swindon are evidences of their power. The most remarkable town of recent English growth is, however, that of Middlesborough-on-Tees. The

Stockton and Darlington Railway developed the resources of the district, and offered facilities for bringing these resources to market. The result was the formation of a town, now containing a population of some 17,000 persons.

In 1825 the site of the town was occupied by a solitary farm-house and its outbuildings ; now the place possesses churches, chapels, schools, a custom-house, mechanics' institutes, banks, shipbuilding yards, and iron factories.

Ironstone has been found in the neighbourhood ; iron furnaces now blaze along the vale of Cleveland, and new smelting works appear in all directions, fed by the railway, which brings to them their supplies of fuel from the Durham coal-fields.

Railways have indirectly improved the make and accelerated the speed of all vehicles on common roads.

Sir W. Davenant complained in 1684 that London "was the only metropolis in Europe where there was wonderful dignity belonging to carts." He would not ride in a coach "till the quarrel were decided whether six of our nobles sitting together should stop and give way to as many barrels of beer."

As far as passengers are concerned, the railway has greatly levelled distinctions, and first-class passengers embrace peers, merchants, bankers, and all who afford the fare ; but as far as carts are concerned, there is "wonderful dignity" belonging to them still ; and the nobleman who will try the strength of his carriage against one of Barclay's drays will show more spirit than discretion. Yet look on the waggons, carts, and drays of the present time as compared with those of twenty years ago—see how "Chaplin's" and "Pickford's" vans are trotted along our thoroughfares—how the waggons of tradesmen are no longer the cumbrous machines they formerly were, but light, strong, useful vehicles, capable of receiving considerable weights,

yet of moving with celerity and despatch. All this tells the lesson of the rail, "Time is money."

Look at the influence of railways on habits of thought. Distance is not regarded—it is *time*. It is the five or six hours to Liverpool, not the 201 miles, that are thought of. Railway time, (that is, Greenwich time,) the time of all the electric clocks, is superseding ordinary reckoning by local clocks; the punctuality required by railways (at least, on starting from London) begets punctuality in general appointments. Men who travel daily by rail get up earlier and at a regular hour; they are at their business sooner, and plan the day's business better, than they did before. They learn to economize time by occupying every portion of it: and they get into the habit of finishing their work more completely because they know the train will not wait for them. Railways benefit health by enabling men to obtain an entire change of scene when they leave business; to breathe purer air; travel greater distances; and actually to prolong life by crowding it with incident.

Look at the importance of British railways in the works which have been executed (works nobler and more useful than those of ancient Rome or Egypt)—in the capital invested—in the multitudes employed by them—in their effect on commerce and on social life,—and we must regard with admiration the present results of a system, begun within our own recollection, and which has so early attained such gigantic proportions.

It is one of the most wonderful things, if not the most wonderful, recorded in the history of the world.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Next to his own country and her noble colonies, an Englishman must always be more interested in the United States of North America than in any other country or

people in the world. The inhabitants are sprung from the same stock, speak the same language, have greater interests in common with us than any other nation—their virtues and their failings are much the same as our own—and, despite the occasional sharpness of tone (which people who are sensitive to each other's good opinion more frequently use than those who are indifferent), the two nations have a real regard and respect for each other. This was evidenced in Boston when the rail was opened between Canada and that city. Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, was there: 3,000 dined in a tent on Boston Common, and all drank to the health of the Queen of England. The band within played our national air; the band outside took up the strain, till the whole place resounded with the notes of "God save the Queen."

It is gratifying to notice the progress made in railways in the United States. Captain Douglas Galton has furnished a most valuable report upon them, and from some of his statements we shall draw liberally.

There are now about 26,500 miles of railway in operation in the United States, only about one-sixth of which are of double line. The greater part were constructed by Irish labour; in this let us note the providential direction of human affairs. America could not have spared hands for this work; the famine in Ireland of 1847 sent crowds of emigrants to the States; they aided the construction of railroads, opening districts of country where these emigrants were gladly welcomed as settlers; and on the roads which the fathers toiled to make, the children in multitudes of cases will travel as independent men.

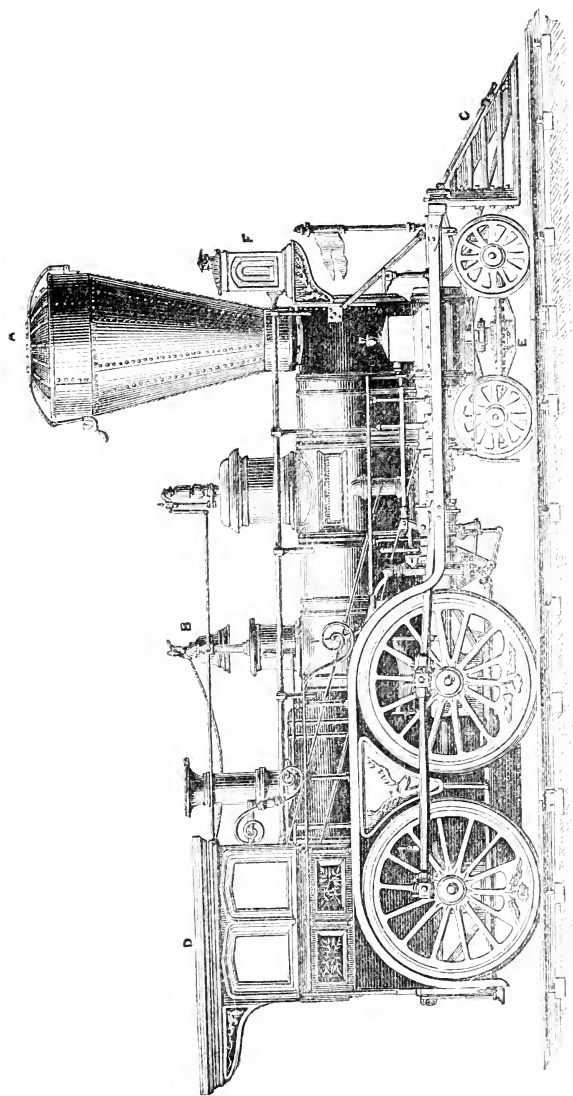
It is a saying in the States, that "no railroad pays from north to south;" and certainly, apart from those which run between the great cities of the Atlantic coast, the chief use of American railways is to connect the fertile lands of the

west with the Atlantic seaboard. A traveller would think this fact was ever present to the minds of conductors and station-masters; for instead of the guard's whistle, or the exclamation "All's right," the cry on the train starting is everywhere, "All aboard!" just as though the railway car were a ship casting off from the quay.

American railway stations are less expensive than ours, but quite as convenient; and at many of them there is a second opening from the booking-office into the ladies' waiting-room, so that ladies travelling alone may obtain their tickets without crowding or inconvenience. This is an improvement on our arrangements; and there are some others, one of which, for the sake of humanity, should be tried here—protection is afforded to the firemen and engine-drivers against the inclemency of the weather. The foot-plate of the engine is covered by a roof, supported by glazed sides and a glazed front; the windows are arranged to open readily, and a passage is afforded to the front of the engine; the shed is open at the back towards the tender.

Another improvement might be adopted by us—the perfectly simple and effectual communication between the guard and the engine-driver, furnished by a cord passing through rings in the ceiling of the cars.

Another is the system pursued with respect to baggage. The necessity is not so great here as in America, because our journeys are shorter; but it is a great convenience. When the luggage is delivered to the railway servants, a brass check for each package, and frequently with the name of the place to which the luggage is to be taken, is given to the passenger. A corresponding check, provided with a leather thong, is attached to each package. The passenger need not trouble himself further; the details are so well arranged, that loss is very rare indeed. As the train approaches large towns, a person walks through the cars,



MODERN AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE, 1857.

- A. Inverted Funnel round Chimney to catch the Sparks when a wood fire is used. B. Bell to be rung when approaching Level Crossings. C. Cow Catcher. D. Shield for protecting the Engine Driver and Fireman from the weather. E. Truck or Bogie frame from the centre of which the front part of the Engine is supported. F. Lamp.

and gathers the checks of those who intend to stop ; he gives a receipt for them, deposits them in a tin box, each opening in which indicates the name of some hotel in the town, and he receives a small sum for the delivery of the baggage. The traveller may be certain of having his trunks and bags delivered soon after (if not at the same time) the omnibus has conveyed him to his hotel. This enables ladies, invalids, and casual travellers to obtain their luggage without the trouble or necessity of personally looking after it as in England.

The cars in America are entirely different from ours, but are excellently suited to their roads ; they are placed on two four-wheeled trucks, one at each end, and this enables them to be moved round very sharp curves. The passenger cars are 30 to 45, sometimes 60, feet long, by 9 to 10 feet wide, and 6 to 7 feet 6 inches high. In the centre of each end of the car is a door conducting to a small platform, about 2 feet 6 inches wide, from which steps descend on either side to the ground. There is a railing to the platform, with an opening to allow passengers to pass from the platform of one car to that of another, and thus through the whole train. The interior of the car forms a large room, with a passage down the centre of nearly 2 feet in width, on each side of which cross seats are arranged ; the seats are 3 feet 6 inches long and 18 inches wide, and 1 foot apart, and the backs are arranged to be turned, so that the passenger may sit with his face in either direction. In cars running long journeys there is frequently an apartment for the convenience of ladies nursing, and a water-closet.

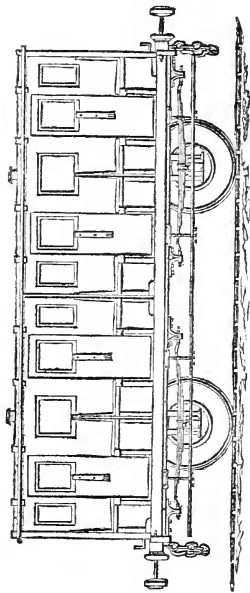
There are stoves in winter, and iced water in summer, and boys frequently passing through with peaches, apples, popcorn, or cakes, according to the season ; and summer or winter, always numerous venders of newspapers, pamphlets, and books.

Every man who travels in America is supposed to be capable of taking care of himself. If he be agreeable, stand questioning well, and ask questions in return, he will find every fellow-traveller disposed to aid him to the fullest extent. If he stand on his dignity, if he be sensitive to free inquiry, he had better stop at home, for he will be nearly certain to miss his way in America.

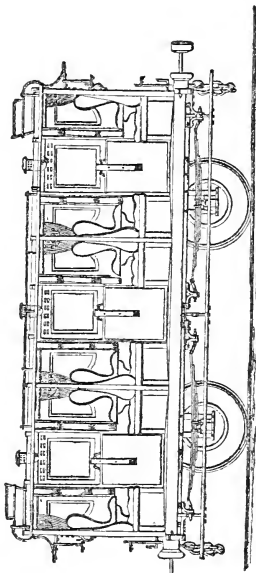
There, railway authorities give instructions to passengers as to what they ought to do ; but it is a free country, and you need not obey unless you please. On some lines you are advertised not to put your head or arms out of window ; on others, not to stand on the platform outside the cars, and not to smoke there ; but having given the instructions, the responsibility of the railway directorate ceases. No surly policeman reminds you of a breach of the rules, or threatens you with custody ; no conductor interferes, or very rarely, and seldom effectually. If your arm gets injured by being out of window, if you are shaken off the platform when the train gives a sudden jerk, the fault is your own ; you were left to choose between obedience to orders and the risk of life or limb, and you take the consequences.

“Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings” is the announcement in large letters at nearly all the level crossings ; but you may do as you please,—the authorities have done their duty, you must do yours, or pay the penalty of disobedience.

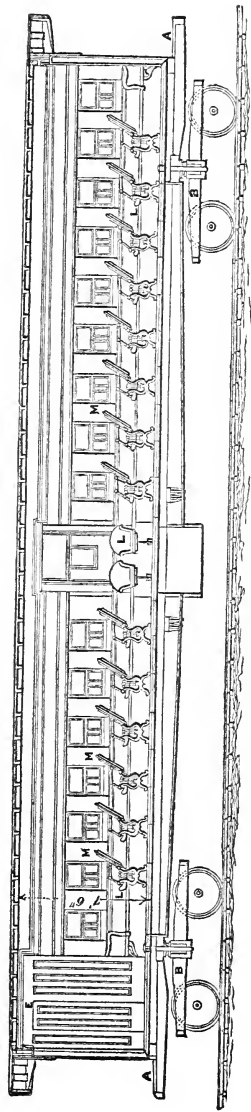
Many of the American roads are very picturesque in their character ; those winding through mountainous districts particularly so. To tunnel through the Alleghanies would be an expensive affair ; it is easier to follow the track of the rivers ; and then, as on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, with the mountain ridge always near to you on one side, sometimes on both, and the river at your feet, occasionally land-locked to all appearance, then winding round the



SECTION OF ENGLISH SECOND CLASS CARRIAGE.



SECTION OF ENGLISH FIRST CLASS CARRIAGE.



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF AMERICAN CAR.

A. Platform for ingress and egress to Car.
 B. Truck on which the Body of Car is supported.
 M. Seats.

E. Compartment containing Saloon
 capable of being reversed, to enable the passengers to face either way.

base of a hill to another scene, and still another, the ride is very interesting.

Sometimes, as in the Pennsylvanian coal range, you are drawn as far as a locomotive can take you up-hill, then carried over the summit by coach; then you commence your descent to the plain again, partly drawn by locomotive, partly by mules, partly lowered by stationary engine, and part of the way you descend by gravity.

Sometimes the level road is charming, as through that exquisitely beautiful plain formed by the Valley of the Wyoming, of which Campbell so sweetly sung.

Sometimes, however, the road is dull enough, as when it passes over a prairie. A ride over a railway in Illinois at night will give a man a new sensation; the moon shining on the waving grass,—frequently not a tree, not a shrub, not a house, not a creature to be seen as you gaze out on stillness, which the progress of your train only makes more awful. Miles, miles, miles away, as far as eye can reach, nothing but the clear bright moon and the slightly waving grass,—and you get a more perfect sense of desolation than you can possibly do even in mid ocean without a sail in sight.

Frequently the road lies, like several in Ohio and other states, through land partially cleared,—trees have been cut down to within three or four feet of the ground, the stumps have bleached in the wind and sun; they stand looking, at a distance, exactly like stones in a churchyard; they are memorials of departed forests,—monuments left to tell of the battle which ceaselessly rages in the West, where the axe of civilization is constantly the victor. Sometimes the stumps do not decay fast enough for the young farmer; and then the English traveller may be reminded of the iron furnaces in Shropshire; for as he passes along the rail at night, he may see a number of old stumps on fire, sending forth from their interior smoke and flame. Sometimes the

road is right through a forest, the maple, the hickory, the chestnut, the dogwood, flanking your progress, and all in their prime; and if your passage be by day, just after the first autumnal frost, you will look on such varied and beautiful colours in the changing leaves as can be seen nowhere else.

One of the daring things done in America was to erect the Railway Suspension Bridge over Niagara, 250 feet above the foaming tide beneath, 800 feet span; it is a noble highway between Canada and the States, and passengers cross it full in view of the finest scene,—in full hearing of the noblest music in the world!

Our present object, however, is not to talk of American scenery, but the influence of American railroads; we will take one, and it is the most remarkable illustration of their influence—the rise and progress of the town of Chicago. It is situated at the south-west corner of Lake Michigan, in one of the most fertile regions in the globe, and not far from it are rich mines of iron, lead, and copper ore.

The Manchester and Liverpool Railroad was opened in 1830; but in 1832 Chicago was only an Indian trading post, with a small fort, and a few log huts.

It was 1850 before the first iron rail was laid there; let us note the progress of the place.

In 1851 the number of miles of railway centring in Chicago were forty and the annual receipts from traffic were £8,000.

1857 the number of miles of railway centring there were 3,826, and the receipts from traffic about £3,500,000.

1849 the quantity of lumber received at Chicago amounted to 73,259,553 feet.

1857 it had reached the quantity of 459,639,198 feet, besides 131,832,230 feet of shingles, 80,130,000 feet of laths.

1837 Chicago and the surrounding districts imported grain for food.

1853 the export of grain was 6,500,000 bushels.

1856 it was 21,583,221 bushels.

1857 „ 18,032,678 bushels.

The falling off is chiefly attributable to the financial troubles of last autumn, and the want of money to move the crops to the seaboard at the usual time.

In 1840 the value of real estate in Chicago was estimated at £360,000.

1857 the assessment for the State Tax was about £6,000,000, and this is said to be only one-fifth of its market value ;

1840 the population of Chicago did not number 5,000.

1849 it was 23,047.

1855 „ 83,509.

1857 „ 120,000.

Here is progress, and chiefly since the establishment of railways there in 1850. Twenty-five years ago the Indian smoked his calumet in sight of only a few log huts, now the Indian is far away, and there are streets of stores, commodious inside, and of handsome elevation, many of which let for £1,000 a-year each ; while very superior private residences adorn the southern border of the lake.

CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

To the shareholders who may have for a few years to wait for dividends it may be only poor consolation, but it is truth, to say that in the Great Western and Grand Trunk lines of Canada they have nearly 1,500 miles of the best railway in America ; while the Victoria Bridge crossing the St. Lawrence at Montreal, a distance of two miles—for the grandeur of its conception, the character of the works, and its immense utility, will stand, when completed, unrivalled in the world.

RAILWAYS IN EUROPE.

As nearly as can be computed, the sum total of the railways in Europe is as follows:—

Countries.	Population.	Mileage Completed.	Projected.	Total.
Great Britain and Ireland	27,500,000	9,171	3,600	12,771
France	35,783,059	4,060	2,970	7,030
Germany	20,687,600	3,058	660	3,718
Austria	39,411,300	1,593	520	2,113
Prussia	16,112,948	2,338	90	2,428
Russia	62,000,000	675	2,063	2,738
Holland	3,433,372	275	—	275
Belgium	4,549,000	936	140	1,076
Denmark, &c. ..	2,550,000	165	—	165
Sweden and Norway	4,811,018	77	446	523
Switzerland	2,392,740	335	340	675
Spain	14,216,219	500	2,000	2,500
Portugal	3,487,025	32	—	32
Italy, including Sardinia	20,500,000	1,010	480	1,490
Turkey, Greece, &c...	15,875,300	—	1,000	1,000
	<u>273,309,581</u>	<u>24,225</u>	<u>14,309</u>	<u>38,534</u>

ESTIMATE OF THE RAILWAYS IN THE WORLD.

	Population.	Mileage Completed.	Projected.	Total.
Europe	270,000,000	24,225	14,309	38,534
Asia	600,000,000	400	3,758	4,158
Africa	60,000,000	108	95	203
North America*	40,000,000	28,000	5,000	33,000
South America ..	20,000,000	300	895	1,195
Australia and Oceania	20,000,000	114	412	526
	<u>1,010,000,000</u>	<u>53,147</u>	<u>24,469</u>	<u>77,616</u>

The above tables have been compiled from various authorities. The number of miles of railway completed, it is believed, will be found nearly accurate. The particulars of those projected with the sanction of the various governments are extremely difficult to obtain ; the best estimate has been formed that seemed possible under the circumstances.

Of the English railways, only about one-fifth are single lines ; of the American, only about one-sixth are double lines.

* Including Canada and the West Indies.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

A slight and imperfect sketch of the material and moral results of railway progress has been brought before you. Who were the agents in the hands of Divine Providence of bringing about this great result? Many contributed to it, but there was one, who by his intuitive sagacity, his painstaking self-culture, his strong, intelligent, self-reliance, his indomitable perseverance, his transparent honesty stood forth pre-eminent, that man was George Stephenson, and his life is a study for young men. Let us by the aid of his accomplished biographer, Mr. Smiles, select a few of its lessons. There are many things to admire, but we are bound to say, at a Young Men's Christian Association Meeting, there are some to avoid.

He was born in the little colliery village of Wylam, in one of the lower rooms of a common two-storied dwelling, the walls unplastered, the floor of clay, the bare rafters exposed overhead; his father was fireman to a colliery pumping engine, earning only 12s. per week, and never rose to a higher position, and yet there were father, mother, and six children to keep. Surely there could not be anything more unpromising for a beginning of life than this; let us learn first then, never to be dismayed at,—never to be ashamed of, the poverty of our parents.

His father was an amiable, honest, trustworthy man, fond of birds, fond of children, and fond of a good story; his mother was "a rare canny body," by general testimony, and her son proved her excellence, for there scarcely ever was a great or an especially good man who had not a superior woman for his mother.

Too poor to send his children to school even had there been one in his neighbourhood, Stephenson's father did one of the next best things, he gave him a love for natural history, and trained him in industrious habits. The "House-

hold Words" aptly described Stephenson's life, as "inch by inch upward," showing "how a man may get up the Hill Difficulty, who is content to mount by short firm steps, keeping his eyes well upon the ground that happens to lie before his feet."

George Stephenson's first employment was to keep his younger brothers and sisters out of danger from the trucks which ran past their cottage, on the colliery tramroad—this was the labour of duty and love. At eight years of age he petitioned Widow Ainslie for her vacant situation, the duties of which were to keep her cows out of harm's way by day, and bar her gates at night after the coal trucks had passed ; his remuneration was 2*d.* per day, and he earned his money.

This employment, however, left him with time on his hands, and his young imagination being full of the engine of which his father was fireman, his favourite amusement was modeling clay engines, and making imaginary steam-pipes from the hemlock which grew plentifully around.

"Inch by inch upward," he first had—

One shilling per week for minding cows ; then two shillings per week for leading horses to plough and hoeing turnips ; three shillings, as "corf bitter" or "picker" at the colliery with his elder brother ; four shillings, as driver of the Gin Horse at Black Callerton, to which he had to walk two miles each morning, and return at night ; then six shillings, as assistant fireman to his father, at the age of fourteen ; then the same wages, with the honour of being fireman on his own account ; then twelve shillings per week for working with his friend William Coe, at a pumping engine. On reaching the dignity of man's work and wages, the noble boy feeling he had really achieved something, exclaimed, "Now I'm a made man for life !"

Then his wages were somewhat increased, and he became

engineman to the engine where his father still worked as fireman; then he received seventeen shillings and sixpence, to twenty shillings per week, as brakesman at the Dolly Pit, Black Callerton; then after a hard day's work he made shoes and shoe-lasts, and saved his first guinea. "Inch by inch upwards" he worked on till he became enginewright to Killingworth Colliery, at the age of thirty-one, at the salary of £100 a-year. Still toiling on, he gained £300 a-year as engineer to the Stockton and Darlington Railway; gained £1,000 by the invention of a safety-lamp, founded with this sum his celebrated locomotive factory at Newcastle; after this became engineer to the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, and other lines: made no mean fortune, and at length, with a well-earned reputation, the "Father of Railways" retired to enjoy the decline of life—but in one form or other he worked to the last.

"Few people," says the "Quarterly Review," "have hitherto had any adequate conception either of the difficulties he conquered, or the singular and unerring sagacity he displayed." Those who read his life must notice, first, his disposition for work, he was never afraid of it; second, his untiring, unconquerable perseverance—this is the quality by which Hannibal crossed the Alps, Wellington gained his victories, George Stephenson made Chat Moss carry a railroad, and his distinguished son cut his way to Birmingham by the Kilsby Tunnel; third, the use he made of opportunities, not one escaped him; and fourth, the thoroughly practical character of his studies. His pursuit of "perpetual motion," at one time, was scarcely a deviation from his habit, for he had heard of some apparatus by which "perpetual motion" was to be secured, and he set about testing its merits after his own method.

What does Stephenson's history teach us? As a child

while minding cows, he learned enough about horses to lead them to plough, and enough about land to hoe turnips, and thus he doubled his wages;—should not every young man so diligently employ his leisure that he may learn how to take advantage of opportunities as they present themselves? He became at an early age engine-man at a coalpit of the Duke of Newcastle's: in any case of difficulty it is the duty of the engineman to consult the head engineer, but Stephenson resolved the difficulties should be few, by learning all about the engine himself. On Saturdays, when others went to the public-house, or dog or cock fights, and all left their work as soon as possible, he took the machine to pieces, cleaned it, studied its powers, put it together again, and in time he thoroughly mastered the whole theory of its construction. And what is to be learnt from this? but thoroughly to understand the business we are engaged in, the power of the tools we handle, the qualities and the uses of the goods we sell. So entirely to master our own business, and so completely to *do* it, that in our department we may have as little occasion as possible to refer to the principals of the house, or the men set over us.

Stephenson was not satisfied with being an engineman: a "brakesman" was a higher step. He got his friend Coe to give him lessons in the art that he might be fit for this position when a vacancy occurred.

Let us learn from this that after having completely done our own work, not a moment before, to try to gain a knowledge of the duties of the man who is above us; to help him in them, not with a view to supplant him, but, if he should rise higher, that we may be fitted to take his place.

At seventeen years of age Stephenson could neither write nor read. On what a vantage-ground in the point of education does the humblest and most youthful member of the

Young Men's Christian Association stand! But Stephenson was not discouraged; it was harder work learning to read than learning the construction of the steam-engine; harder than working as brakesman; harder by far than thrashing a roystering bully who was the terror of the neighbourhood. (The bully went off work for a week's training; Stephenson thrashed him after a hard day's work, by way of an evening's amusement: he was driven to it, but it was his first and last battle with his fists.) Yet hard as it was at seventeen to begin to learn to spell, to make pothooks and hangers, Stephenson did it; he went to a village evening school, of very humble pretensions, and by the time he was nineteen he had learned "to read correctly," and was "proud to be able to write his own name."

Will not this example of determined perseverance in a colliery workman, stimulate young men here to a closer pursuit of knowledge, a more diligent attendance on the classes for mutual improvement, furnished by the institution in Aldersgate-street and at its branches?

When Stephenson contemplated marriage he worked diligently, over hours, that he might save money to furnish his rooms. He began married life in accordance with his circumstances,—and he had the virtue and courage to keep his expenses within his income. In all this he furnishes an example for young men.

An alarm of fire caused his apartment to be flooded with water, and damaged with soot, by good-natured friends; and Stephenson's clock was spoiled. It, however, afforded him an opportunity to extract profit from misfortune: he could not afford to take his clock to a tradesman, so he took it to pieces, cleaned it, studied its parts, and made it go again. Thenceforth he became clock curer to the neighbourhood.

Stephenson's filial piety was exemplary. His father, by an accident, was severely scorched and lost his eyesight.

Stephenson had been in Scotland, had saved £28, and came back to find his father in great distress. He at once paid his father's debts, £15, and afterwards removed both his parents to a comfortable cottage near his own.

Stephenson had one son, and feeling the disadvantages he had endured for want of early education he resolved to give Robert the best in his power; to do this, after working hard all day, at night he made and mended shoes, mended clocks and watches, cut out the clothes of the pitmen for their wives to make, and thus wrung from a stubborn fortune the means of educating his boy.

Let us look on this instructive picture. Are any young men in this hall to-night dreaming that they possess, or are really conscious they possess, superior abilities? Let them look on this. George Stephenson had abilities which made him the first engineer of his age, and one of the most practical benefactors of mankind; did he with the consciousness that he knew more than others around him, sit down and repine at his lot, brooding moodily over the success of men without half his mental capacity, and murmur that he had no means to educate his son? No! the genius of George Stephenson was eminently practical. In this respect "he did what he could:" instead of grumbling he worked; instead of repining at his lot, and longing for change, he laboured hard all the day at his ordinary duty, and then found means for remunerative employment at night; and thus procured the money to educate his son. And that distinguished son, the child of the Wall's-end brakesman and the farm-servant Fanny, is at the head of his profession as a civil engineer, a member of the British House of Commons, and, on matters within his province, an undisputed authority.

The time drew near for the recognition of higher abilities than it was previously known Stephenson possessed. All

the enginemmen in the neighbourhood had tried to clear a pit of water, and had failed. Stephenson saw the defects of the engine employed, knew he could remedy them, and engaged to send the workmen to the bottom of the pit in a week. He was engaged, and performed his promise. He was rewarded with ten pounds, a poor recompense for such a service, but he stepped from the position of a skilled labourer into the profession of an engineer. In several respects, this was the most trying point in Stephenson's life.

He became enginewright to Killingworth Colliery, and in this new employment his practical genius soon saved labour to the men employed in the mines, and money to his masters; in one improvement he lessened the number of horses required from 100 to 15 or 16.

He saved £100, and removed his son from the parish clerk's school to a superior academy at Newcastle; and now commenced a most interesting period in Stephenson's history—a worthy example to all similarly circumstanced: the father and son studied together in the evening, and their joint education advanced successfully.

The Stockton and Darlington Railway was projected—Stephenson offered his services to Mr. Pease; the intelligent Quaker appreciated the enginewright, and employed him to survey the ground for the line, and secured his appointment as engineer. Let us note the advantages of Stephenson's observation of colliery railroads, and of his determined efforts for self-instruction.

He now became a mechanical and civil engineer. What knowledge is necessary to the proper discharge of the duties of such a position! The mechanical engineer should understand all the powers and uses of the engine,—and all the details of its construction: the civil engineer should understand iron-work, stone-work, brick-work, earth-work; should be able to measure and value all materials used on

the railroad ; should understand the construction of bridges, laying down of lines, and the management of men. Now people are not born civil engineers, they may evidence early a special aptitude for a particular study, but to become a practical engineer a man requires no ordinary application and perseverance. It was because Stephenson had been working and learning, that he became competent for this duty.

His powers were soon tried on a large scale—he was appointed engineer to the Manchester and Liverpool Railway—he was opposed on every hand. The survey of the line was opposed ; Lord Derby, Lord Sefton, and Capt. Bradshaw, fought earnestly, in 1825, against a project which has increased the value of all their estates. New roads are sure of opponents : Horace Walpole tells us, “ When the ‘ Paddington, or New Road Bill ’ was passed, in 1756, the Duke of Bedford opposed it on the ground that it would make a dust behind Bedford House, and that some intended buildings would interrupt his prospect.” So, in 1821, the Duke of Cleveland opposed the Stockton and Darlington Rail, out of tender regard to his fox covers. Then engineers, educated practised men, opposed Stephenson—this was harder to bear than the opposition of land-owners, for no one held the same strong faith in the locomotive, no one believed with him in the extent of its capability for speed. Educated literary men deemed twenty miles an hour such a fabulous speed that a leading Review, referring to a projected railway to Woolwich, said,—

“ What can be more perfectly absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage-coaches ? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve’s ricochet rockets as trust themselves to a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum.”

Then there was another opposition. Engineers, lawyers members of Parliament, and a host beside, said the railway could not be carried over Chat Moss. Stephenson said it could. Mr. Giles, an eminent engineer, said it would cost £270,000; Stephenson, "that unprofessional person," did it for £28,000!

"Who but Mr. Stephenson," asked a counsel before a parliamentary committee, "Who but Mr. Stephenson would have thought of carrying a railway over Chat Moss?—it was ignorance inconceivable—it was perfect madness." But when the bill passed, Stephenson at once made arrangements to commence the work, and commenced with the "impossible;" so determined was his effort, that the first syllable of the word disappeared. If you want to know *how* he did it, what obstacles he encountered, what difficulties he overcame, you must read his life. But what we should bear in mind is, that having assured himself he could do the work, and having the work to do, *he never ceased till he did it.* —

"It is curious to reflect," says the "Quarterly Review," "that only thirty years ago, the Government, the canal proprietors, the trustees of turnpikes, the mathematicians, the mechanics, even the engineers themselves looked upon the railway system as an impudent imposition to be put down at all cost, and under whatever circumstances."

There was a little band of sagacious men on the other side—and foremost among them was a quiet, unpretending, intelligent, but most determined man, George Stephenson. Look at the scene. Science, skill, wealth, education, power, — were to a great extent ranged on one side,—on the other was the self-helped, self-educated, self-relying Wall's-end brakesman. Yet he was right, they were wrong: he knew their interests better than they knew them—who taught him? If the events were written as Old Testament History was written, the hand of God would be traced in all this.

There we learn that God gave man wisdom to perform cunning work, to plan, to carve, to weave, to build; and it was He who created George Stephenson, made him what he was, gave him that indomitable will that held fast to the truth of what he felt to be right—it was He who used George Stephenson first to confound all the skill of the educated and scientific of the day; and then, overcoming their boasted knowledge, God used this man to establish a system that lengthens time, abbreviates space, increases commerce, cements nations, and will be a lasting blessing to mankind!

George Stephenson had sympathy with young men; he reproved their follies, especially in needless ornaments in dress; but he was ever ready to listen to and advise with those who required his aid.

“Much to admire,” we have said, “something to avoid;” George Stephenson was a good son, a kind father, and an industrious, sober, honest, truthful, noble fellow: like many others, he seems to have studied the last half of the decalogue, and neglected the first. His grand mistake was commencing the work which led to his worldly advancement, on the Sabbath-day. Ralph Dods met him on the Saturday evening, “dressed,” his biographer tells us, “in his Sunday suit, about to proceed to the ‘preachings’ in the Methodist Chapel, which he at that time attended.” Dods promised Stephenson if he could put the engine at the Highpit to rights, and set to work immediately, he would make a man of him for life.

Stephenson knew he *could* do the work, but the next day was Sunday. Can we suppose an attendant on “Methodist preachings,” and one so much interested as to put on his Sunday clothes for a Saturday evening meeting, had no qualms on the matter?

Stephenson might have remained firm—there was no human life to save, not even an ox or an ass to succour, or he would

have been justified in working all the Sabbath; here was a pit which had been filling with water for a twelvemonth, it could not therefore hurt for another day. Ralph Dods tempted, and George Stephenson yielded.

George Stephenson by undertaking this unnecessary Sunday labour, did himself immense mischief, and by his example immensely injured others. It was comparatively easy afterwards to take surveys for the Manchester and Liverpool line on the Sunday, to watch for the opportunity when an opposing clergyman was at church to enter on his property; it became easy also to ride on the Sunday with Sir Joshua Walmsley, "a toilsome day's journey through the mountains of Spain." The attendant on "Methodist preachings," in his youth, allowed himself to be taken to the opera in his old age; but nature avenged this nonsense, for after the first act, the honest man went to sleep.

Now how different might have been the railway system of Great Britain, if George Stephenson had resolved "to keep the Sabbath-day holy;" his influence would at least have limited Sunday trains, if it had not prevented them. A successful man is sure to influence others, and that which would have been easy at the commencement of this great enterprise, has become all but impracticable now. And yet when the railroad travelling of 1857 is four times quicker than the coach of 1830, when the goods traffic is nearly equally accelerated, when the postal communication is facilitated in the same degree, is it not *monstrous* that we are told of the *necessity* for Sunday trains, and for country postal deliveries on the Lord's day?

Everything in history, everything about us, everything in the Bible cries, "Have faith in God." "No!" we say, "we can't trust in Providence,—this work must be done—this line will not pay if we abandon Sunday excursion traffic." Indeed! There are at least fifty millions of money yearly

saved in one form or other to the country by the introduction of railroads. Now who enabled the ingenious men who were trying their skill on the iron road and locomotive to succeed? Why did not the opponents of railways succeed? Solomon de Caus was on the eve of success, but his projects slumbered for nearly two centuries. Why did not George Stephenson, like Trevethick, like others, die in poverty, with his plans frustrated? I suppose all will admit that Almighty God could have prevented the success of the scheme if he would—but it pleased Him to give us the wealth and influence which the railway system imparts; why cannot we so far trust him as to believe there never is ultimate loss in obeying his commands?

Mr. R. Stephenson tells us that “the railway system is so vast, that every item, however minute in itself, becomes of the greatest importance when multiplied by the extent of the work performed. You must consider,” he says, “that every farthing of the train mileage of our country represents to the railways no less a sum than £80,000 per annum.”

Now, if God were pleased to endow some mechanic with invention sufficient to make rails more permanent, to improve the construction of the locomotive, or to economize fuel, how soon might this farthing of the train mileage be saved; and He *might* do such a thing if His commands were obeyed and His Sabbath honoured. We are not to obey God as a matter of commercial speculation; but he eminently rewards every man according to his works, when those works proceed from faith in Him.

There is no necessity for Sunday postal country deliveries; we do without them in London; and more business letters would be written from London on the Saturday if the delivery were delayed till Monday morning. There can be no necessity for a goods train to be moved on the Sab-

bath-day; and the occasions must be extremely rare when either necessity or mercy requires a passenger train on that day.

At present, with many a station-master, Sunday is the day for stock-taking, while guards, drivers, stokers, have no day of rest. Railway shareholders should not imagine that all the responsibility rests on railway directors.

The cry of necessity for Sunday excursion trains for working men who need change of air and scene looks benevolent, but is prompted by the pecuniary profit. Working men did not seek railway directors—the latter sought the working men.

Let an effort be made for some few National holidays in the course of the year, and then have excursion trains; but do not dishonour God under the plea of benefiting man. We can afford these holidays; the brain can afford them, for it wants rest; business can afford them, for railways have enabled us to do twice as much as formerly in half the time; the souls of multitudes need them, for Sabbath-breaking crushes spiritual life. “Them that honour me, I will honour,” saith the Lord, “and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.”

These observations have been made as a matter of duty. The life of Stephenson, in most respects so admirable, so instructive, is disfigured by this blot—his non-observance of the Sabbath-day. With this exception, how cordially must all who read his biography and consider the result of the railway system, agree with the following remarks, as truthful as they are eloquent, of the “Quarterly Review”:—

“To whichever branch of the subject we turn our attention, it is George Stephenson that fills the foreground of the picture. The monument of his greatness may be said to be everywhere. There is not a line or a locomotive which does not bear testimony to his genius, his sagacity, and his

perseverance; nor is there a traveller on a railway, who saves time, money, fatigue, and anxiety, nor a consumer of the commodities which are conveyed so cheaply and so expeditiously by this new channel of communication, nor a single soul of the many thousands to whom the system directly or indirectly has given wealth, competence, and employment, who has not reason to think of George Stephenson with gratitude for the benefits he has conferred, and with admiration for the intellectual triumphs he achieved."

A Life Story,

WITH CHARACTERS AND COMMENTS.

BY THE

REV. NORMAN McLEOD,

MINISTER OF THE BARONY, GLASGOW, AND ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAIN
FOR SCOTLAND.

A LIFE STORY,*

WITH CHARACTERS AND COMMENTS.

I AM going to tell you a story. Such an announcement used to make us happy in childhood; so that, in recalling that past, while many faces have long ago become dim, or quite lost to memory in the gloom of years, and many voices hushed in the eternal silence, yet the faces still survive, smiling and bright in memory's eye, and the voices still ring their peaceful chimes in memory's ear, of those kind friends who used long ago to tell us stories. I pity the man whose early life has been so dull and hazy as not to have sometimes gleamed beneath such touches of sunlight.

* This random story was originally written for an Association of Young Men connected with my own congregation, to whom I had often given "Lectures" of a different cast. In an easy hour I was induced to accept the honour of delivering it in the City Hall, Glasgow, and then in other places, until at last what was intended for a small social circle of friends only, has been repeated, with slight changes, in Exeter Hall, and is doomed, alas! to be printed for the public at large.—I am now helpless in the matter, and can only express my sorrow at the murder of my innocent; for I may say of it what Charles Lamb says of sentiment, "This dish, above all, requires to be served up hot—if it has time to cool it is the most tasteless of all cold meats."

It seems to me good as well as pleasant for us thus to be young again, and to leave the dusty, bustling, struggling, hard macadamised road of ordinary, every day life, and to dash into the woods, get away to the glens and moorlands, forgetful of sportsmen and keepers, to wander at our own sweet will,

“Down by the burnies’ side, and no think lang;”

to hear the birds sing, and gather wild flowers, as well as gaze on the everlasting hills.

This story, then, is about one I knew long ago. Between death and the emigration of relatives, and those who knew him best, I do not believe that there is any one now living who would recognise the real person if I revealed his name. Walter Campbell, as I shall name him, was the son of a half-pay commander in the royal navy—“the captain,” as we used to call him—a most simple-hearted and loveable man, whose true stories about those grand old wars when Nelson led the van, and England ruled the seas, made such an impression on me, that I often wonder how it is I am not on the quarter-deck as an officer, or in Greenwich Hospital as a pensioner. The captain’s own life would be a lecture worth much, as a means of stirring up the man in all weaklings, and his unmistakable deeds of self-sacrificing courage and patriotism, like those performed now in India, would form a great relief to us when contrasted with the cowardice, selfishness, and dishonour of many of our home mercantile doings. The captain served long in the same ship with Nelson, and unless he had met the beautiful and sweet woman who became Walter’s mother, he might have given us another great battle of the Baltic with the Russians, and saved many a lesser battle in Parliament with Sir James Graham. Walter’s mother possessed an accomplished mind, with a rare character for genuine goodness and motherly love, but suffered much from a delicate

physical constitution. She and the captain, with Walter, their only son, lived in a retired cottage home, nestled in a glen near the sea, in one of those scenes in the western Highlands of Scotland, where breadth of copse composed of natural oak, and ash, and birch, fringing foaming streams,—where narrow inland seas, intersected with castled promontories—lonely *corries* and dark moorlands undulating and vanishing to the northern hills—scattered islands and stripes of far off ocean, gleaming like a silver shield, or in solemn Atlantic waves breaking in thuds among the granite boulders on the shingly beach—with here and there scattered groups of Highland huts, that seem part of the rocks and ferny knolls marking their retreat by wreaths of smoke sent up among the rowan trees—accumulated glories, in short, from the present and traditionary past, which altogether make up such a scene of varied and picturesque beauty, as I, being a Highlander, maintain is nowhere else surpassed on earth. There the three lived in peace for many a day. Few events distinguished one week from another, unless it were the anniversary of a sea-fight, which the captain always commemorated becomingly, dressing himself in what remained of his old uniform, noting the progress of the battle by his large gold chronometer, anchored to the table with its bunch of seals, and drawing one of his few bottles of port to commemorate great actions, while less costly beverage served for minor affairs; and drinking in silence, and with a moist eye, the memory of old companions at the very hour they fell—a custom, by the way, which was attended by a shadow of hazard to his strict temperance, when such days as those of the Nile, Copenhagen, or Trafalgar came to be remembered.

His moral teaching of Walter was very simple, for it all turned chiefly on one great text—"Trust God and do the right; dare everything and fear nothing"—and he laboured

to make him brave, truthful, and kind; for all these he himself was, and something more. The mother led her son further into the quiet and deep recesses of her own holy faith, and with cheerful look, loving voice, and gentle guidance, made him familiar with the thoughts of One who was ever with him as a loving, personal friend, the Giver of every mercy—one who ought above all others to possess his affection; who hated the false and loved the true; and was ever ready to strengthen and bless those who wished and tried to follow in his steps. Add to all this the teaching he unconsciously received from the great school whose roof was the sky; and from the tales which many a winter night he listened to from the imaginative and affectionate people who gathered round the peat fires on the open floors of those lowly huts—tales which had a deeper and a truer teaching in them for the young than many that are called by more religious names. Thus I might say of Walter in the oft-repeated words which describe the Lord Clifford's education:—

“Love he had learned in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

And why should I forget the healthy influences to mind and body from fishings among the islands, with blue seas, fresh breezes, grand takes of fish from the mighty shoals which made the tide-ways boil and bubble and foam for miles; and from sunsets and sunrisings, with such fadings and dawnings of gold upon the hill-tops, as you Londoners have no conception of. And he had also the companionship of shepherd lads and cattle herds, famous fellows, strong and wild as stags, pure, noble-hearted, and princely play-mates for any boy; and with them he led such a life among the hills as haunts a man in his dreams with visions of unearthly beauty and ideal joy ever after. Oh! young

men, I pity you, who have had nothing but pavement under your feet in boyhood, smoke and chimneys, and long rows of houses hemming in your path, instead of the ranges of the great hills, with their wild peaks and morning mist. I do not blame my countryman Rob Roy for firing at the insult offered to him by my townsman Baillie Nichol Jarvie, when he offered to make his sons weavers, in the Salt Market of Glasgow.

But why should I speak of those old places and times? The cottage of the captain has been long deserted, and so has the Highland glen.

“On the Sabbath no more will be seen men and women
For miles down the glen to the little kirk streaming;
In the glen are no psalms, not a knee is there kneeling;
All is still as the grave, from the sea to the shieling.”

I utter no complaint of such things; but as I have heard the Highlanders sing their old boat-songs on the St. Lawrence or Ottawa, and their psalms in Sabbath stillness within their forest sanctuaries; as I have seen them follow the plough over the rich plains of Canada West, or swing their hatchets while lumbering in the woods of New Brunswick, I have felt no keener admiration of northern lairds or southern sportsmen, but I have done so for those marvellous laws by which, through repulsive and attractive economic forces of famine on the one hand and plenty on the other, the barren wilderness lashed out, and the fruitful field bade a hearty welcome to, such a noble people as our Scotch Highlanders. The Highlands may not rear soldiers as of old, “to be clothed in red,” as Carlyle says, “and fed till wanted;” but while we can furnish right good ones from Glasgow who will not disgrace the kilt, our expatriated friends will rear nations who one day shall prove the glory of their fatherland. And let me assure you that they never forget their country. I have met those in the colonies

who could only speak their dear Gaelic, and were ready to fight any man who dared to cast a slur on the old country which they had not seen perhaps since infancy, or may be, not at all !

“From the dim shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide them and a world of seas,
But still their hearts are true, their hearts are Highland,
And they in dreams behold the Hebrides.”

Pray, young gentlemen, do not call me Gossip Quickly, or think of “the seacoal fire” and “the Dolphin chamber,” when I am thus led off my story by so many different topics ; remember once for all, that it is to consist of not only characters but *comments*.

But to return. The captain died, and his widow did not long survive him. Her boy, Walter, then about thirteen, greatly bewildered and not able to comprehend his great sorrow, but feeling unutterably lonely and wretched, silent, and shedding no tear, knowing, however, that nothing worse could be to him in this world, was consigned by will and dying testament to the only near relation he had on earth, an uncle of his mother’s, who lived in a town in the south of Scotland. He left the world of his happy boyhood, saw the boat depart from the steamer’s side, and waved a last farewell to its familiar crew ; saw the cottage a white speck in the distance soon to fade away with the hills ; and he never saw them more.

He entered the house of Mr. and Mrs. David Thompson. Mr. David Thompson was as unlike his niece as a tree sooty and leafless in a city square is to a graceful birch waving its tresses in the mountain breeze. He was married, but had no family ; had reached upwards of threescore years ; was in easy circumstances, having retired from a small shop ; was the proprietor of a few houses, collected the rents of others as

an agent, and made himself generally useful in the borough for 5 per cent.—4½ to loving friends. He was a thoroughly correct man, sober, steady, and cautiously silent, with a grave aspect, a small brown wig and a long brown great-coat. He never expressed one opinion, if he happened to possess it, upon any subject which could admit of two, unless a very decided majority held his. He knew every one in general, but refrained from becoming entangled with any person in particular. He never gave or took offence, but followed the golden maxim of keeping himself to himself, whatever became of his neighbour. He was what we call in Scotland a self-contained house. David never was out of church on Sundays; but so stucco-like was his long face, so provokingly correct, so palpably meaningless, that it was evident he himself never was in church, but by some cunning mechanism brought his body there, placed it in a pew, put a book in its hand, spectacles on its nose, and left it there till dinner-time. He was stamped, however, as a highly respectable man, a most reliable character for all the Christian virtues which can be reasonably expected under the category of a quiet living man. It was a famous day in his life when Walter arrived like a parcel at his house from some unknown country. Never was a man more perplexed. His feeling was that of having some indefinite mystery of annoyance to deal with. He could not rebel against it, neither could he yield to it. It was a great palpable fact; there it was, and he must make the best of it. Why did his niece die at such an inconvenient time for her uncle? Had she lived only for a few years till this boy was older, and could take care of himself! And then, the Captain to have left out of his half-pay but what would afford £12 a-year to his son! But there was no help for it now, and no possible home for the orphan than the third flat in the main street.

Mrs. David Thompson was a thin tall woman, with high cheek bones, and dry sandy hair in short stiff curls; hard as flint, with no more feeling in her than in a close-cut thorn hedge in winter. Poor Walter! It was a cold home. The warm cozy cat at the fireside, so soft and furry, was the most social and kind creature in it. Yet as David wisely argued, what more could be done for "that boy," as he was technically termed? Did he not give him shelter? Did he not cost him money? Ought he not to be grateful? Oh! why did they not give him just a little more of what would have cost them less than their morning milk! Why not a few drops of the milk of that human kindness which alone can nourish the heart and spirit of our fellow-creatures. "Truly," says Charles Lamb, "it is not broth and coarse meat served up at a stated hour with the formalities of a prison which man requires from his species; looks, attentions, consolations, in a word, sympathies are what a man most wants. A kind look, a smile, a drop of cold water to the parched lip—for these things a man shall bless you in death." And never lived there a boy who required the nourishment of affection more than Walter did; for he had a large heart, which, like a large palace, is more desolate when empty than a small hut. He was alone, an orphan, with symptoms, alas! falling on him like snow-flakes, of his mother's delicate constitution. And how could any one have seen that pale face and expressive mouth,—those large blue eyes dreaming meditatively beneath the expanded forehead with its light curling hair like crystal pools beneath a rock with overhanging fern, and not at once take a liking to the boy? How could cold formal propriety, "doing their duty," as they termed it, of those same Thompsons, be supposed to make up for the want of real love—no more than spectacles alone can suffice to cheer without eyes to pour their light and life through them!

And yet, had not the Thompsons been hearing that Story of Love from their infancy which once rent the rocks, and has ever since rent the hardest hearts! Alas! they had sat alone all their lives within the dreariest solitude in the universe—that of their own selfish natures. Oh, young men, before the world blights you, if it has not done so already,—for I have known spring frosts turn rosebuds into corruption,—cultivate as your most precious inheritance the power of bestowing kindness especially on those helpless wrecked ones who may be cast on your shore by a breaking wave of life's stormy sea! Few there are to whom some one is not *given* in Providence for a time, longer or shorter. It may be a stranger in the home in which we dwell; an orphan who has no one to plead for him, at least in this world; some one sick, maimed or deformed in body; a domestic, a labourer, a ragged child—in short, one who comes to our feet, and with a prayer for sympathy, uttered or unutterable, even as the helpless child was floated, weeping, on the waves of the Nile to the feet of Pharaoh's daughter. Remember, that a fraction of the kindness which you lavish on your dog, or the attention you bestow so heartily on the bird in the cage, if shown to such a brother or sister, may change the world to them from darkness to light, and from a very desert to a garden of Eden!

Walter was sent to school. The learning which he had hitherto acquired was from a Highland parish school some miles from the cottage. It was taught by a man who, like many a parish schoolmaster in Scotland, had been educated for the church, and had studied the full period of eight years at one of our Universities. Mr. Cameron's peculiar gifts were not suited for teaching in a parish pulpit, even had the good man been able to command sufficient interest with a patron to obtain a living; but he was nobly fitted for the parish school, and ranked high among a body of men.

which, take it all in all, I hesitate not to say, after an extended observation, has contained a larger number of intelligent, educated, simple-hearted, good and efficient teachers than can be found in any such corporate body on earth.

Mr. Cameron's stated income was about £25 a-year, eked out by a small farm which he rented, the post office which he managed, whose mail-bags once a-week were not so full as those of the Metropolis; one or two minor clerkships and the like, none of which in the smallest degree interfered with his school duties, while as the right-hand man of the minister—the only minister in the parish—and the counsellor and guide of all, he was an unspeakable blessing. What our excellent friends of the Privy Council might think of the architecture and ventilation of his school-house and the arrangement of his desks, the pitch of his voice or the modulation of his accents, I know not. But many that have been taught by him bless his memory for his sound instruction, Christian sympathy and tender heart.

Walter was sent to a very different school in the borough. It was taught by a broken-down surgeon, who began it on his own account. As his father had been a respectable tallow-chandler and magistrate, and had two uncles who had sat in the august council of the borough, with sundry relations rearing very large families, it was thought that Mr. Pettigrew, with such antecedents, must necessarily prove a most efficient teacher. The man had a smattering of Latin, was wholly ignorant of Greek, and possessed only a tolerable acquaintance with arithmetic and grammar; but knew no more of the art of teaching than of painting or statuary, and had no idea of its objects beyond the quarter's wages. The only art which he thoroughly mastered was that of flogging, making boys miserable, and training them up to hate teachers and teaching. To this might be added, some consi-

derable skill in brewing whisky punch, which was supposed to intensify occasionally his more material demonstrations. This was the ignorant, unprincipled man to whom a boy of finest nerve, tenderest affection, and promising genius was sent, in order to be trained up as a citizen and Christian in the way he should go. There was a good parish school, but David feared to offend the Pettigrews, if he removed the boy for any consideration; and to quarrel with the old or young Pettigrew was a *coup d'état* which David could not have imagined, far less attempted. For was not Mrs. David Thompson's cousin married to Mr. Pettigrew, the teacher's nephew? and had not Thomas Pettigrew, his brother, a bond over one of David's houses? And in such solemn circumstances how could Walter be sent to any other school! Besides, was not the school examined once a-year by the local presbytery? Yes; and where there is a zeal for education, and an honest independence on the part of the clergy, this is no superficial duty, but one ably and patiently performed. Unfortunately in this institute of Mr. Pettigrew's it was otherwise. Dr. Multiple, the parish clergyman, did not like to give offence by discovering deficiencies or hinting at any if perceptible. As the teacher was a dissenter, he feared to engender unworthy suspicions. The Dr. suffered, moreover, often from a severe asthmatic attack on such occasions. Young Mr. Temple from the neighbouring parish did not like to occupy ground declined by the venerable Multiple; while Mr. Porteus, the dissenting clergyman, was sensitive lest he might be thought partial, and also disliked any entanglement in the wide-spread web of the Pettigrew interest, and the tender feelings of all were thus considered—everything, in short, except the little affair of how eighty boys and girls were to be reared for the awful work of time and eternity.

"Methinks I see around them wait,
The ministers of human fate—
Ah! tell them they are men."

Whether you do so or not they will find it out. and when they realize how these precious years were wasted, how the golden hours of spring were allowed to pass, the tillage for autumn forgotten, and how their prospects have been blighted, their mental habits ruined, their means of mental enjoyment so grievously crippled, they will rise fiercely up and accuse the whole race of incompetent teachers, as robbers and soul-destroyers! Oh! see to it, that by all possible means we may be saved from the incubus of such shams. Value a good teacher, as next to the parent, the most important of all powers on earth which help to build up our spirits to what they are. If he is really efficient, encourage him heartily, pay him liberally, and ungrudgingly, ay, and pray for him sincerely. But if he is not fit for the discharge of his mighty duties, flee from him, as at once the most dangerous and most expensive of all quacks. Let us be thankful that such schools as Mr. Pettigrew's are becoming every day rarer, in Scotland at least, and all honour to the Privy Council Committee for leading on this reform. And let us hope also that the country through education may be taught to appreciate more and more what education implies, as the glorious art for developing the powers of the whole man to fulfil the end of his existence here and hereafter. School reform will make university reform a comparatively easy matter, for when the root is healthy depend upon it the top of the tree will always flourish.

But I am again wandering, and must return to my story. Walter naturally longed for society, for some friend around whom his social feelings might entwine; for verily it is not good for man or for woman either to be alone. He was unfortunately excluded from what was called the high class society of that favoured borough. Whatever aristocratic

element might be supposed to attach itself to an old naval officer's son, was lost in the plebeianism of David Thompson's third flat; and he could not therefore be acknowledged by the polished circles of the Mucklewhams, Mucklewraiths, or Roughheads, who having retired from business, occupied houses in the square, and an undeniable position among the stars. Beyond them, and nearer the zenith, were the major's family, the late Provosts, the Procurator Fiscals and the Earl's Factor, with other planets that shone beneath the distant and more brilliant constellations of the surrounding country gentry and titled nobility. Oh, what sufferings are endured, and especially in this little island of ours, and what a vast amount of tranquil happiness is lost by the impatient struggle to be what is vulgarly called "genteel," and not to rest contented with simple, hospitable, neighbourly ways, but to get away from old friends and occupy a niche, if possible, a little nearer to the more exclusive portions of society! Who can measure the base idolatry, the self degradation, and the unhappiness which this everywhere involves! Young men believe it, that to be "a gentleman," in the best sense of that word, depends less on mere circumstances than what is generally imagined. Alas! what intensely vulgar people may be found in every class, requiring only a slight accident to make the fact at any time tolerably manifest, whether among artisans, shop-keepers, merchants, clergy, or members of both houses of Parliament! And what genuine gentlemen may be found among them all! There are but few things, give me leave to say, essential to the formation of that much abused name. These, chiefly are, genuine truthfulness and honesty, which not only hates all lying and deceit, all pretence in dress, in voice, or anything,—all humbug, in short; then genuine benevolence, and consequently modesty, which considers what is due to others, to their opinions, wishes, and feelings; and,

lastly, genuine courage, for the *gentleman* will yet always be a brave man. In one word, it seems to me that a Christian indeed can never be anything less than this; for he will always strive to be "pitiful and courteous," to "esteem others better than himself," to "please his neighbour for his good," to "carry another's burden," to possess "the love that suffereth long and is kind, envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil,"—oh! what a description of a perfect gentleman! Now all this you may be. If you are not born to it, you never can possess the aristocracy of blood, with its refined and fascinating manners; nor the aristocracy of genius, with its original creative thoughts; and may never have the aristocracy of wealth, with its money power; but you may always have the aristocracy of being Christian gentlemen, with considerate and loving hearts. Now it would not have made the society of the borough less aristocratic, if some of its families had admitted the orphan to share the warmth of their firesides and the light of their domestic affection; but every door was barred. The ordinary run of the shop-lads were not congenial to him. From whatever defect or evil influence it arose, they were at that time by no means encouraging. Some spent their idle evening hours in taverns, and were rude, boisterous, and coarse in all their mirth; sported infidelity and laughed at vice. Others studied *Bell's Life*, were admirers of grooms, talked about horses when they could not ride a donkey, and were ambitious of being thought bold, reckless fellows. There were some who unfortunately thought themselves good-looking, and talked in a jaunty manner to young women, who came to purchase calicoes or broad-cloths, and not to receive the insinuating looks and persuasive attentions of the attractive salesmen. A few cultivated a sentimental melancholy,

wrote verses, blamed fate as having some personal pique against them; declared "they never loved a dear gazelle who was not sure to die," especially if some respectable young milliner, whom they bored to death with their vanities, begged to be let alone. Others of a more political and thoughtful cast wore long straggling hair over their shoulders, in token of their sympathy with Italian republicanism or German theology. While some who had more sense and more piety, were separated from their fellows, not so much by that genuine religion which is always helpful and the basis of true union, but rather by the bigotry with which they idolized certain sects in the borough; the self-satisfied pride with which they pronounced certain exclusive shibboleths; the violence with which they defended their opinions, and the contempt they entertained for all who differed from them. In short, Walter found himself out of sympathy with that society. Young Men's Associations were not then known. But now that they are known, I trust they will ever seek to be lofty in their aims, generous in their sympathies, out and out gentlemanly in true kindness, manly courage, and fair play: as well as a sure refuge for every young man who ceases to do evil and wishes to learn to do well.

But Walter found one man at least on whom he could rely as his friend—that was old John Purvis, the weaver, whom I cannot mention without "casting a stone on his cairn." John belonged to a class of artisans peculiar, I rather think, to the west of Scotland, and fast passing away or mowed down before the thundering artillery of machinery; and I question if any more interesting class in its way has taken their place, or one superior to them in thought and intelligence. The old weaver plied his shuttle under his own roof; several members of his family had each their loom in the same apartment or loomship. Across the pas-

sage was his warm clean kitchen, and an inner room of good size served as his state bedroom and drawing-room. Its walls were adorned with engravings probably of Lafayette, Napoleon, Cobbett, or some Radical standing in an oratorical attitude, with a roll in his outstretched arm. A small library of standard books of theology and history was always an essential part of the furnishings. Here the weaver had lived since his infancy, possibly his father the deacon before him, and more of that ilk. He had many neighbours in the same trade, who had grown up with him from boyhood. He formed an integral part of the town, and was as familiar to its inhabitants as the belfry of the market-house or the common pump. In his leisure hours he read much, generally a course of ponderous history and geography. "Josephus," strange to say, was a general favourite. The weaver cultivated flowers in his small garden, and brought some to rare perfection; was well acquainted with the pleasant walks in the neighbourhood, along which he slowly and meditatively paced after meal-hours with his Kilmarnock nightcap, spectacles, and white apron. He mastered the Radical newspapers, gloried in political discussions, dogmatized with delightful *naïveté* on the affairs of Europe; did not fear to declare that rather than lose reform, he himself even was prepared to risk a national bankruptcy; disliked the Tories; despised the yeomanry; was nurtured in hatred of the corn-laws; and in Political Reforms saw fifty years ahead of the clergy, the country gentlemen, and nine-tenths of the richer mercantile community. The weaver was also a great critic of sermons, and was not very sound in some items of his theology; more, however, as a protest against being thought a slave to the majority, and to testify his dislike of all clerical domination. He was thoroughly acquainted with the church questions peculiar to Scotland; had the Arminian and Calvinistic controversy at his finger-ends, and could discourse for

days on the lawful relation of Church and State. His wages at the period I speak of were excellent, while he was, to a great extent, master of his own hours, during which he was pleased to labour.

The type of the old Scotch weaver has almost passed away; and until we can solve the problem of somehow adjusting the necessary power of great capitalists with the independency of the individual workman, so as to secure for honest industry the one great blessing of permanent residence, and the benefits that accompany it,—such as old friendships between fellow-workmen, acquaintanceship between rich and poor, old ties between pastor and people, mutual respect between employer and employed,—we shall never have the happy, neighbourly artisan, who would be the strength and joy of society.

Let me add here in a single sentence my conviction, that just as soldiers can have *homes*, or fixed military stations, shall they become more healthy and moral, and not less brave or devoted; and in the time of peace, and in the present state of railway and steam communication, why is this so impossible?

John took an immense fancy for Walter—the affection was mutual; he introduced the boy into the world's history and politics, and a long way into the fairy land of our old Scotch ballad poetry—the worlds which David Thompson had no telescope to discover. It was his fixed belief that whatever else poets were, they certainly were always mad, and generally drunk, and that every politician was a secret rebel, who lived only to trouble Dundas, insult Pitt, destroy the Church, and embitter the old age of George the Third. So Walter did not intimate to David that he had begun his travels into these worlds.

Mrs. Purvis was another character peculiar, I think, to Scotland. She belonged to the representatives of the old Cove-

nanters, who have yet a small but highly intelligent and most worthy church in Scotland. She was, of course, a stern Presbyterian, a hater of prelaey, which she always called, "the halfway house;" and such a Protestant as would alarm even the Reformation Society. Her religious creed was full, exact, defined in each several point, and based on the words of the great Book for which she entertained profoundest reverence. Her prejudices were, no doubt, strong; but while she thundered her testimonies against all systems but her own, no one had a kinder heart towards persons: and in spirit she was essentially conservative. I shall never forget the amazement of a young minister fresh from Germany, who became Dr. Multiple's assistant for a short time, and who, according to our Scotch custom, began a course of parochial visitation, in which he called upon each family. On entering John's house, he was most civilly received, though John himself was more than a doubtful adherent of the kirk; but his wife behoved to try the young man's spirit ere she gave him the right hand of fellowship. So, having placed him in the large arm-chair by the fire, she drew her own near his, and being deaf, applied one end of a long tin trumpet to his mouth, and the other to her ear, and then asked him, with a voice of solemn authority, to "be so gude as come owre the fundamentals!" And then, closing her eyes, waited for a reply; and not until, in the presence of the assembled household, seated in a semicircle around, she received a full confession of the fundamental truths of religion, did she express herself as satisfied, and bid the young man God's speed. Her question, I take it, would puzzle not a few of our modern theologians. Some may call this daring presumption on her part; but to me there is something in that old sturdy Scotch independence which contrasts most pleasingly with the mawkish sentimentality and mental subserviency of what is so falsely called rever-

ence for church authority—that is, for the priesthood. It is surely grand to see the poor, even in this form, realize their personal responsibility and their individual standing as members of the Christian society, and more worthy than the submission which, if it carried out its principles to their legitimate conclusion, would seem pledged to welcome, it might be, Satan himself, if he only came clothed in the outward garb of so-called ecclesiastical authority, or according to the apostle's supposition, in the garb, higher still, of "an angel of light." Her conduct seems to me not to be very far away from the spirit of the command, "If there come any one to you and bring not this doctrine, receive them not into your own house, neither bid them God's speed." Old Mrs. Purvis was, however, most gentle and kind; firm, hard, and inflexible as a great rock in her principles; yet the rock was clothed with softest verdure, and lambs could sleep and feed in its calm recesses.

Poetry and lonely walks became passions at this period with Walter. He devoured Wordsworth. He possessed other poets; but by this old Pan of the woods, as Hazlitt calls him, he was himself possessed. How often did he wander along the green sheepwalks, among the low pastoral hills which skirted the valley in which the borough smoked! He traced many a rivulet to its source, and gloried in the sheltered nooks around some clear pool with tufts of primroses and blue bells, and overhead the meeting hazels. It was then the light began to break upon him—

"Which never was on sea or land—
The consecration and the poet's dream."

A strange joy, he knew not whence it came, softened him oft into tears. The beauty of the world subdued him, and made him like a child. Oftentimes, in lofty moods, creation seemed a jubilee; "the mountains broke forth into singing, and all the trees clapped their hands with joy."

It was about this time, when fancy and imagination began to occupy the throne, unchecked by the calm wisdom of education, and unbalanced by some congenial and useful work, the all-essential for a healthy body and spirit, that he was lifted still higher into cloudland, by what is popularly termed falling in love. It has often struck me as a very curious fact, that an audience generally smiles or laughs when the idea of any person falling in love is suggested; yet it is almost certain that each person who smiles so incredulously, or scoffingly, has been climatized to this dull earth of ours by passing through this little seasoning fever. The married portion of the audience, at all events, would not surely deny this preliminary antecedent to their nuptials? Alas! if it cannot be said of them—

“Though inland far they be,
Their souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought them thither!”

And for others, they need not deny it: it is human nature, and one of the best things about it; and why people should smile, as if ashamed of it, or look incredulous, I know not. But poor Walter's feeling was not worthy of such a sublime name as that of love. It was admiration only—ardent, intense; the object of which was the major's lovely daughter—with such a Grecian face, and graceful air, and expression, fresh and pure as a May morning, as might well command the admiration of a less imaginative person than Walter. Yet he never spoke to her in all his life, nor for years ever breathed her name except in the confessional of select companionship! She became however his ideal of all beauty—the visible embodiment of all that was good and fair, the living poem of his life, the light of his landscape, the breath of spring upon his parched wilderness. Little did that fair creature know how she affected his young spirit—no more than the full moon is conscious of its power when swaying

and swelling the distant tide on which it gleams. Had she known of it, she was too good and true to have made such incense minister one moment to vanity. But, in sober truth, such moments in a young man's life ought not to be made by me the topic of mere pleasantry; for, be they foolish or wise, passing or permanent, they tell not a little upon his future being; and it seems to me that, just at that period of life when the fresh affections, the creative imagination, the picturing fancy, the daring ambition, the undefined hopes of a bright future, begin, Samson-like, to stir within him; when all the finer chords of his being tremble into tender music when touched by the hand of the beautiful; it is then that he most needs, and ought most bravely to exercise that manly Christian principle which will regulate and control the feelings. And what is this principle but *true* love, which cometh from afar, though it dwells as a house-child in our earthly tabernacle—love, that verily “seeketh not her own,” but sacrifices self to the good and happiness of the beloved object? And such love as this, let me say, has a poetry in it, as well as a principle, never dreamt of by those who know merely the earthborn affection; and it has a glory surpassing it as the steady shining sun surpasses the aurora that for a moment irradiates as it flashes across the midnight of our wintry sky.

But this sentiment began to tell in a practical direction on Walter's life. In spite of himself, longings deep and unextinguishable seized him to raise himself in society; to be a man in thought, education, and labour; to step out of the narrow circle in which he found himself; to think, discover, possess, *act*, he must, he shall! Then, as he gazed on the vision of all that might be, and thought of himself as the “heir of all ages in the foremost ranks of time,” and contrasted this with all he then was in David Thompson's garret, and calculated his means of realizing one hour

of the bright future, granite mountains seemed to surround him. Yet they are not too high for his soaring spirit; over them he is determined to pass, or perish in the attempt. Bit by bit he unbosomed himself to Purvis, and as the grand result of many a talk, he intimated to Mr. and Mrs. David the astounding intelligence of his resolution to attend the medical classes at one of the universities.

I was sitting, on a raw, wintry day, in the anatomy class room of Glasgow College. It is so long ago, that the great majority of the young men around me had not opened their inquiring eyes upon the world which they now explore, and which, I trust, has given them a more genial nurture than it did to my poor friend Walter. There he was in a high bench opposite me, looking down with many others from that steep amphitheatre, on the curious remains of mortality which lay on the table before the learned demonstrator. Remains of what? Could they be of one who also had been a child nurtured at a mother's bosom; the light and gladness once of a father's heart, and there now? "Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see it!"

It was many a long year since I had met Walter. Yet surely I could not be mistaken; for though the tall slender form, wrapt in a large boat-cloak of the old captain's could hardly be recognised as the growth of the little boy I had known long ago, yet the massive forehead, the clustering hair, the large blue eye, the finely-chiselled nose and mouth, no sooner attracted my attention than slowly but surely the boy's face and features grew out of those of the young man, until the past and present so rapidly mingled in them, that he seemed unchanged. We met after class hours. A few words of boyhood's freemasonry, an exchange of old memories, a rap or two at our spirits, to see if they opened as they used to do at our knock, and if they had the old look within,—and we were friends, as if no "seas between us both had flowed since the days o' lang syne."

Walter, however, I soon discovered, had made such marvellous progress in mind, that, in this respect, he did not seem to be the same being. His heart was tender, pure, simple and affectionate as ever. He had the same touch of gentle shyness, which had grown, however, with strangers, more into a certain cast of proud self-restraint; but there was in him a feeling, a deep enthusiasm, a spirit so strong and vehement within, that it was like a great steam-engine in a weakly-built vessel, which shakes her planks with its mighty throbs, threatening every moment to open her heart to the cold sea, to tear her up and send her foundering to its depths. I need hardly say that he was very defective in scholarship; what could he not have accomplished with his rare powers, had he received only a competent amount of education to work with? for in this way, certainly, knowledge is power. Above all, and best of all, had he only possessed the correct and mental training, the discipline which fosters right intellectual habits, one of the most precious results of true education, and which is to the forces of the mind what discipline is to the forces of an army—order, concentration, obedience, saving of strength and time, without which these powers are as an enthusiastic and brave mob, splendid guerillas, willing and eager for anything, and sometimes doing dashing things, but comparatively fit for little in a long, skilful campaign, with great pitched battles of hard, dogged work to do, before the final victory can be achieved and kingdoms won. As Walter paced up and down the floor of the University library, gazing at those great old books, and contemplating the stars in the vast firmament of thought and learning which spread itself above his wondering eyes and fervid imagination; as he entered the lecture-rooms of professors as able to lead to the highest heights of scholarship or philosophy as any who fill the chairs of Oxford or Cambridge, and heard prelections which he could not follow, and a teaching given which he could not receive—then, what-

ever else he did, I know he did not bless Mr. Pettigrew. There was one class which he attended, that of logic and metaphysics, which inspired him with profound enthusiasm. The world of mind seemed opened to him for the first time. He gazed with awe and wonder on it as if he were "the first that ever burst into that silent sea."

But alas! Walter had another want besides that of an efficient early school-training, to enable him to prosecute with advantage his studies at the university, and that want was money. "Trash!" some ardent soul perhaps exclaims. Walter could easily have done without it, too, and lived on his genius, or the metaphysics which he was devouring, if only that material, hungering, thirsting, shivering body would have been satisfied with the same mental food and spiritual appliances; and if the landlady, and tailor, and butcher, and bookseller, with sundry others, had become emancipated from the commercial hope of receiving money in exchange for what they gave for their respective commodities. But why, you very naturally ask, should he have come to college at all, and not prudently followed some one of those respectable handicrafts? Well, perhaps, on the whole, I agree with you; not because the boy might have made money merely, or have risen even to the provostship of the borough, and his declining years have been gilded with the dying splendour of an ex-magistrate's reign; but on a deeper ground, namely, what was practically prudent and right, for him. Prosaic words these to young enthusiasts, but nevertheless more poetical in the end, and having more of true light in them than the meteors of fame, which they not unfrequently follow into quagmires, where the enthusiast and despiser of prudential aphorisms disappears, and is no more heard of in this world.

This appears to me to be a safe negative rule, at least, to guide us in solving the problem of the profession or trade which one should follow—viz., that God never calls a

man to do any work for the doing of which He has not given him the necessary means, whatever these may be. Thus a blind man is evidently not intended to be a painter, nor a deaf man to be a musician. By the same rule, it is not the duty of a man, without capital, to carry on a great business with the chance of getting rich, but with the greater certainty of ruining and swindling others; and neither is it the duty of a lad without the prospect of getting help even from the charitable, to eschew all honest handicraft, or means of obtaining a living by his own industry, and resolve to study for some learned profession at the university, yet without a sufficiency of the hard, dull, stupid, prosaic pounds, shillings, and pence, to enable him to live and pay his way like a man of sense and principle. "Think," you reply, "of the many poor lads who have gone to college in circumstances as trying, and who returned home at last with their diplomas to practise as surgeons, or authority to practise at the bar or minister at the altar!" But think also of the many more fine fellows who have perished in the attempt, and returned home in their coffins! How many who, in warehouse or factory, behind the counter or behind the plough, might have built their cell in the great social beehive, yet "gathered honey every day from every opening flower" of literature and philosophy, like him

"Who walked in glory and in pride,
Following his plough along the mountain-side!"

How many such who, as one most blessed earthly result of patient daily toil among material things, might have possessed the paradise of a peaceful Christian home, with all its ennobling amenities, not greedy of gain, and despising all vulgar extravagance, but spending useful days, shedding the light of Christian goodwill among their neighbours, and leaving behind a memory revered and an example followed by

many descendants. I believe that pride of intellect and pride of purse have hindered in our day the building up of many a happy home !

But having said all this to soothe, if possible, the ambitious sorrows of some young worshipper of mere books, who thinks all is over with him in life, if he cannot "get on" in the way in which he has wilfully chalked out for himself, let me in passing plead for the poor scholar, and appeal from him who wants to the rich man who can aid him. It is after all incongruous and unharmonious, a waste of beauty and of strength, to yoke a fine nerved Arab to a city cab, when a worse nag would do as well and be much safer. Why convert a steam-frigate into a ferry-boat for cattle or a tug for merchant-vessels ? And why compel a young man of genius or intellectual power to spend his days in uncongenial mechanical drudgery, when there are others better fitted in mind and muscles for the work, and not rather give him a chance of pursuing higher labours as a scholar, by connecting to all our universities and higher schools—I confess that I am speaking now for Scotland!—bursaries and scholarships for the reward of thought and the advancement of learning ? Genius, you perhaps are disposed to say, will force its way over every obstacle, and become grander by the battle and the victory. Yes, if it had not a "vile body" to deal with, giving it prodigious trouble, with all its craving senses and sensations, during the twenty-four hours ! This professed admiration of genius is generally a real admiration of guineas, and nothing more. Therefore I say to your rich man or rich lady who may hear me, and who have not quite made up their minds what to do with that extra thousand pounds or more, yet are satisfied that the nephew or niece have got quite enough for all the good they are likely to achieve by it, either to themselves or their neighbours,—do leave it to the poor scholar ! Call it by your

own name if you please, that the student, as he opens the new book, purchased with your money, or wearied with his daylife of thought, enters the nightlife of quiet rest or grand dreams, and lies down in the bed your money has made for him, may think of you with kindness, and perhaps be not forgetful to thank God that you had ever lived, and when dying remembered the scholar! But there is this reward for any of you, my young friends, who think they are forgotten,—the reward of thought itself, so beautifully idealized in Schiller's well-known poem on the dividing of the earth. For as he tells us, once on a time, when Jupiter divided the earth, he forgot the poet. Alas, poor fellow, what shall become of him, now that every acre is disposed of! Harvest-field, hunting-ground, and market, are no more to give. What shall be done? Do this, said Jupiter:—

“Willst du in meinem Himmel mit mir leben
So oft du kommst, er soll dir offen seyn.”
Wilt thou in my heaven live with me?
Oft as thou comest 'twill be open to thee!

No such prospect seemed open to Walter, as he entered his lodgings in Glasgow. It was a great change to him from the grassy slopes around the old borough, with his soul still filled with visions of that grand panorama from sea to sky, from horizon to horizon, in the land of his old sojourning, where slept, as the centre of the landscape and of his heart, best of fathers and of mothers,—to him their blue-eyed boy entering that dark court, ascending those winding stairs, with worn away stone steps, lighted by decayed windows, with peeps into the confusion of the rear-guard of a city street; brick walls enclosing patches of mud and fragments of black grass; strings of various unmentionable garments, from the child's stocking to the parent's corduroys; empty barrels, old shoes, broken bottles, piles of ashes, dim courts, children bawling, always

happy—bless their young hearts!—organs with waltzes and polkas from state balls and Parisian saloons competing with the ringing bells and shouts of coal sellers; until at last, after screwing himself up three flights, he reached the door of Mrs. Graham's lodgings, opened by the housemaid, cook, scullion, and general messenger of the establishment. The lodgings were, with the exception of his small room in the attic, occupied by students in classics, theology, and medicine, with a mercantile clerk in the back parlour, who played the flute on Saturdays, and survived all changes from age to age among his learned but unknown neighbours.

Lodgings and landladies! what visions do these words summon up before the memory of the Scotch student! In those days, at least, I know that the lodgings of the poorer students were, in a vast majority of cases, arranged by themselves on principles scientifically opposed to the laws of health. The rooms, always small, were kept hot and muggy, redolent of gas, mingled not unfrequently with tobacco. Then there were hours of study, prolonged till two or three in the morning; very peculiar cooking; a strange mixture kindly named coffee;—new-laid eggs, *i. e.* eggs deposited weeks before in the roosts of Connemara;—weighty Scotch broth; vulcanized beef-steak;—all bolted by young men who were far too metaphysical to be physical, too eager in the pursuit of the laws of mind to attend to the more obvious laws of health, too sublime and soaring in their intellectual aims to consider such claims as those of the material body for fresh air and exercise, rest and sleep. Yet these same young gentlemen generally found that they were not so immortal or so absolved from imperial law but that in this conflict they were beat in the end, and got thoroughly well punished for their proud disobedience. At first they became muddled, addled; their brain foggy, their spirits dull, or their tempers peevish; then pale-faced,

dyspeptic, wasted; then, at last, caught cold, followed by a cough, hectic flushings, unaccountable weakness; then home; and then, alas! how often the grave!

What a headstrong vanity,—what a short-sighted policy is this destruction of health for what is called “study”! I do not speak of its sinfulness, but senselessness. It is loading the boiler of the steam-engine against all rule, to accomplish more work and to cross the ocean more rapidly,—but the boiler bursts! and the sheer hulk lies rolling on the shoreless sea, while vessels of less power, but guided by more wisdom, pass upon their onward and prosperous voyage.

But to return to Mrs. Graham’s lodgings. These are always full every session, from the small garret to the large aristocratic parlour with its accompanying bedroom. Whole synods of ecclesiastics have passed through those rooms with hosts of Medicals who have been physicking and mending patients, throughout all nations and climes, from Hudson’s bay to New Zealand. Many a thoughtful head, and many an empty one, has reclined upon those hard, narrow, haircloth sofas, emaciated to their woody skeleton. Many an argument which has formed mind, opinion, and character, has been evolved round those firesides; and how often by day and night has that poker, worn out as if now weary of life, been used against the ribs, especially by him who had the worst of the argument; and many an eye has closed at home and abroad, which once gazed inquisitively on that faded sampler of needlework, ornamented with shells and dried seaweed, and framed, over the chimneypiece, sewed by Mrs. Graham, long before Mr. Graham thought of her, and when she was no doubt much more beautiful than any one would ever guess from the arrangement of her features in the later years of her life. But no unkind thoughts are mine towards the excellent woman!—the representative of a class generally remembered by every

student with gratitude for the motherly care bestowed by them on the young strangers who entered their dwelling, and began busy life for the first time from home. Their many considerate attentions could not be repaid by the eight or ten shillings weekly, given for the lodgings, including coals and attendance. With all its real or supposed deficiencies and dangers, I prefer immensely this free life of the Scotch student to any monastic system I have ever seen or heard of. It prepares men at all events right well for the great world of practical life; and thus our Scotch colleges have supplied a rare quantity of the right material to society, with a quality which wears well, and stands all weathers and climates, though being home-made, it may not be always finely spun. Scotland supplies herself with her own clergy of all denominations,—except a few episcopalians, for some of the gentry chiefly, whose sympathies are in England,—and our own Scotch clergy are neither the worst preachers nor worst workers in the world, though I am sorry to say they are the worst paid. The printing account, by the way, of the House of Commons last year, was more than sufficient to have paid the incomes of the clergy of the whole established Church of Scotland! We also supply our own physicians and surgeons, and few have been or are more illustrious; and our own lawyers and barristers, and I never heard the acuteness of a Scotch lawyer questioned; nor could that law court be despised in which the editor of the “*Edinburgh Review*” was pleading at the bar, and the author of “*Waverley*” clerking at the table. And having thus supplied our own wants, we can afford a surplus of talent for the nation at large. We have given a physician to the Queen, a bishop to the metropolis, a lord chief justice to the bench, a commander-in-chief to India, brigadiers for the army, admirals for the fleet, merchants for the world, and a Lord Brougham for everything. In short, not even

the Thunderer can disturb our calm conviction that the world would come to a standstill without Scotchmen ! *

The second winter of Walter's studies passed away, and he returned home with a few books, a skull, and sundry bones. Mrs. David discovered the osseous deposit in a drawer in the garret, and she felt as if she had lighted upon the evidence of some mysterious murder. David agreed with her that these remains were somehow connected at least with atheism, radicalism, resurrectionists, and ghosts; and that the sooner they were out of the house the safer, better, and less wicked, the family would become. Walter confided them to the care of John Purvis, who received them in silence, and with a proper philosophic thoughtfulness; yet it was too evident that but for the supposed science of the thing, he would have been thankful to have buried them out of sight.

Summer came, with its warm air, green grass, and woodland glories; and, fairest of all, the major's lovely daughter. Walter saw her seldom, even from afar; but he had a clairvoyant sense of her presence everywhere. The landscape reflected her as the mountain-tops reflect the sun, itself unseen by the dwellers in the valley.

Had Dr. Multiple's sermons been better than they were—had Walter or any one else received the impression that the preacher had himself proposed a good which he was, above all things, anxious to share with others—how soon would he have entered Walter's heart, and being established in that key to the whole position of his spirit, he could at any time

* It may be here mentioned *seriously*, as a curious statistical fact, that the small island of Skye has sent forth, since the beginning of the last great war with France, 21 lieutenant-generals and major-generals, 48 lieutenant-colonels, 600 commissioned officers, 10,000 soldiers, 4 governors of colonies 1 governor-general, 1 adjutant-general, 1 chief baron of England, and 1 judge of the supreme court of Scotland!

have entered with all his arguments, and taken possession of his head. As it happened, the doctor never seemed to expect his hearers to be or do what he himself taught. He preached a sermon, that was all. And thus Walter fell into the habit of day-dreaming, from which he awoke to cast unobtrusive glances at the major's pew, just as the doctor brought each head of his discourse to its proper ending, followed by its proper pause and silence, and while Mr. and Mrs. David were digesting what they had already received in a sound and remarkably healthy sleep.

But I really can smile no more, as I am now led to recall those last years of Walter's life. But it is strange how nearly allied smiles and tears are in our every-day experience. How often is the sad so linked to the incongruous and inharmonious, that it is a mere chance whether we laugh or cry, or whether our tears may not fall amidst our laughter, like showers in sunshine. Let us be thankful for this sense of the ludicrous. It is given us in benevolence, and I believe to help us pleasantly over minor trials.

But oh! it is sad to think of that next winter. The sooner the story is told, and ended, the better. I was then and for some time afterwards on the Continent; but I heard from a common friend, also long dead, all about it.

Walter could gather together but little money to come to college. He set off on foot, accompanied by a student from a neighbouring town. There was no melancholy in his look, but symptoms rather of unnatural merriment. He strode it out bravely, one day about thirty miles. As he paced along, he recited old Scotch ballads, and passages, from Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth, dramatizing scenes from Shakspeare, was full of fun and frolic, intoxicated with the scenery, and despising fatigue. But the old difficulty of funds soon arose in all its stern

reality. There were students who would have cheerfully shared their pittance with him—for more open-hearted lads live not than our Scotch *Burschen*. But Walter was not likely to reveal his need or receive such assistance. What shall he do then? How willingly would he have taught Greek and Latin, and thus, like many a student, successfully have pushed his way; but Mr. Pettigrew had made that impossible for a man with a good conscience. But why not, he asked, open a school among the poorer classes? The idea seized his mind, and soon his fancy sketched a picture pleasing to his affections and apparently sufficiently helpful to the pocket of a man who can live on spare diet like an Oriental. He will collect the children from the lower haunts of the City, and teach them common things—teach them, above all, that there is one at least on earth who will love them, and by loving them make them better and happier. This will do himself good, he thinks. A brooding melancholy, he knows not whence it comes—“a stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,” ever and anon settles over him. He must have action, do good, be of use to others, and surround himself with living beings on whom he can lavish his pent-up heart. Ragged schools were then unknown, with the exception of good Mr. Cowan’s, which yet, I believe, survives, with its aged and humble-minded philanthropist. Walter obtained a schoolroom through the interest of a small dealer, to whom he brought a letter of introduction from John Purvis. It was an old store-loft in a court of one of the wynds in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, and soon a goodly number of children were collected. There for some months Walter reigned as king; keeping vacant his class hours in the morning and afternoon. He devoted a short portion of every evening in visiting the parents, having been accidentally called to minister to one of them during sickness. He gave them “what the

poor can give the poor," "kind looks, kind words, and tender greetings," until gradually the sunlight and warmth of active life in good revived within him dormant feelings and holy things which had lain in his heart from youth, and solemn truths which he had first learned from his parents; and the sights of suffering which he beheld made him forget himself and his gloom, and drew from him, almost unconsciously, unaffected words of pity, as well as deeds of love; so that while his outward man perished, his inward man was renewed day by day. How he else lived during that winter, I know not; poorly enough, no doubt. But the struggle with creeping disease could not be maintained longer. And so the time came when the school hastily opened must be as hastily closed. The rent, by the way, was generously paid by the small dealer. The only incident I ever heard connected with the closing of that school was, that having collected his last quarter's pence, he invested them in sundry tarts and sweetmeats, seldom seen and seldom tasted by such children; and having invited his scholars together, he shared these luxuries among them. Taking some of his favourite children on his knee, and kissing them, to their no small wonder, he asked them if they would ever think of him when away, and then bidding them farewell, after having given a few religious advices, though perhaps, not in the ordinary way of doing so, he reverently said the Lord's prayer, dismissed the school, extinguished the lights, and with his old cloak strode into the dark night. He passed alone and solitary along thronging streets with their jarring noises, through crowds of squalid men and women, and saw hideous forms grouped around the entrances of dark passages which seemed the very gates of death. The lamps from brilliant whisky-shops pierced through mist and mud that seemed to mingle with the very air. He now heard confused and muffled sounds and cries of battle from unseen

dens, and again the loud forced laughter of vice and misery. Oh, such faces! as ever and anon emerged from the darkness, gazed on him as the shop lights revealed them; and passed into darkness again. He then entered better streets, and handsome squares, and heard from one house the crash of voluptuous music, and the hum of riches, rank, and beauty, as carriage after carriage drove up to deposit its glittering inmates of many a gentleman and lady who wished to kill time, dispel *ennui*, and get a little excitement in such a dull and stupid world, where there is so little to do that can interest immortal beings! And because to-morrow can be wasted, and must be got over like to-day, the carriages are accordingly ordered back at half-past three in the morning, to wait still longer, perhaps till the cold light dawns and enables thin clad wretches to gather from the ash heap a few coals for their early fire!

“ Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time lie heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate?
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew—
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.”

Soon the student reached his garret and cast himself on his hard sofa, and felt as if his heart had a cord around it, and his brain a fire within it; and no mystery he had ever puzzled himself with in books was to him like the mystery of real life. His looks were so strange and sad, as if struggling with some big sorrow, that his landlady as she entered his room with some food, could not avoid asking if he felt unwell: “Oh woman,” he replied with a very unusual manner, “death seems to me better than life! What means this ignorance, crime, confusion, selfishness, mystery, woe? The devil and his servants seem our only diligent workers here. We are

talking, studying, laughing, dancing, while thousands are perishing; which thousands are already worse than the brutes that perish; more filthy, more miserable, more uncared for. I have myself been guilty, deeply guilty of my brother's blood; God forgive me, if it is not already too late! Excuse me," he added; "I hardly know what I say, for I hardly know what I think, nor what is wrong, nor how to put it right—but One only seems to me right amidst the darkness!" The landlady shook her head in doubt or in acquiescence, or not knowing probably what he meant; but I think we, who have been cast among the masses in large cities, more than suspect his meaning!

And here I feel constrained by duty to declare my conviction thus publicly, after twenty years of labour in three populous parishes, and now in the largest in Scotland; that whatever truth or untruth men may write or speak regarding the state of the masses, or whatever opinion they may express in books as to what is done, what is not done, or what ought to be done among them, the actual *workers* throughout the land are the members of the Christian Church. Apart from theological writers, I do not forget, but am willing gratefully to acknowledge, the contributions of thought which have been made to the great work of enabling us to understand the vices, and sympathize with many of the wants of society by such writers as Thackeray, Dickens, Kingsley, etc., and not least, by the great philosophic poets of the age, such as Tennyson and Wordsworth. It is not for me in a random talk like the present, to presume to pass a judgment upon the value or the defects of such contributions; but yet I repeat it, that the members of the Christian Church, and these not the rich, literary, or fashionable, are the persons who in thousands, yea, tens of thousands, labour for the good of their fellow-men in visiting the sick, and instructing the ignorant, sustained

only by Christian faith. These are the persons who pace it on wet and slushy nights to the Sabbath class; who in ways innumerable deny themselves without a murmur many social enjoyments; and submit without a reply to the heartless criticisms of speculative writers of books and reviews, who are for ever harping *ad nauseam* on what is wrong or bad in society, but never tell us what is better; far less teach us by example how to avoid the one, and accomplish the other. I too deeply feel with my fellow-men the profound mystery of life as it is, and the sad condition of our teeming population; and how partially we have solved the problem, how society, high as well as low, shall be reformed, and trained to seek higher ends and possess purer manners. But they who alone approach the practical solution of such a problem by actual work, are the humble men and women who go forth from our several churches,—

“Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat!”

Walter returned home, but alas! sore, sore stricken. What mean those hollow cheeks with bright crimson spots, and that peculiar expression of eye, hard and brilliant, that dry cough by day and night? These can mean but the one thing. The student's foe has found him out, watched him, clutched him by the throat with chill eastern “*haar*,” damp air, poor food, and hard labour, and now will hold him fast till he gives him over to the master death. It was indeed a sad summer that! Those solitary walks in the old cloak, those long musings among the rocks, along the sheep walk; the growing shrinking from society, except that of the sick poor; those fits of gloom and depression, yet, withal the passion for learning still burning, and the hope undiminished of ultimate success.

Oh, had we no other argument to induce us to be charitable and silent in our judgment regarding persons, one might be found, methinks, in the deep ignorance of that shadowy land where meet in mysterious conflict the body and soul of man!

That summer the rumour somehow got abroad in the well-informed circles of the Borough that Walter was an infidel. Mr. and Mrs. David had repeated some stern things which he had said when refusing to accompany them one day to church, and he had been seen that same Sabbath walking among the hills with John Purvis—an event which had occurred on more than one occasion. Dr. Multiple was assured by Mr. David Thompson that there could be no reasonable doubt about it. The lad Walter, he said, was an infidel, and that was all that came of what had been done for him by his affectionate grand uncle and aunt! And so all good lads under the doctor's influence were counselled to beware of Walter, as he was known to be very clever and proud. To attempt to do any good to a young man in his obstinate condition was out of the question. He must be let alone; and verily he was so! Oh for one day of the mother, cold and dead in the Highland churchyard, to draw that wearied one to her bosom as she had often done in childhood—to hide, as in other days, that pale face, and dry those anxious eyes, and say, "Thou hast One, my child, who knows and understands thee, and loves thee with more than a mother's love. Cast thy care on Him, for he careth for thee. Abide only in Him, and be at peace."

Stately looks, steel arguments, pompous rebukes, cold advices as from a dead man's lips, are of no avail to one in any time of trouble. A Christian woman's heart, when Christian indeed, although it may be set in a very poor and unartistic rough body, will yet do more to win the strong man—ay, and the intellectual also, to highest good, than

whole encyclopædias and arguments, or synods of clergy, without the sympathizing love.

Walter was no infidel. But amidst many dim struggles and dark thoughts, owing chiefly to the state of his health, he found more help from Mrs. Purvis than from any one else. She had the nice tact, the *sense* of love, to keep her arguments in abeyance, and to let her motherly tenderness and hearty devotion flow out of her heart in word and deed, which always made Walter leave her humble fireside a wiser and a better man.

Summer soon passed, so did autumn's mellow fruitfulness. And when the yellow stacks filled the barnyards, and cattle browsed among the stubble, and leaves were crisp and rustling on the by-paths, and the ferns became brown on the upland pastures, and rimy morning frost began to whiten the grass, and all the woods were silent, Walter began to prepare once more for college. It was proud self-will, blindness, even madness, to think of it. He has become like a walking skeleton. Yet he complains to no one. Some indomitable power seems to animate his frame. He was able to muster but 3*l*. David Thompson wisely refused, on any account, to advance another farthing. One thing only Walter possessed of real value to himself. It had been his treasure for two sessions. This was a small note, written in a lady's hand, to a bookseller in the Borough, to get the writer some volume or other which she wished to read. That note of the major's daughter was sufficiently prosaic; but having accidentally fallen into Walter's hands, it was prosaic no longer. It was not a lock of her hair, yet it seemed a portion somehow of herself. She had, at all events, touched that paper, and written that name in such characters of grace and strength as seemed to indicate her own. That student was indeed a bosom friend of Walter's, who was ever privileged, in the confiding hours

after midnight, by the lodging fire, to see that note, and to hear his interpretation thereof.

With this remembrance—this “dream remembered in a dream,” he took his seat in the carrier’s wagon, accepted gratefully the loan of a large plaid from Purvis, and a volume from his wife well known among the pious peasantry of Scotland, “Willison’s Afflicted Man’s Companion.” Returning a hearty “God bless you both for all your kindness to me,” off went the old white horse of the carrier’s, while, seated in a recess among the goods of the wagon, was the form of the poor student.

John and his wife watched the vehicle till it rounded the distant corner of the street, and was out of sight; and then they looked at each other without speaking a word; for they had noticed in Walter’s look and whole manner an indescribable something which each felt to betoken a mind unhinged, but neither dared to express their common thoughts.

A few days after he was seen wrapped in the old cloak, walking along the streets of Edinburgh; and over the neckerchief which partly concealed his face his eyes gleamed.

His attention was now arrested by the shop of one of those Italian statuaries common in most of our towns. He entered, and gazed long upon some of the well-known casts of ancient and modern sculpture. The Italian, noticing his marked enthusiasm, and quickly perceiving his peculiar taste, selected for inspection the choicest specimens of his art. He directed him to casts of the Apollo, the Laocoon, Lessing’s criticism on which was a favourite essay of his. He placed before him a model of the august Moses of Michael Angelo; a head of the “world-worn Dante,” with its sombre brow—of Milton, that “great orb of song,” with an unnamed Grecian female bust, breathing poetry and thoughtful love. On all these he gazed long and ardently, ever and

anon ejaculating, "How beautiful! how grand! Oh, lovely forms of high thought! Oh, mighty men of old!" and the like, until the interview ended in his laying out his three pounds in the purchase of all which that sum could command. Ah, there is an expression in that eye, a hurried tone in that voice, which are strange and unearthly! The mind flashes ere it sinks in darkness to the socket.

The Italian is ordered to bring all his purchases, with some additional heads, to his lodgings next morning at ten o'clock, not a minute later. In the mean time, we must accompany him home with the Grecian bust. It reminds him, he mutters, of some one he has seen somewhere. Returning to his old garret room, he had the head placed before him on the table; and his landlady, when she bade him good night, left him in his large chair, gazing on it, cold and white, as, dimly revealed in the flickering light of the fire, it seemed to return his gaze.

Ten o'clock in the morning came. The Italian arrived, and according to orders was ushered up to his room. Walter had given no response to the knock of the servant at an earlier hour. But now the door was opened by the stranger, loaded and weary with his burden. Walter was reclining with closed eyes in the arm-chair, and the old boat-cloak wrapped around him. Before him was the female head, and beside it a soiled and tattered note, with Willison's "Afflicted Man's Companion," lying open as if recently perused. The Italian announced his arrival in a loud voice, begging attention to some beautiful groups which he had brought for his inspection. But he received no reply. He went up to the chair, and touched the sleeper to awake him. But there was no waking from that sleep—Walter was dead!

He surely thought more than others suspected that his end was drawing nigh. For in a blank leaf of an old pocket-book of his mother's, which he always carried about with him, was inscribed, at a recent date, the request that he might be

buried beside his parents. And long has he lain at rest in the old Highland churchyard, beside his father, and in the bosom of his mother.

Young men, I add no further comments to this story; nor any "practical conclusions," as they are called. What it is capable of teaching, you must learn from it as from real life, of which it is intended to be a faithful transcript in its spirit, and a literal one in most of its facts. But, perhaps, you will kindly accept in rough lines of my own a few of the lessons which are embodied in the old captain's aphorism of "Trust in God and do the right :"—

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Tho' thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble---
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no "leaders" in the fight,
But in every word and action
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
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